Collier's
TEN CENTS
JUNE 23, 1945
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# Chaplain Courageous

## HOW FAITH SAVED THE FRANKLIN

## By Quentin Reynolds

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

SEE "OUTSIDE, KIDS!" PAGE 18

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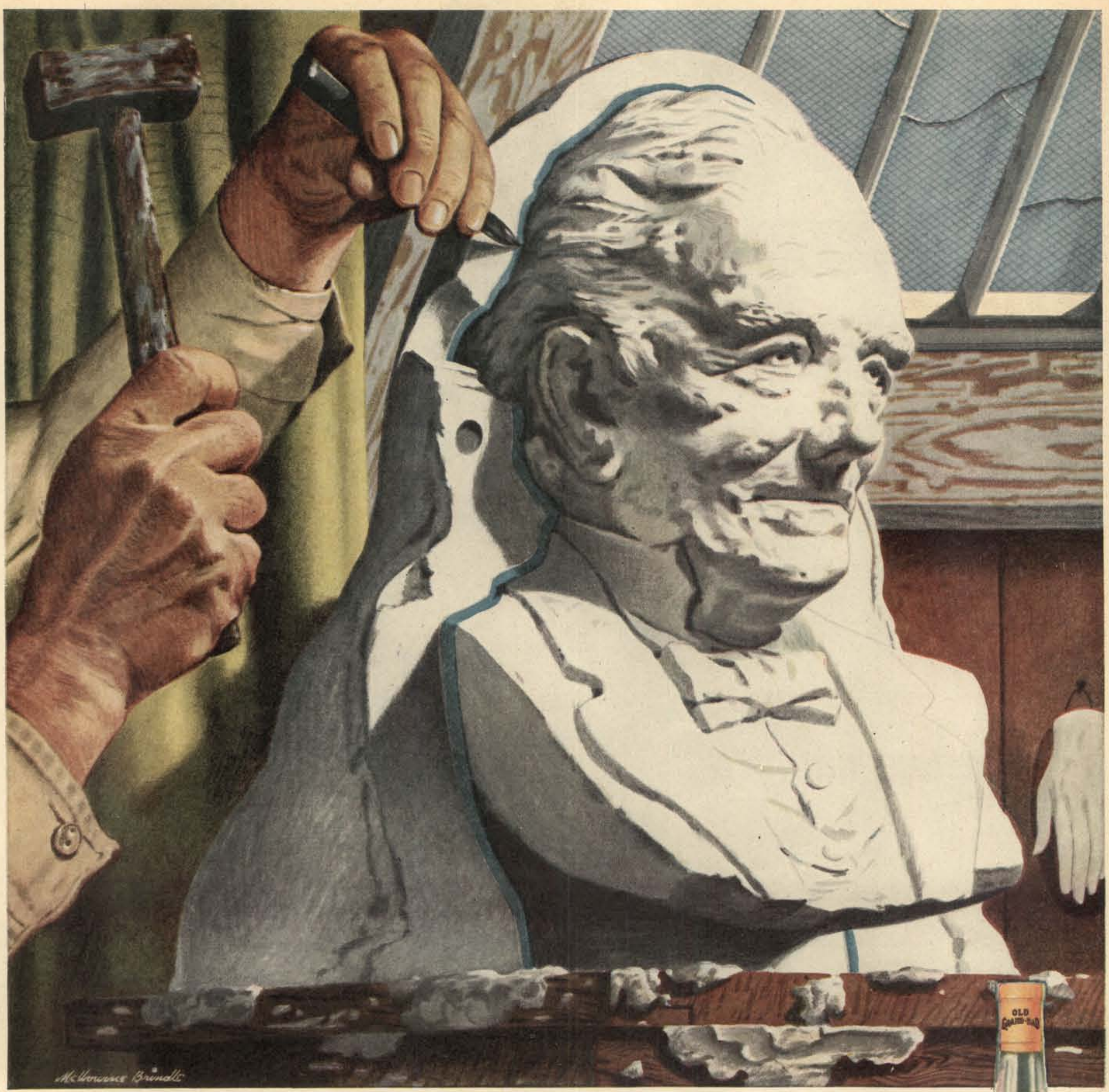
Melbourne Brindle

## SKILL

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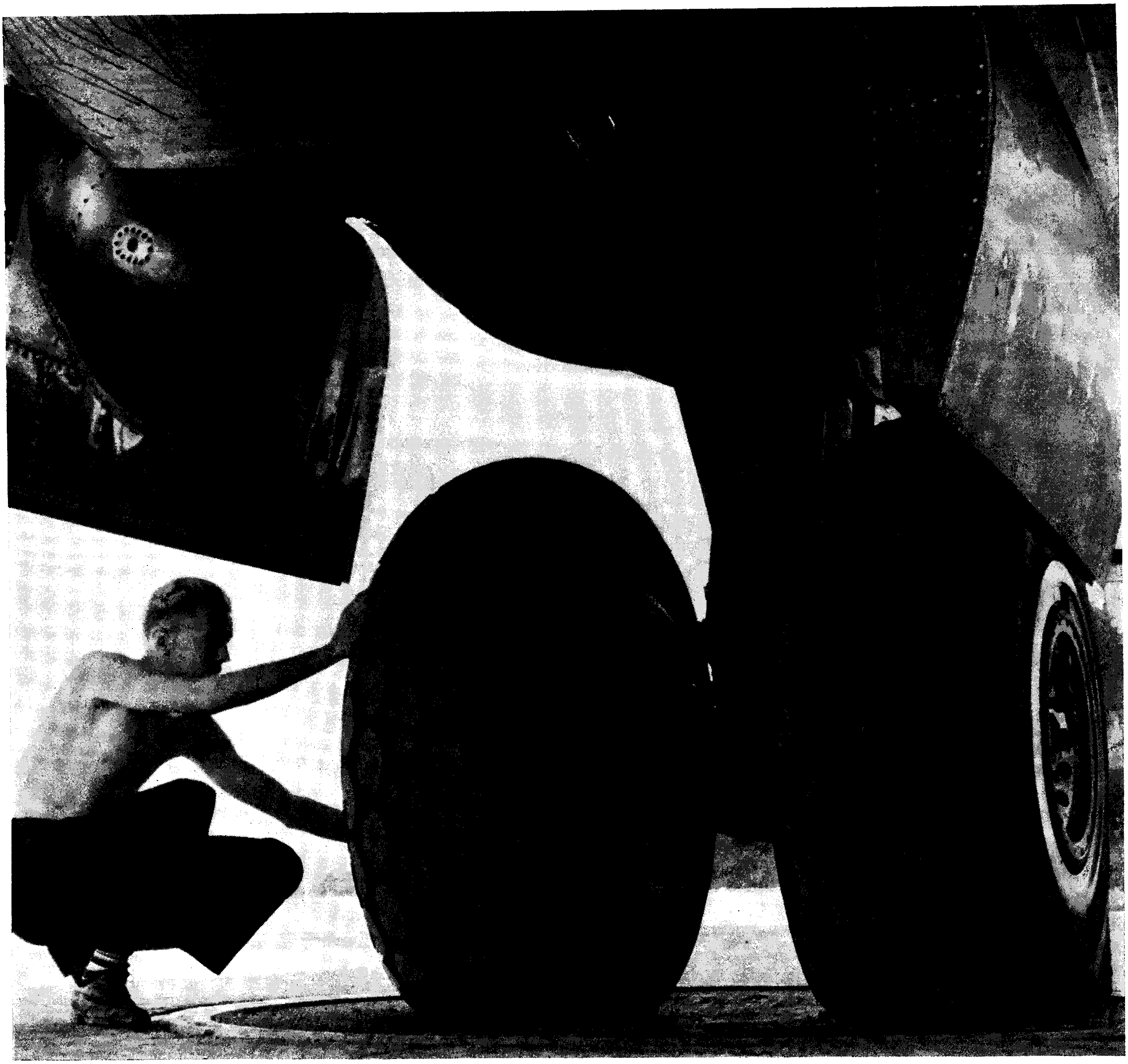

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# Collier's

FOR JUNE 23, 1945

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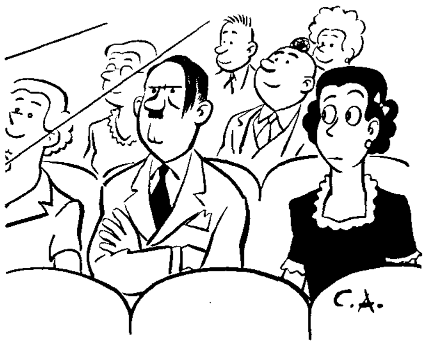
## any week

BY WAY of clearing up our mail: This to Mr. Edmund G. Edmunds of Mobile, Alabama. No, we have heard nothing of an auction sale of war correspondents in lots or singly after the war. Moreover, we don't think you'd like one to tell stories to your children. To Mrs. Mary B. Clerk of Austin, Minnesota: By the time you've read this, the fate and whereabouts of Hitler may be definitely established. Anyway we do not believe that you saw him in the gallery of the Strand Theater last Saturday night. The policeman was probably right. To Mr. Jim Marshall of Hollywood, California: No, we don't believe that you saw "There is no fuel like the old fuel" on Ye Olde Tyme Gasse Shoppe on Ventura Boulevard. To Pfc. William McK. Pumpp of Miami, Florida: No, we do not believe it would be a good thing to exempt from all legal penalties all soldiers on furlough while passing through the United States from Europe to the Pacific. Look what happened to Germany.



PEACE has come to South Philadelphia, too. Mrs. Delia M. McGlone of that theater of war, who describes herself as a "former citizen of peace-loving and downtrodden Ireland," recently "lept the back fence" and shook hands with her neighbor who, she says, is a "dago lady who once told me that Mussolini was a fine man. Only once, mind you, and that was back in 1943."

A RESTRAINED but acid complaint from Mr. Frank Kavanaugh, publisher and editor of The Kavanaugh Kronikle, Kansas City, Kansas: "A few months ago," says he, "we started a campaign to breed centipedes to sows to get more hams per pig. Unfortunately we did not copyright those issues of the Kronikle, with the result that the blurb was used in a recent Bob Burns program without credit being given. Of course, Burns himself did not put the idea into his program. Radio stars hire men who can read and write to get out their programs. The radio star merely memorizes the lines. Several of them can read typewritten copy if coached a little. We took advice from our

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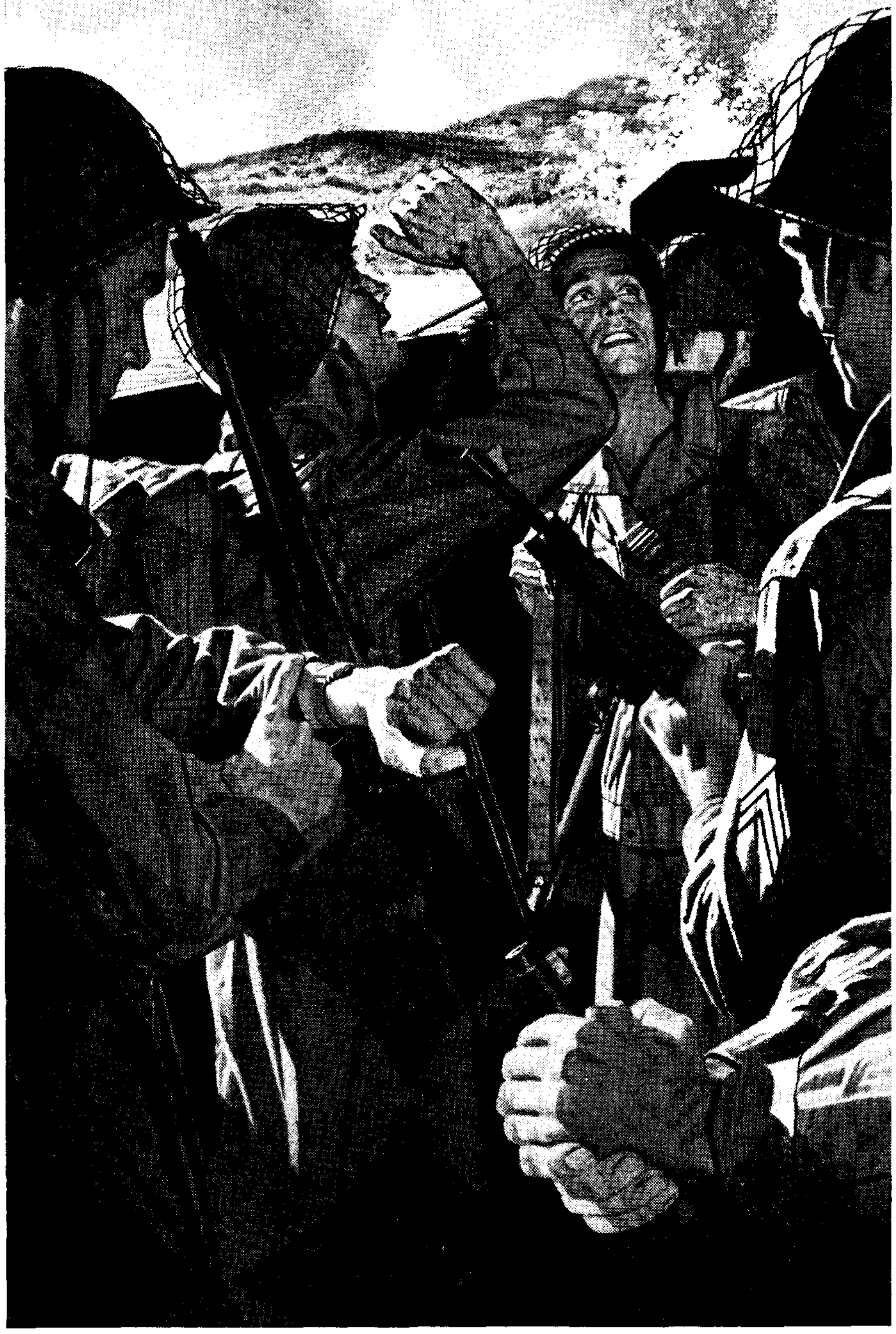

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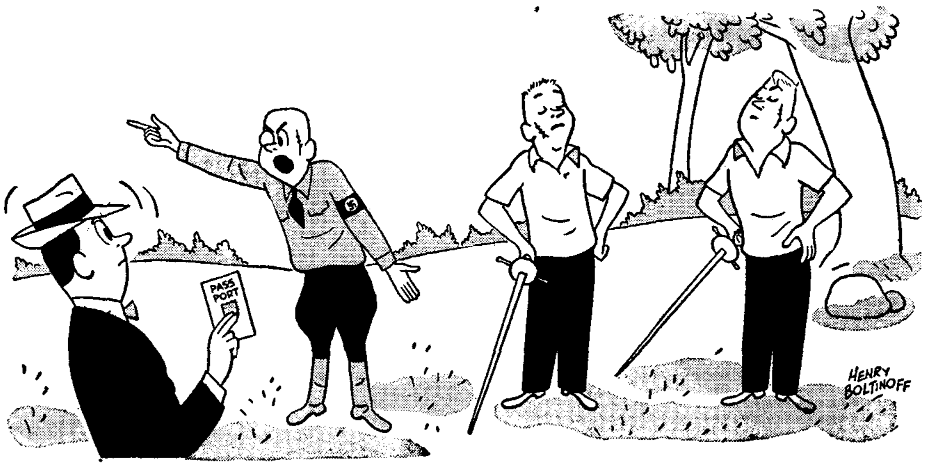

# Keep up with the world

## by Freling Foster

*Duels* with sabers between students in German universities, a barbaric custom of the Middle Ages, were encouraged by Nazis to prepare youths to bear as well as inflict pain. Another purpose of fighting such duels was to be slashed on the cheeks, as Germans continue to cherish the idea that a true gentleman must bear at least one prominent facial scar. In 1933, Hitler decreed that henceforth the duels were not to be witnessed by foreigners "because these people are incapable of understanding this noble German tradition."

*To mystify* their elders, nearly half of the school children in the United States speak Pig Latin or some other jargon in imitation of Latin, the more popular being Opish, Tutahash, Turkey Irish and Double Dutch. Although their words are formed by merely transposing letters and/or adding syllables, these languages seem very different. For example, car is arcay in Pig Latin, coparop in Opish, cusarur in Tutahash, cabar in Turkey Irish and casharug in Double Dutch.

*Until* 1886, a law provided that when the Presidency of the United States was left vacant by one who had succeeded to it from the Vice-Presidency, the office was to be assumed temporarily by the president of the Senate for the sole purpose of ordering a new election. Since 1886, when a new law extended the succession to Cabinet members beginning with the Secretary of State, three Presidents have been in a position to name their successor in case of their death—Theodore Roosevelt, Coolidge and Truman.

*In minor* league baseball during 1945, approximately 11,000,000 spectators will watch some 6,500 games played by 86 clubs in 12 leagues, having a total of about 1,450 players.

*A unique* type of kite is used by the Army and Navy as a target to train their AA gunners because it can be made to climb, dive, bank, loop, do figure eights and all other maneuvers of an airplane so quickly that it is rarely hit by more than one out of 50 shots. Of traditional shape, without a tail and only five feet in both height and width, the kite is controlled through two lines that operate its rudder and other parts.

*The* Rotolactor, or cow-milking machine, the first one of which has been in operation in New Jersey since 1930, is soon to be marketed in two sizes, one having twice the capacity of the other. The smaller one, which will cost approximately $50,000 and requires two attendants, milks 25 cows at one time, the whole process taking less than 12 minutes. With this machine, therefore, a herd of 800 can be milked in six and a half hours.

*A League of Nations* committee, in its search for a perfect calendar, has studied the practicality of 185 new versions.

*The* greatest fraud of its kind was perpetrated by Nazi government officials between 1938 and 1941 when they inveigled more than 300,000 workers of their country into making payments of $2 a week on the purchase of a Volkswagen, or People's Car, which was to be manufactured shortly and sell for only $396. Unsuspecting that their money was to be used instead to help finance warfare, these Germans were swindled out of about $80,000,000.

*Depths* of water may be determined by fishermen and others with a new type of sunglasses. Through them, water appears white when two feet deep, yellow when six, dark green when ten, and black when 20 or more feet.—*By Nancy Gibson, Glenwood Landing, N. Y.*

*Two* electric motors, developed recently at a U.S. Army laboratory, are incredibly small compared with regular motors of the same horsepower because they operate on a 400-cycle frequency instead of the standard 60-cycle frequency. One develops three horsepower, weighs only four pounds instead of the usual 100 pounds; the other, of seven horsepower, weighs 13 pounds instead of 200 pounds. —*By Sgt. D. J. Cross, Wright Field, Ohio.*

*Of the* some 25 kinds of balls used in playing games, the most difficult to make is the golf ball. Besides the tests given to the 35 or more raw materials, the manufacturing processes receive about 18 tests and the finished product 19 tests, including those for symmetry, balance, resiliency and official weight and diameter of 1.62 ounces and 1.68 inches. The production of some brands of golf balls requires as long as two months.

*During* the 156 years of its existence, the total national receipts of the United States have been $256,653,000,000 and its expenditures $482,485,000,000. Thus, for every $100 received, the government has spent $188.—*By Alexander Fajerstein, Cambridge, Mass.*

*Four* 18-inch guns, one produced in America and three in England nearly 30 years ago, were not installed on battleships as intended, owing to the 16-inch gun limitation placed on naval armaments by the Washington Conference in 1922. But they are still in existence, ours having served since then as ballast in the Navy's hospital ship, U.S.S. Relief, while the other three have been, since 1934, part of the coastal batteries of Singapore. These guns, the heaviest and most powerful ever made, have a 60-foot barrel, weigh 150 tons and fire a 3,300-pound shell a distance of 30 miles.—*By Carroll Cooper, Chillicothe, Ohio.*

**Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission**

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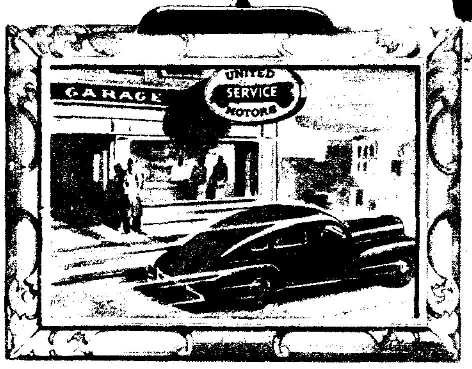
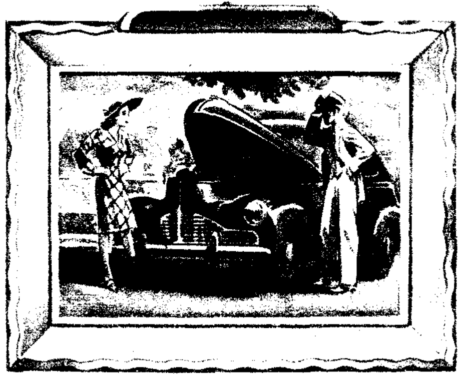


TROUBLE AHEAD
*from the Rogues' Gallery*

In this picture the artist has managed to convey a feeling of impending misfortune. We know how he did it, too! He shows a car owner *driving past* a service station when he should be turning in for inspection and repairs. He'll be sorry!



STILL LIFE
*from a Private Collection*

Most "still life" paintings show a vase filled with flowers, or a bunch of fruit. But not this one. It depicts a car that has gone "down for the count" for lack of attention and service. Brother, that car is as "still" as any banana!

FRIEND IN NEED
*from the United Motors Service Station*

Here's a fellow who's done a grand job of keeping America's cars "in action." See him for preventive service; take care of minor repairs promptly. The United Motors Service station near you is manned by top-grade mechanics—is stocked with *original-equipment parts*. Make it your service headquarters.

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THREE DOLLARS BRING HOME FOUR—IN WAR BONDS

# *Wing Talk*

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

JAMES N. DOOLITTLE

Capt. Robert N. Buck, superintendent of flying for TWA, who is responsible for the 7,000-mile system and safety of 400,000 passengers annually

MORE than a decade ago, a tall, stringy kid used to come into our office in the old Bureau of Air Commerce in Washington and chisel maps, airway bulletins and material on radio beacons. The Federal Airways System, with its beacon lights, radio beams, emergency landing fields and its teletype weather-reporting network was still quite new and old-time "seat-of-the-pants" pilots didn't pay much attention to it. But this youngster did and was interested to the point of being a pest, yet there was something sincere about his determination to fly and get somewhere in the business, and so we put up with him.

Today, at thirty-one, that kid is Captain Robert N. Buck, and he has just been elevated to the post of superintendent of flying for TWA—another term for Chief Pilot, and a titanic job. It requires supervision over nearly 400 pilots, copilots and students in the 7,000-mile domestic system and responsibility for the safe transportation of an estimated 400,000 passengers this year.

He made good, and because we knew his beginning and his will to succeed, we proudly hold him up to the thousands of kids in the country who may not get their chance to fly against the enemy, but who are potential pilots for the mighty airliners of tomorrow.

They would do well to emulate Bob Buck.

We bumped into him the other day, handsome and resplendent in his blue-gray uniform of a TWA captain, and talked about the days when he used to annoy us with his hungry demands for information on how to fly the airways. We remembered that he still holds the junior transcontinental speed record, made only a few months after he soloed a plane, March 15, 1930, at age sixteen.

Since then he has flown a million and a half miles. We recalled that the following year he established another speed record for junior pilots when he flew round trip from New York to Havana, his first over-water flying experience. In August of 1932 this irrepressible kid flew from New York to Mexico City and thence to Los Angeles for another record.

"I used to pedal my bicycle from my home in Westfield, New Jersey, to Hadley Field, New Brunswick," he says, "where New York's air mail arrived, and stand there all day just to watch the little ships come in and see the strong men who flew them. What got me was the sound of a ship and, after it landed, the man with his helmet and goggles and parachute pack. I wanted to be that guy!

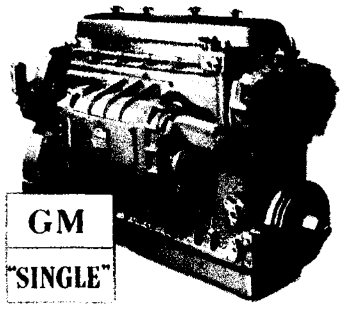
"Well, I learned to fly but it wasn't long before I noticed that men like Lindbergh and Hawks, Benny Howard and Wiley Post and the others weren't just zooming and looping, but were constantly searching for something—always trying to do it better, make it safer, make it quicker, make it more reliable. It happens all of a sudden, and you realize that you are searching, too, and it becomes so deep inside you that nothing else matters, and it's not drudgery either, but exciting.

"I've always had the greatest respect for the old-timers in flying. I think they made the business. I think all those strong men in little ships battered out the tough part and roughhewed it so that the rest of us only have to polish it off without blistering our hands too much."

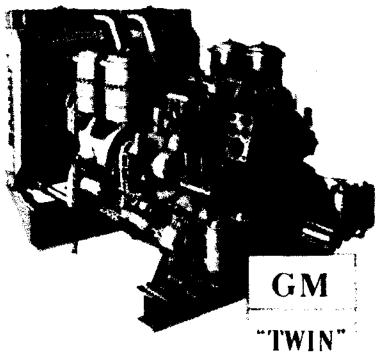
After dashing around the country in airplanes, setting records before he had the right to vote, Bob took a crack at writing, and the Elmira (N. Y.) News hired him as aviation editor, with a plane to cover assignments. He piled up many hours in the air and many years of experience in this job and then he itched to smash the international light-plane distance record. So in 1936 he flew nonstop from Burbank, Calif., to Columbus, Ohio, a distance of 2,000 miles, and he took the crown from two Frenchmen who had held it with an 1,800-mile nonstop flight. Under the rules, the plane had to weigh not more than 900 pounds empty, and carry two persons. Bob took his cousin, Lee Bellingrath, along as passenger and taught him to handle the controls while he rested. On the take-off he showed ingenuity by dropping his landing gear to cut down the drag and he was content to suffer a belly landing at Columbus, which he did without serious damage.

Then in 1937 he joined TWA as a first officer—or copilot—and three years later proudly checked out as a captain, on the left side of the cockpit. His run was out of New York until December, 1942, when he became a pilot on TWA's Intercontinental Division, which flies for the Air Transport Command to Europe and the Middle East.

A year later he was given a supremely important assignment as pilot of an Army Flying Fortress to roam the skies from the arctic to the tropics looking for bad weather, which he found and charted for the benefit of war-plane movements overseas. He finished that job in January of this year and was appointed supervisor of flying for TWA's Middle West region, one of four divisions of the company's flying operations which he now supervises. Bob succeeds Captain George Rice, a 3,000,000-mile pilot, the latter moving up to the four-engined Stratoliner fleet which just came back from war and has been thoroughly overhauled and modernized by the Boeing plant in Seattle. ★★★



GM "SINGLE"



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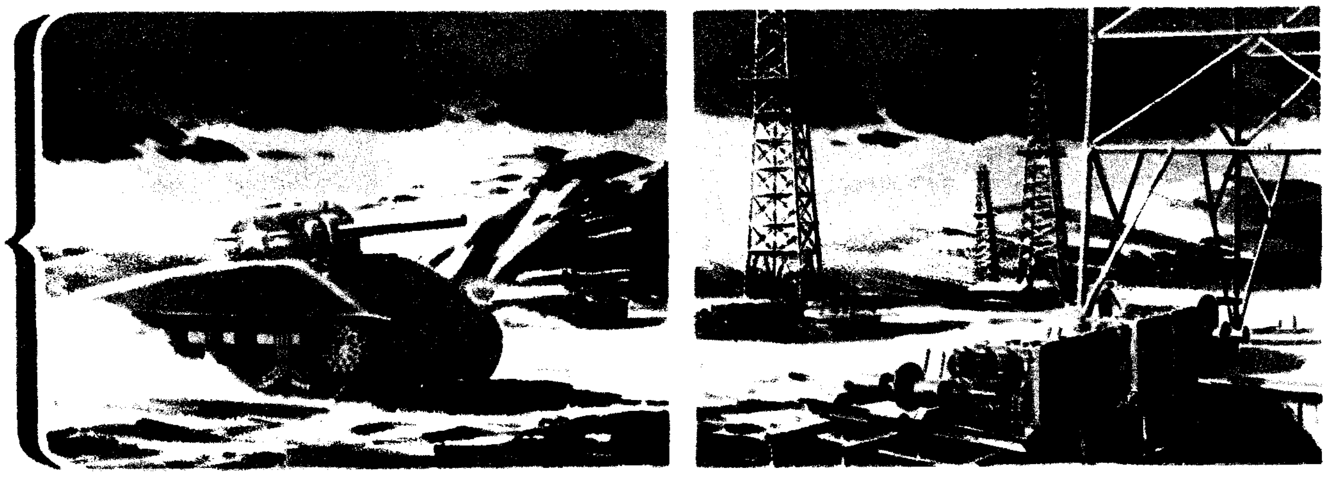
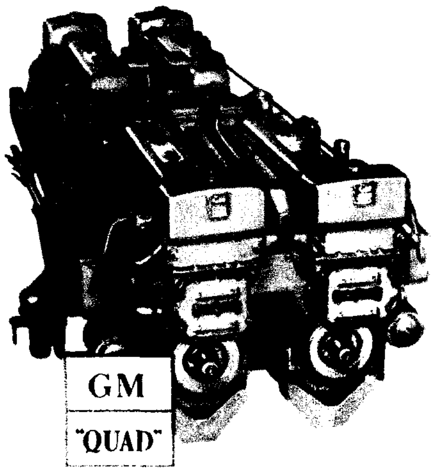
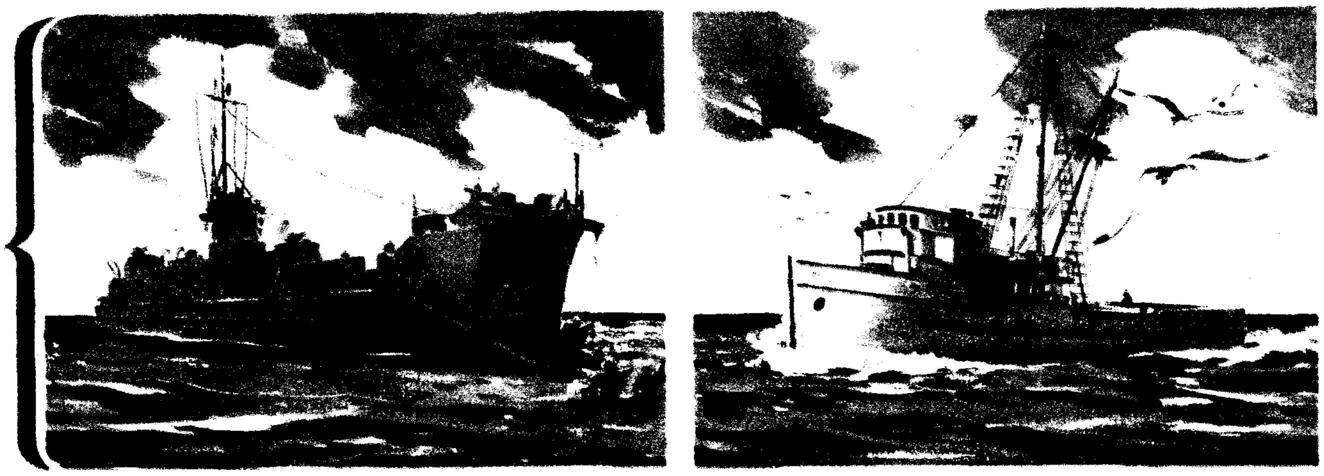




GM "QUAD"



# "SINGLE" "TWIN" OR "QUAD"

This is the story of how one basic engine, a favorite everywhere it runs, has become a winner even in applications which demand two to four times its power.

The engine is the General Motors series 71 Diesel which, back in peaceful days, showed the world what dependable low-cost Diesel power could do on farms, highways and on scores of construction projects where developments in progress were quick to recognize the advantages of packing more power into less weight and space.

It's busy now all over the world powering landing craft and machinery that is building landing strips and leveling jungles. Where double the power is needed and space is cramped, two engines are joined side by side. Such "Twins" are used in M-3 and M-4 tanks and M-10 destroyers.

In its third form, two "Twins" are joined end to end, forming a "Quad." It is two of these "Quads" that drive the twin screws of the famous LCI's (landing craft infantry), fastest of all landing craft.

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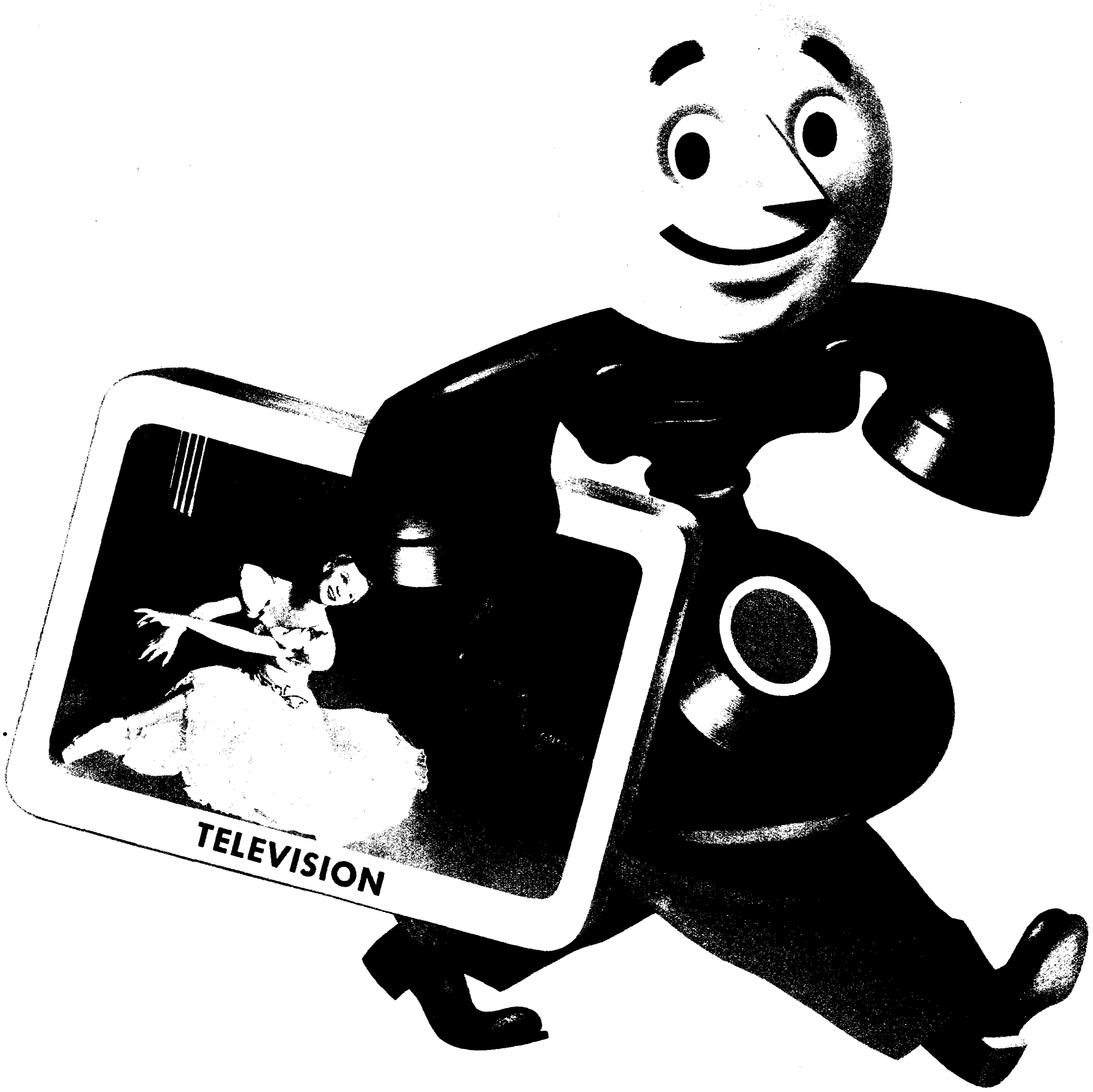

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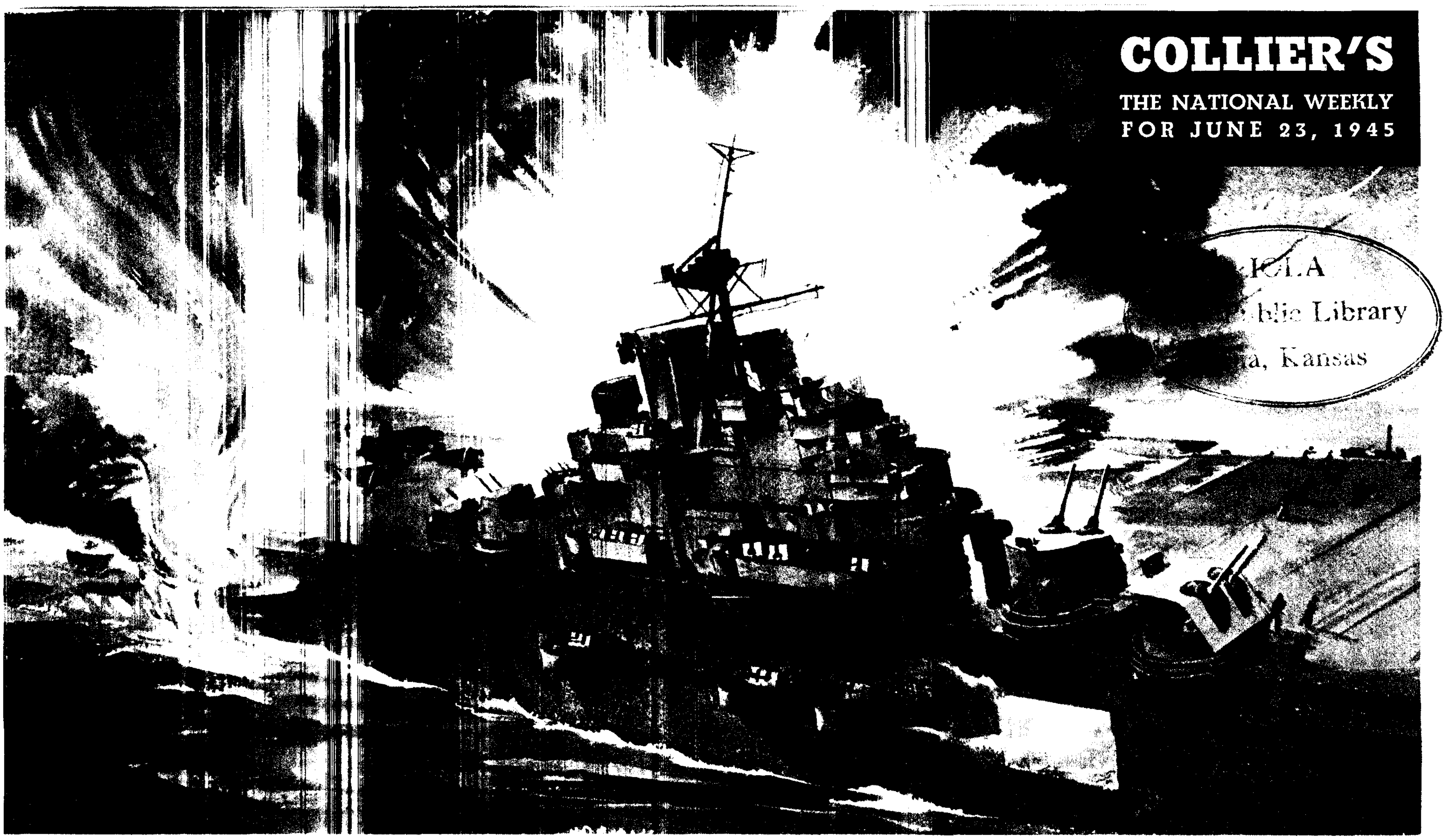

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# CHAPLAIN COURAGEOUS

**The two 500-pound bombs were, in a sense, only fuses. Within thirty seconds, they had started a train of violent explosions in which 50 tons of rockets and bombs and 50 tons of ammunition, plus 12,000 gallons of gasoline, racked the Franklin. Below is Chaplain Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, who has been recommended for the Medal of Honor**

HUSTON-PIX

## BY QUENTIN REYNOLDS

**Now and then, out of this war has come a great story—Doolittle's Tokyo raid . . . Dieppe . . . Bulkeley's PT boats . . . the chase of the Bismarck. Now you can add this one: the story of a priest and a ship. The first of two parts**

THERE had been twelve "General Quarters" during the night but no enemy planes had got through, and now the dawn had sent the Japs scurrying back to their bases on Okinawa and Kyushu. It looked like just another routine day for the big Essex-class carrier U.S.S. Franklin, rolling along 53 miles east of Shikoku, on Japan's doorstep.

The Franklin was named after a famous but indecisive battle of our Civil War, the Battle of Franklin, Tennessee, in which casualties were 10,000. But most of the crew of the big carrier didn't know that; they thought she was named after Benjamin Franklin and they called her the Big Ben. She had been out in the Pacific almost a year and was in the Marianas and Philippines campaigns, and she knew her way around. Now, at 7 A.M., fighters zoomed off her deck for a strike at Kobe, and then the whole ship was quiet.

Down in the ready room, pilots lounged about drinking coffee. Everyone felt pretty secure. They were in the midst of a huge task force commanded by Vice-Admiral Marc Mitscher. American air-combat patrol circled above. Thirty Helldivers warmed up on the big flight deck and twenty-eight more planes were down below in the hangar deck, all bombed and gassed.

Aft on the fantail, Methodist Chaplain Grimes W. Gatlin of Grandview, Texas, murmured the soft words of the funeral service for a crewman who had died during the night.

Captain Leslie E. Gehres, of La Mesa, California, stood on the bridge with his air officer, Commander Henry Henderson Hale, and his navigator, Commander Stephen Jurika. Gehres is not an Annapolis man. He is a veteran fighter pilot, a large man with a strong face, and the big hands and cold eyes of a pilot. He's hard on himself and hard on his men, but he is cautious, too; and now he peered ahead at a low-hanging bank of clouds about 2,000 feet above the sea. He picked up a phone.

"What does the plot show?" he asked the Combat Information Center (CIC).

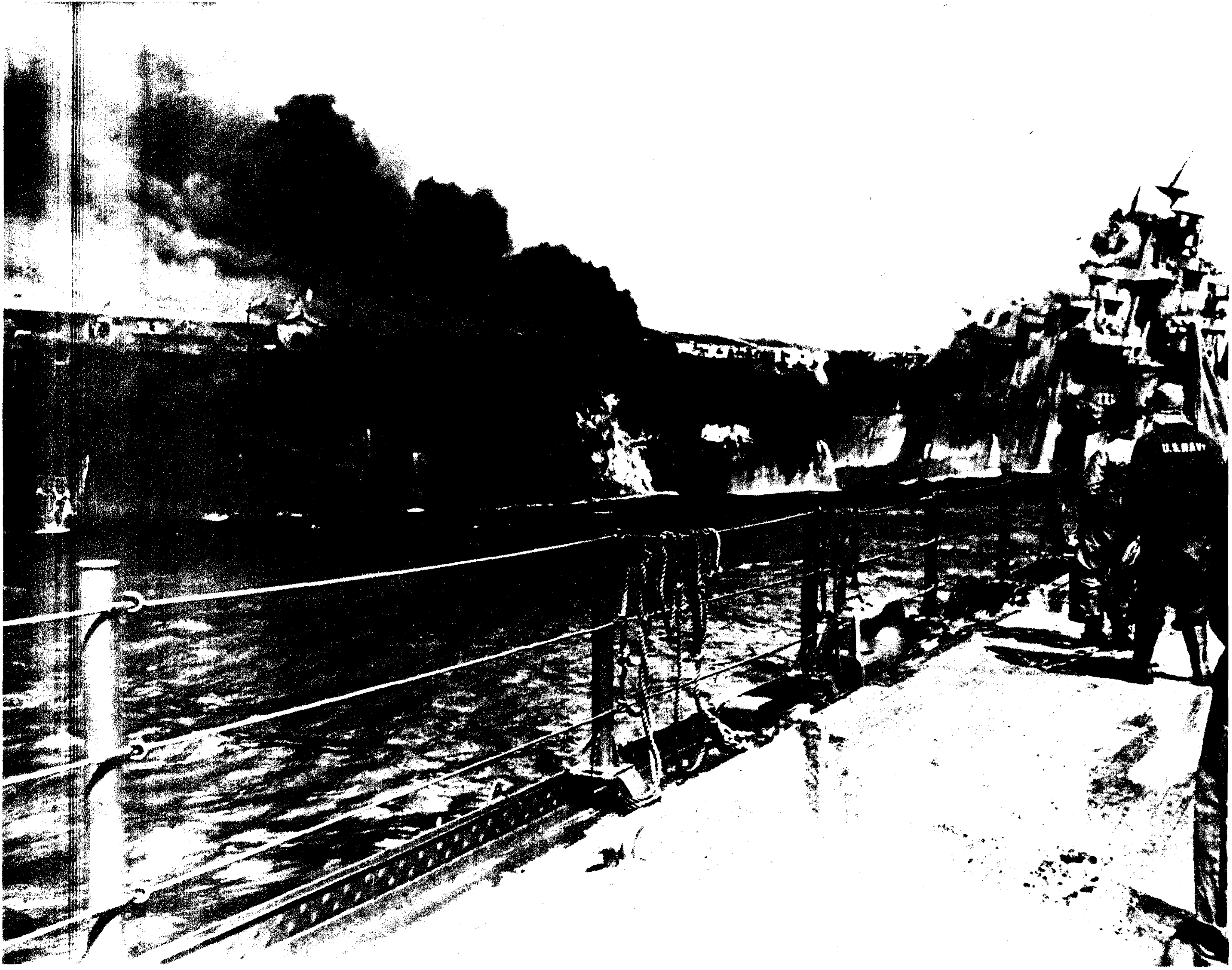
"No bogies, sir," the answer came from below. In the dark clouds ahead, they watched our own planes forming up for the strike.

Down in the wardroom, Lieutenant Commander Joseph Timothy O'Callahan was having breakfast with a few officers. The padre is a dark, slight-built man with wavy black hair and the face of a perennial altar boy. He felt pretty good because he had collected four dollars during the night. Father O'Callahan had made it a ship's rule that he would impose a fine of fifty cents on anyone who swore. Twelve times during the night the crew had been routed out by air alarms, and the padre's sharp ear had caught seven officers swearing at the interruption of their sleep. And he had caught the captain himself. He always felt good when he caught the skipper. But now he was giving his fellow officers a little lecture on logic.

Father O'Callahan knew his logic the way he knew his mathematics and his philosophy. He had taught these subjects at Georgetown and at Holy Cross, and often, just for the sheer pleasure of hearing the brilliant Jesuit, his fellow officers would draw him into discussions.

"Look, Padre," one of them said, "theol-

ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON


OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

**The crew of the cruiser Santa Fe watches a niagara of flaming gasoline sluice off the hangar deck of the stricken carrier as explosions twist the Franklin. Captain H. C. Fitz, of the Santa Fe, had trouble holding his craft against the side of the carrier, so he swung out and around and roared up beside the giant at 22 knots, shearing the secondary gun mounts like cigar tips. The wreckage held him fast until the wounded were taken aboard. Then he backed his ship away**

ogy and logic are full of contradictions. It is hard to reconcile some of these contradictions."

"Not at all." The eyes of the chaplain twinkled behind his glasses. "Sometimes life is filled with contradictions but logic never is. Now what are we having for breakfast?" The padre picked up his fork and tasted his hot cakes. "They're cold," he said triumphantly. "Now how can hot cakes be cold? If they are cold they are obviously not hot cakes. These miserable cold hot cakes are a contradiction. Life is filled with such contradictions. Hear those planes leaving the flight deck? They are nothing but heavy masses of steel and fabric. They have no right to rise above the deck and float in the air as they do. But they do just the same. Every time they take off, it is an apparent contradiction of the law of gravity."

"A fine way to start the day, arguing about logic," an officer laughed. "We're fifty miles off the coast of Japan and we sit here and talk about hot cakes."

"This is a day that long ago was dedicated to peace," the padre said, serious now. "It is March 19th. Do you know what feast we celebrate today? I see you don't. It is the feast of Saint Joseph. He is the patron saint of a happy death. We pray to him that we will die peacefully and without sin. . . ."

That's when it happened. It was 7:07 A.M. There was no warning—just an explosion that shook the ship and bounced the plates off the table, and then before the sound of it had died away, there was another, so quickly that it might have been an echo. Father O'Callahan and the other officers leaped to their feet. The wardroom is just aft of the forward hangar deck and above it. Smoke began to stream in through the port ventilator. The men choked and groped toward the doors.

### A Prelude to Catastrophe

It was quiet now, ominously quiet. It was quiet for thirty seconds, and no one knew the quiet was merely the prelude to the most horrifying hours any ship ever had to face; no one knew that this interlude was to usher in the most violent tragedy in the history of the United States Navy. What had happened? No one in the wardroom knew.

Captain Gehres, up on the bridge, knew. He saw—dead ahead—a single-engined Judy flash out of that cloud bank, diving at 360 miles an hour. Our own planes had been so close to it that the lookouts didn't spot it. It came over the bows of the Franklin at 75-foot height, dropped one 500-pounder near the deck edge, swung around the island, and dropped another aft of the island. The first sliced through the steel plate of the deck and hit the hangar deck. It exploded and threw metal all over the deck, went through the gas tanks, and a lick of flame crept over the planes.

The second bomb landed among the planes that were warming up on deck aft of the island. Their propellers were whirring, and their pilots were in their cockpits. The concussion blew planes against one another, threw turning steel-bladed propellers against fuselages and gas tanks, and a heavy billow of smoke covered the planes and the men and the deck. The Franklin, still under control, steamed ahead. The smoke was bad up on the bridge. You could chew it and spit it out.

Ordinarily, a big carrier can sustain several hits of the 500-pound kind, and perhaps take a torpedo hit or two without being in grave danger. But, as the skipper said later: "This was a Jap pilot's dream."

Commander Edwin Parker of San Francisco had just taken off in his Corsair. Parker is cool in combat and coldly efficient. He banked sharply, got on the tail of the Judy, let go a burst, and the Judy (to use carrier language) splashed. It splashed but it had done its work well—very well indeed.

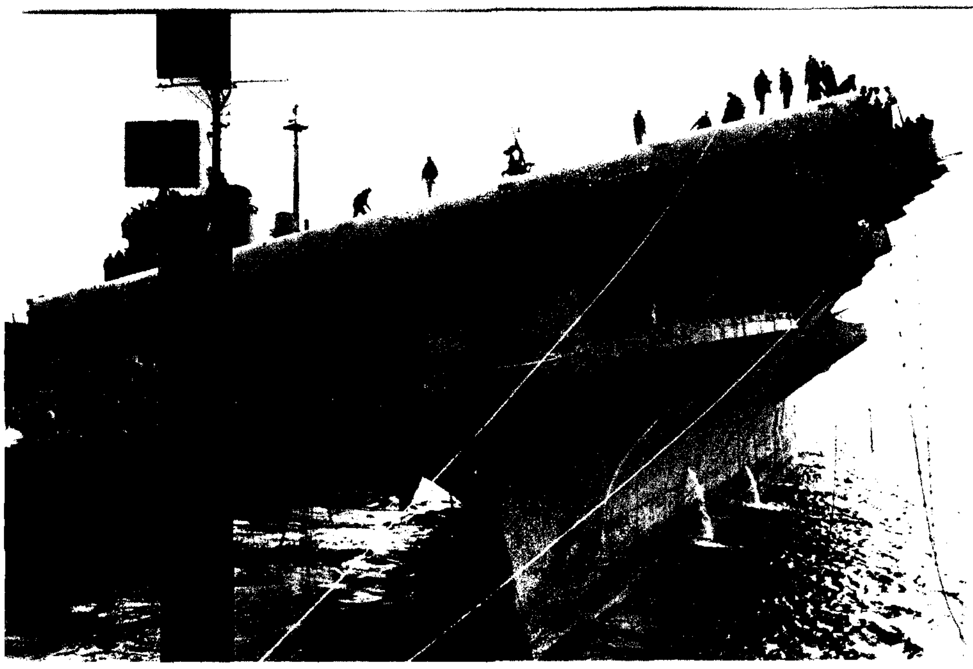
And then the merciful interlude of thirty seconds was gone. Under the flight deck, the flames in the forward hangar deck had reached the bombs and the rockets, and then it was as though the world had come to an end. The explosion lifted the huge Franklin and spun it sharply to starboard. A burst of flame 400 feet high leaped out of the deck edge. One explosion followed another. The flight deck burst upward in a dozen places. The planes that were aft now began to burn fiercely. Every man of the more than 3,000 on board was knocked down. Before the day was done, 832 of them were dead, and 270 were wounded—the most tragic casualty list ever sustained by a U.S. Navy ship. The second terrific blast crippled the ship; it destroyed fifty-eight planes, and severed practically all communications—except by word of mouth.

Gehres could talk to the aft steering room and the engine room only. In the aft steering room, 20 by 25 feet and jammed with machinery, five men were trapped. There were four decks below topside. The explosions had warped their bulkhead exit. It wouldn't open. One of the trapped sailors—Holbrook R. Davis, 24, of Marstons Mills, Mass., thought that five trapped men among more than 3,000 stood very little chance of getting out alive. Steering aft is at the water line. The compartment is airtight and watertight. When the lights failed, they were in darkness.

### Inferno on the Flight Deck

Hot bombs tore loose from the burning planes and rolled about the flight deck. Then the flames reached the plane ammunition, and .50-caliber belts went off like firecrackers, their staccato barking cutting through the explosion of the big bombs. Every few seconds the leaping flames would find another bomb or rocket. Men lay stunned all over the flight deck. Men lay dead on the hangar deck.

The CIC is the heart of the ship. On the Franklin, it lies between the flight deck and the hangar deck, in the "gallery" deck. This tremendous explosion burst right under it. The deck burst upward, hurling the men against the steel overhead. Every man there died instantly, except one. Lieutenant W. A. Simon was the only man in either compart-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Destroyers pumped thousands of gallons of water into the Franklin before the fires died. That's why the carrier is shown with such a heavy list to starboard

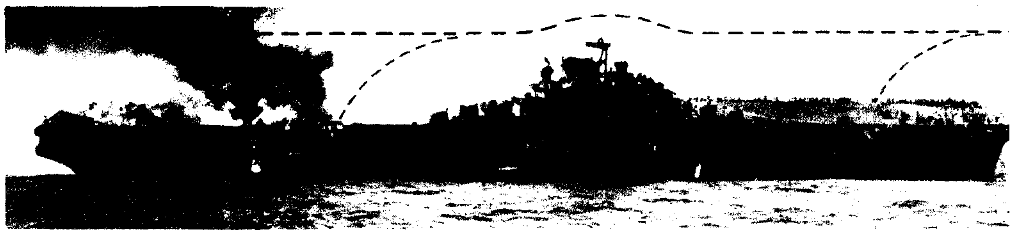
Blasts were still rumbling deep inside the Franklin as the Santa Fe hauled up to hose the fires. The cruiser crew was gambling with sudden death on this job

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

HUSTON-PIX

Commander Joe Taylor and Captain Leslie E. Gehres brought the burned-out carrier 12,000 miles to New York—under her own power. Both were decorated for heroism

The Jap who bombed the Franklin came out of a cloud, swung low and crossed the carrier from bow to stern. He dropped one bomb forward (as shown) and one aft


OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U.S. NAVY

ment who was wearing a helmet. It saved his life. Close by, in the ready room, a dozen pilots who had been talking of the strike the day before died instantly. The skippers of the cruisers and destroyers for miles around the Franklin watched and winced as they saw the orange flames leap high into the blue. They saw her racked by thirty-one major explosions. Fifty tons of bombs and rockets tore her guts apart and fifty tons of ready ammunition drilled through her decks and zoomed into the sky. Twelve thousand gallons of gasoline burned fiercely inside.

Father O'Callahan tried to get aft from the wardroom. He was met by barriers of flame and twisted metal. Being cursed with a mathematical mind, he knew the Franklin the way he knew his way around the Gospels. He knew what the chances of survival were. He knew them as a mathematician knows them. "About one in two hundred," he calculated instinctively. He knew how much dynamite and gasoline the ship carried. It was only a question of a few minutes before the flames would reach a magazine that would blow the ship sky high. He knew and he accepted the prospect of death calmly.

He accepted it almost joyously because he had just seen a miracle. Every man on that ship had been granted thirty seconds of life; those precious thirty seconds between the explosion of the two Jap bombs and the complete explosions of the bombs, rockets and aircraft on the hangar deck. Those were, he felt, thirty seconds in which to repent and prepare for death.

"The feast day of St. Joseph, patron saint of a happy death," he murmured, as he groped his way forward through corridors heavy with smoke. He reached a group of frantic men trying to climb through a hatchway that led up to the deck. They were jammed in the hatchway, shocked numb.

"One at a time, boys!" Father O'Callahan said crisply, and, recognizing the authority in his voice, some of the tenseness left them, and reason returned.

## The Work of the Chaplain

"We'll all get out. Take it easy, take it easy. One at a time," he repeated, and one by one they hoisted themselves through the hatchway. Father O'Callahan was trying to get to the flight deck. That's where the wounded were. He went farther aft and there he stumbled over a dozen wounded. One by one he bent over them. Catholic? Jew? Protestant? He didn't know. He didn't care. These were his men and this was the moment for which he had trained all his life. Two pharmacist's mates were puncturing the arms of the men with morphine needles and hauling the worst injured into quarters now converted into an emergency hospital.

"Say the Our Father with me." Father O'Callahan would say, and the men would repeat it after him.

"Say an Act of Contrition, boy," he'd murmur. Sometimes the men would look blank. "Repeat this after me, son: 'O my God, I am heartily sorry for having offended Thee. . . .' "

He went from one to another, and to those who were obviously dying he gave the last rites of the Church, absolution. If he gave them to some who were not of his faith, it did not matter. He went into the emergency hospital. There was a doctor there now, Lieutenant Commander "Sam" Sherman. He was working. In addition to Sherman, there were three other medicos on board, James Fuelling, F. K. Smith and J. W. Fox. Fox died in the first explosion. The padre went from bunk to bunk. . . .

One boy in great pain burst out, "Jesus Christ!" and then through the mist of agony that clouded his eyes he saw Father O'Callahan. "I owe you half a dollar, Padre," he said.

"No. That's a free word today, son," the padre said gently, and the boy smiled as though at a secret joke he and the padre shared.

Every man on the ship shared something with Joseph Timothy O'Callahan. He talked their language, and they admired him and they knew he was their friend and it didn't matter to what church they belonged. When you got into trouble he was always there with a word in your defense. Besides, he was more than a cleric somehow. Why, he played poker with you and he wrote songs for the band and in port he'd have a glass of beer with you. "He only believes in two things," they'd chuckle. "He believes in God and the enlisted man."

On the bridge, Captain Gehres watched airplane engines and big chunks of deck sing through the air. He picked up the phone to the aft steering room where the five men were trapped. "Listen," he said. "Take it easy. We'll get you out of there. It may take a little time, but it's a promise."

Meanwhile, Commander Joe Taylor, executive officer and second in command of the ship, was trying to find his way to the bridge. The flight deck aft, covered with heavy smoke, was a wilderness, a jungle of debris and bodies, and the smoke so thick you couldn't keep your bearings. Taylor dropped to the deck and crawled, using the deck seams as guides. Finally he found the island. The bottom part of it was enveloped in smoke and flame and he couldn't get to the doors. But he found a chain ladder hanging down, and he scrambled up and tumbled over the side of the bridge. Gehres was there. "Your face is dirty as hell, Joe," he said. "That's what the admiral said last time you were bombed. Remember?"

"I remember," Taylor said grimly. "This is a bit worse though, Captain."

"It is indeed," Gehres said thoughtfully.

Gehres was thinking of that day in October off the Philippines when the Big Ben sustained a hit on her deck that killed twenty-five men. That was the Big Ben's baptism of fire, and it was nothing compared to this.

## All Hands to the Rescue

But when trouble comes to you in the Navy, you're never alone. Every ship in the task force was figuring out some way to help the Franklin. Carriers had sent their fighters up to protect the stricken ship from air attack. The billowing smoke from the ship could be seen forty miles away—almost to the Japanese mainland. The cruiser Santa Fe, Captain H. C. Fitz, U.S.N., commanding, came up on the starboard side.

"Are your magazines flooded?" he yelled through his megaphone to Gehres. He was thinking of the disaster that overtook the Birmingham last fall when she was taking survivors off the stricken Princeton. The Princeton exploded and inflicted horrible casualties on the Birmingham personnel.

"I think so," Gehres called back. He'd given orders to flood them. But were the

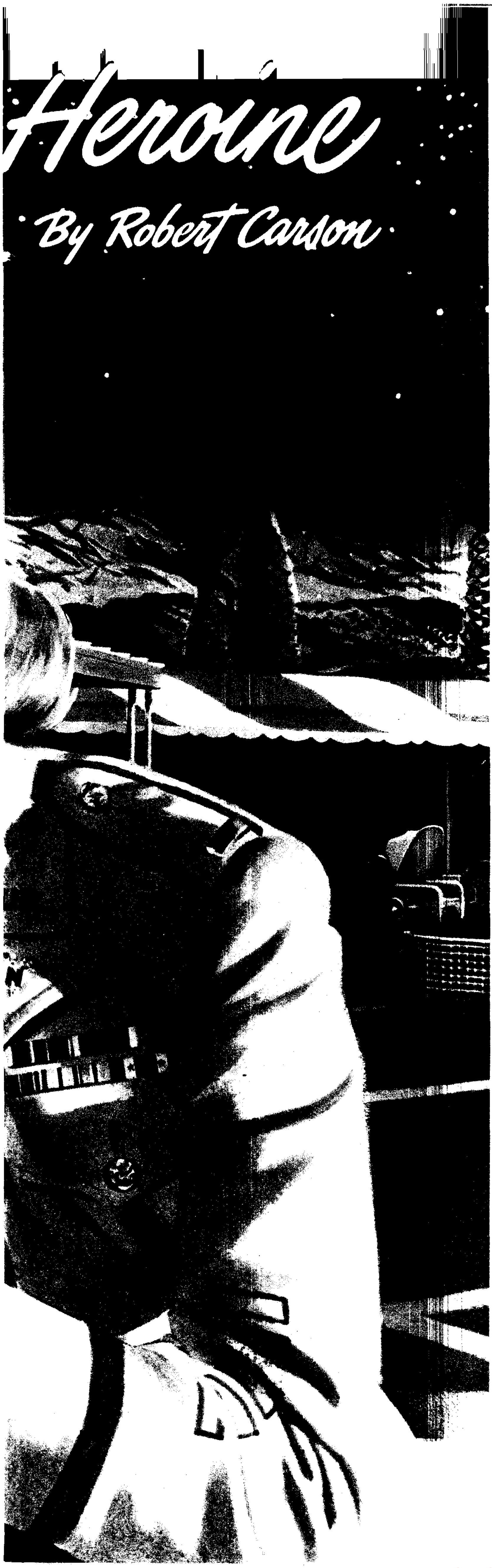
*(Continued on page 79)*

# The Hero and The

Jon Whitcomb

# Heroine

## By Robert Carson



"I've been away a long time, Mac," said Mary. "But isn't it still customary to put your arms around a girl you love and kiss her?" Her blue eyes were pleading

**McBride thought he had turned his back on life and love—until he began playing opposite the feminine lead in a success story as painful as his own had been**

THE California desert felt the touch of springtime. A faint rosy glow came over the sparse vegetation and lighted the barren ground, and the big-barreled cacti seemed greener. In a little valley beyond the stables of the resort a patch of yellow poppies miraculously bloomed.

McBride came down the broad tiled staircase of the Casa Blanca, one hand on the rail to steady himself. The lobby of the hotel was deserted; everybody was at the swimming pool, riding or playing tennis. He stood for a moment at a window, watching the sun shimmer through a pepper tree. Then he went in the bar.

"Good morning, Mr. McBride," the bartender said. "How are you today?"

"Fine, thank you," McBride said. "Beer, please."

The bar, a pleasant Western-style room, was empty. He took his glass, walked to the juke box, put in a quarter and started the music. He listened for a while, one leg stuck out, sipping the beer. After that he returned to the bar.

"Beer, please," he said, "and ten dollars in quarters."

The bartender drew him another beer and counted out the quarters. McBride looked at him, in the midst of turning away.

"Do I get on your nerves?" he asked.

"No, sir." The bartender was suddenly shamefaced. "Why should you, Mr. McBride?"

"I don't want to get on anybody's nerves," McBride said.

He grinned abruptly, and the bartender grinned back in relief. McBride's face was handsome when it brightened. His mustache spoiled it, being too luxuriant, and his mouth was strained and tired, but he had brought some second glances from the girls around the hotel. And he was young, despite the small droop to his right shoulder, the glints of gray in his black, close-cropped hair, and his slow manner of walking. The attention of the girls might have come from the shortage of men. McBride thought so.

He fed the juke box another quarter, put his glass on top of it and started to play a slot machine.

The music was punctuated by the clang and whirr of the one-armed bandit. Occasionally there would be a little shower of money in the cup below. But mostly he lost. The bartender stared at his back for a moment and then began polishing glasses.

A girl came in the bar, a pretty blonde in a sun suit, with wooden clogs on her feet. She asked the bartender for cigarettes.

"No cigarettes, Miss Hilton," the bartender said. "Sorry."

She made a disgusted face at him and paused beside McBride. He winked at her and put another quarter in the machine.

"How are you doing?" she said.

"I had ten dollars when I came in here," McBride said.

"Your name's McBride, isn't it?" the blonde said. "I asked the hostess."

"That's me."

"What are you going to do when that slot machine wears out?"

McBride hit three plums and collected a little change. "If they can't get me another one, I'll probably look you up."

"I like rude men," the blonde said. "Or any men, for that matter. Isn't it time for a swim?"

"I don't swim."

"Can you float—or lie in the sun?"

"No," McBride said.

"Or tennis. The courts are full right now, but—"

"They'll always be full as far as I'm concerned."

"You're fun," she said, and smiled without malice. "What you should have here is a wheel chair."

McBride whanged the arm of the machine down hard as the girl left him. The bartender emerged from behind the bar, bringing him a fresh glass of beer. McBride nodded his thanks.

Another girl entered. The music stopped, and McBride headed for the juke box with a fresh quarter. He didn't look at the newcomer.

"May I have a package of cigarettes?" the girl said.

"No cigarettes, ma'am," the bartender replied. "Wish I had some."

The way the bartender said it caused McBride to glance at the girl. She was an Army nurse, a first lieutenant, in a new uniform. Her face was thin and as yet uncolored by the sun, and her blue eyes were enormous. She looked very happy. She was painfully thin, her legs sticklike, and she was happy. McBride saw six gold bars denoting three years overseas on her left sleeve. She had two rows of service ribbons.

"Here's a cigarette, Lieutenant," McBride said.

She came over and took one from his package. He held a match for her, and she inhaled smoke and let it out slowly and luxuriously. Her expression of happiness never left her. It was bright and new, like a fresh coin.

"It's not right," she said. "Taking them from civilians, I mean."

"If you enjoy a cigarette as much as that," McBride said, "you need it more than I do."

He returned to the slot machine. She followed him and stood watching. He knew that she had watched him walk over and that she was a nurse, and his face slowly reddened. Finally they looked at each other gravely. Her eyes were completely impersonal, and the angry, helpless knot in his heart dissolved.

He was surprised, because that was the first time it had.

"Have a beer, Lieutenant?" he said.

"I'd love one," she said.

McBride held up two fingers for the bartender to see. The bartender brought the beer.

"Thank you very much," she said.

His supply of quarters was running out. He used all except two, which he wanted to save for the juke box, and then he sat down, shoving his leg out in front of him.

The girl took the chair across the table from him. She drank her beer slowly, with an infinite relish, as though she had never tasted such stuff before. McBride lighted a cigarette and shifted irritably, chafed by the tight strap across his abdomen. He looked at the girl again.

"My name is Mary Brooks," she said.

"I'm McBride."

"Have you been here long?"

"Ten or eleven days," McBride said. "I haven't seen you around, Lieutenant."

"I got here last night," Mary said, "after dinner. They had an unexpected cancellation and telephoned me in Los Angeles the night before."

"You must not have come in the bar last night, or I'd have seen you. I was right here."

"No, the bed seemed so wonderful with sheets and everything that I had to try it as soon as I was in my room. I guess I just went to sleep."

"How long have you been back?" McBride said.

"Home, you mean? Three days—and one day in San Francisco. Casa Blanca is pretty expensive, but I have a lot of back pay piled up, and I thought I'd get a real rest. I think the only reason I got in here is because I'm in the service. They were very nice."

"Everybody is very nice. That's what I like about civilians. They're as nice as they can be."

"You're beginning to look like a civilian," Mary said.

"That's what I am," McBride said. "A civilian."

"Where were you?"

"Oh, around. I was in Italy, and I went a few times to Ploesti."

"Where's that?"

His eyebrows lifted. "It was an oil field, in Rumania."

"I was at Santo Tomas," Mary said. "Thirty months. Before that, on Bataan and Corregidor."

"Well, well," McBride said. "Travel broadens one. Maybe not in your case. Have another beer with me, Lieutenant?"

"No, thanks."

"A hamburger?"

"Could I?" Mary said. "Do you think they'd fix one this early?"

McBride held up one finger for the bartender. When he came, McBride said, "My friend here, the lieutenant, needs a

(Continued on page 33)

ILLUSTRATED BY JON WHITCOMB

# DACHAU: EXPERIMENTAL MURDER

**By Martha Gellhorn**

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

RADIOED FROM PARIS

WE CAME out of Germany in a C-47 carrying American prisoners of war. The planes were lined up on the grass field at Regensburg, and the passengers waited sitting in the shade under the wings. They would not leave the planes: this was a trip no one was going to miss. When the crew chief said "All aboard," we got in as if we were escaping from a fire.

No one looked out the windows as we flew over Germany. No one ever wanted to see Germany again. They turned away from it with hatred and sickness; everything about it was evil. At first they did not talk but when it became real that Germany was behind forever they began talking of their prisons. We did not comment on the Germans: they are past words.

"No one will believe us," a soldier said. They agreed on that: No one would believe them.

"Where were you captured, miss?" a soldier asked.

"I am only bumming a ride; I've been down to see Dachau."

One of the men said suddenly, "We got to talk about it, see? We got to talk about it if anyone believes us or not."...

Behind the barbed wire and the electric fence, the skeletons sat in the sun and searched themselves for lice. They have no age and no faces; they all look alike and like nothing you will ever see if you are lucky. We crossed the wide, crowded, dusty compound between the prison barracks and went to the hospital. In the hall sat more of the skeletons and from them came the smell of disease and death. They watched us but did not move: No expression shows on a face that is only yellowish stubbly skin stretched across bone.

**The Germans wanted to discover how little oxygen a man needed to live. Eight hundred died in that experiment. Their death was quick for Dachau; it took only 15 minutes. But it was a hard death**

What had been a man dragged himself into the doctor's office; he was a Pole and he was about six feet tall and he weighed less than a hundred pounds and he wore a striped prison shirt, a pair of unlaced boots and a blanket which he tried to hold around his legs. His eyes were large and strange and stood out from his face, and his jawbone seemed to be cutting through his skin. He had come to Dachau from Buchenwald on the last death transport.

There were fifty boxcars of his dead traveling companions still on the siding outside the camp, and for the last three days the American Army had forced Dachau civilians to bury these dead.

When this transport arrived, the German guards locked the men, women and children in the cars and there they slowly died of hunger and thirst. They screamed and they tried to fight their way out; from time to time the guards fired into the cars to stop the noise.

This man had survived; he was found in a pile of dead. Now he stood on the bones that were his legs and talked, and then suddenly he wept. "Everyone is dead," he said, and the face that was not a face twisted with pain or sorrow or horror. "No one is left. Everyone is dead. I cannot help myself," he said. "Here I am and I am finished and cannot help myself. Everyone is dead."

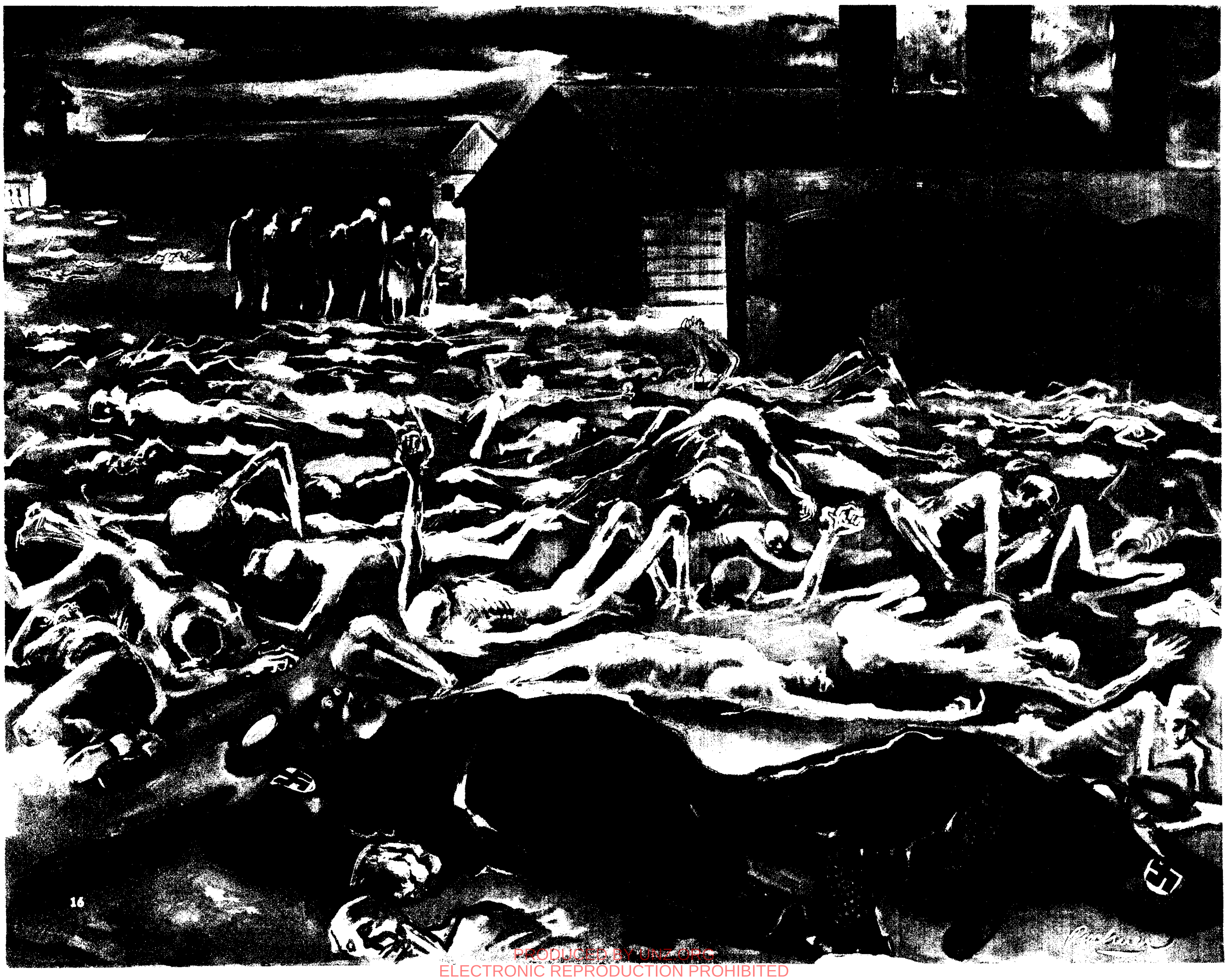
The Polish doctor who had been a prisoner here for five years said, "In four weeks you will be a young man again. You will be fine."

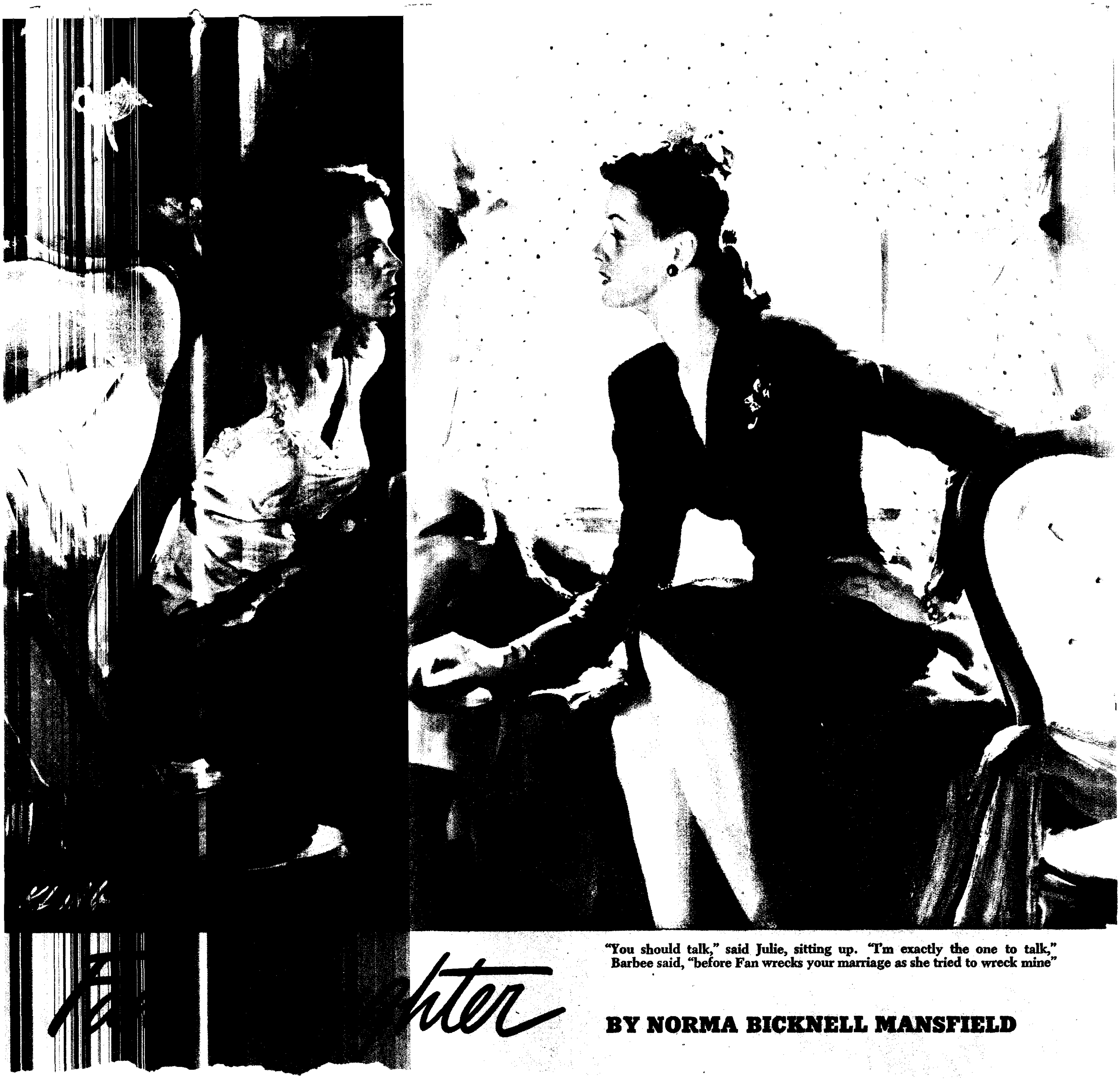
Perhaps his body will live and take strength but one cannot believe that his eyes will ever be like other people's eyes.

The doctor spoke with great detachment about the things he had watched in this hospital. He had watched them, and there was nothing he could do to stop them. All the prisoners talked in the same way—quietly with a strange little smile as if they apologized for talking of such loathsome things to someone who lived in a real world and

*(Continued on page 28)*

"Nothing was so insanely wicked as these starved, outraged, naked, nameless dead. Behind one pile of dead lay the clothed healthy bodies of the German guards"





"You should talk," said Julie, sitting up. "I'm exactly the one to talk," Barbee said, "before Fan wrecks your marriage as she tried to wreck mine"

# [illegible] hter

### BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

**Marriage is not solitary confinement, her mother said, but Julie learned mothers can be wrong and solitude a joy**

UNDER the covers, Julie shifted her restless body. Across the dark cabin she could see the dim shape of Granny's bunk, and she knew Granny was still awake. She's waiting for me to go to sleep, Julie thought, but I can't sleep. I can't sleep because I've made up my mind to leave the ranch, to visit Fan, and I don't know how to tell Granny. I don't even know how long I'll be gone.

Fan, who was Julie's mother, had reminded her in her letter that she had been away a year—"incarcerated" had been Fan's word. "And why," the letter had gone on, "did Ned feel that marriage gave him the right to condemn you to solitary confinement? Or was the idea to keep you from temptation? How quaint and unreasonable!"

But it wasn't solitary confinement. Granny was here—tough, wrinkled little Granny with the young blue eyes, with the whole compact core of being which Julie had sensed in Ned, and for which she had married him without analyzing her reasons, knowing only that she was sure she would never again in her lifetime fall in love with anyone else. But Fan's letter had focused the nebulous queries her own mind had contained this past year. Why had Ned sent her here to wait for his return?

She shivered under the covers. Ned, she thought, Ned, help me; but Ned was thousands of miles away in the South Pacific, fighting the Japanese. And everyone in his platoon, everyone who knows him at all, knows him better than I do, Julie thought. I saw him five different, separate times and then I married him, and in two weeks he was gone, and his letters aren't Ned at all, except that they're brief. He never did talk much. I can remember that about him. And I can remember he was tall, and his hair was bright yellow, really bright, and his eyes were gray, and when he smiled he was my love.

But she couldn't remember why he had sent her here, away from everything she had known, to wait for him.

"I want you to be with Granny," he had said. But Granny didn't need her. Granny had been alone on the ranch while Ned was at college. There was the one cow to milk, but Granny did that, even with Julie here. There were the small financial matters concerned with leasing the meadow for graze, selling the yellow pine as they ripened, a few at a time. There had been wood to bring in, but Granny was quicker with the saw and the ax than Julie.

Fan is right, Julie thought; he sent me here to keep me from temptation. Resentment washed through her. I'm twenty-one, she thought, I'm an adult. He has no right to mistrust my love.

THEY were squatting in the mud, eating their chow, a handful of soldiers in stained, torn uniforms. Two or three of them kept looking up at the sky, peering around through swift-gathering darkness. The fellow with the bright hair was one of the watchful ones.

"It's your farm trainin'," Biggs said. "You

*(Continued on page 39)*

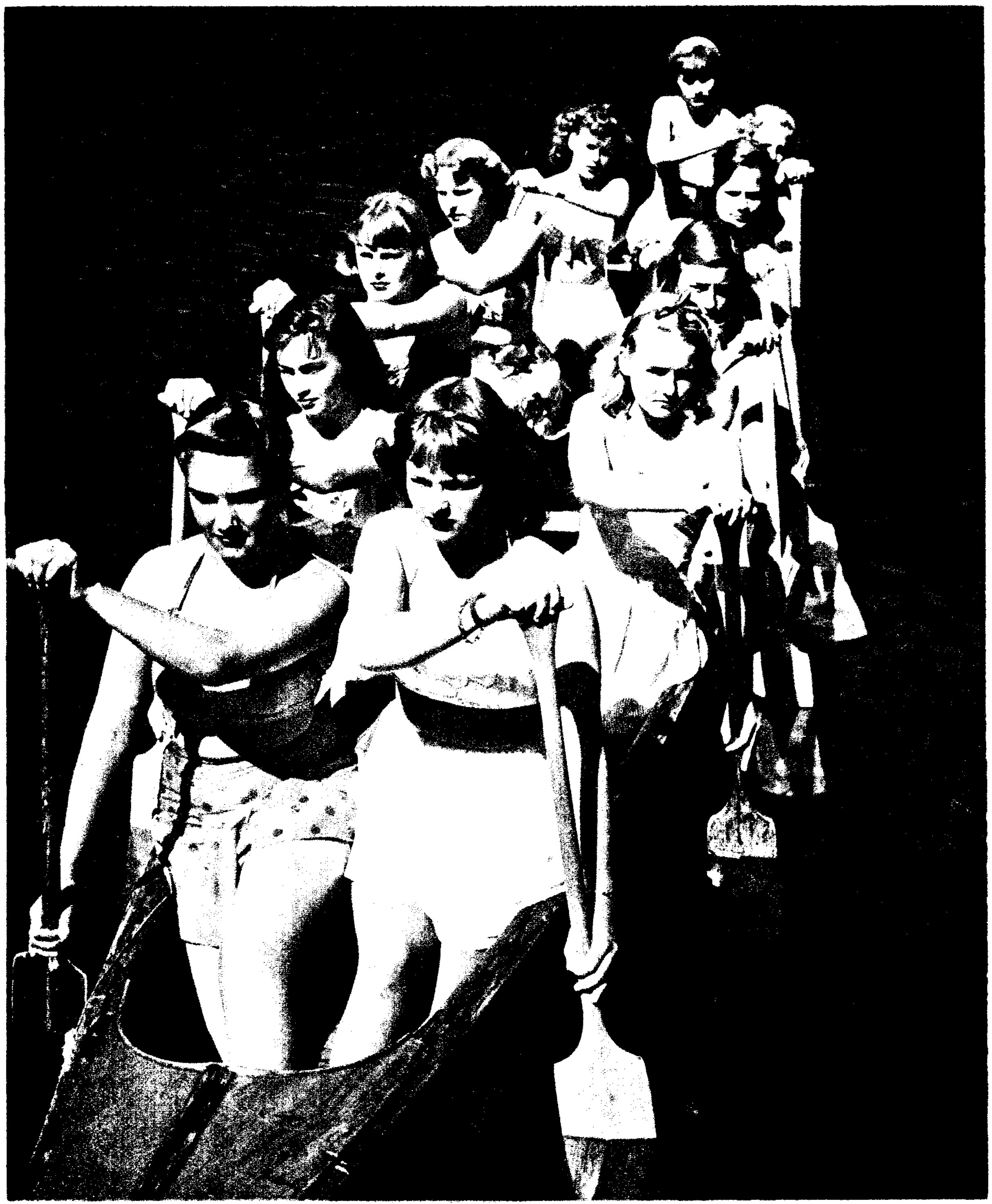
ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

# Outside, Kids!

### BY AMY PORTER

More and more, summer camps have come to be regarded as vital in educating our young. Here's what is being done to put the camps within the reach of all

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX



War canoes keep alive the American Indian tradition in many camps—developing muscles and teamwork at the same time. Captain, at stern, steers, directs team. War canoe races are end-of-summer feature

DURING July and August, more than a million school children will pack up vacation belongings and head for camp, shouting war whoops of joy. Children's camps of all kinds, public, semipublic and private, are booming, with 12,000 of them primed to handle capacity enrollments this summer. War conditions are partially responsible for the boom. More money, less vacation travel and the disappearance of domestic help—all these lead parents to think fondly of sending the children off to camp for a month or two.

The war's emphasis on physical fitness and self-sufficiency is another pro-camp factor, with the Army urging all teen-agers to learn how to swim and how to take care of themselves out of doors.

But the off-to-camp movement is more than a wartime phenomenon. Educators believe it is based on a growing realization among parents, teachers and community leaders that camping—the right kind of camping—is a fine thing for any child.

It is education out of doors and an effective means of fostering such character traits as self-reliance, co-operativeness, resourcefulness, responsibility. It pays direct dividends, besides, in health, in skill at sports and in development of a lifelong taste for outdoor living.

A good camp provides a kind of all-round, learning-by-doing education that is out of reach of most wintertime schools, limited as they are by the walls of the classroom

**Do-nothing hours allow relaxation between strenuous athletic activities. Swimming and diving come next**

Boys aren't the only sharpshooters. These girls will qualify for National Rifle Association diplomas

**Fencing is valued for development of balance, timing, co-ordination. Half jackets are cooler for practice**

and the few hours of the school day. The potential power of camp training is suggested by measuring its hours of supervised living against hours spent at regular school. In 30 days of camp there are 46 per cent as many supervised hours as there are in an entire year at school.

The only thing wrong with the off-to-camp movement is that it touches such a small fraction of the nation's children. Ideally, it should involve the entire school population, some 27 million, instead of a niggardly one or two million. Private camps, supported entirely by fees, are to most families a prohibitive luxury, and charitable camps unfortunately reach only a few underprivileged or handicapped children.

### Lots of Fun at Little Cost

Semipublic and agency camps, where the child attending pays part, but not all of the cost, are doing a great deal to spread camp benefits. These include Y.W.C.A. and Y.M.C.A., Boy Scout, Boys Club, 4-H Club, and a few others.

But nothing less than a public-school movement can extend camp experience to every school child. There are stirrings of effort in many states toward accomplishing this ideal. Perhaps 75 communities scattered through the nation now operate some form of school camp free to all school children. Greenville, South Carolina; Atlanta, Georgia; Trenton, New Jersey; Los Angeles, California, were among the first to experiment with public-school camps. Ithaca and Saratoga Springs, New York, have well-developed day-camp programs, with frequent overnight camping trips for the older children.

A far-reaching experiment is in progress at Battle Creek, Michigan, where, with the help of the Kellogg Foundation, the community has established a year-round camp for public-school children. Here groups of pupils and their teachers migrate from the classroom out to camp, spending two weeks at a time living like little self-sufficient communities in a country setting—this even in the coldest winter. Here children have a chance to test out some of the things they learn in books about food, clothing, shelter, safety and many other subjects.

Those communities which have tried it have found it neither too difficult nor too costly to maintain school camps. A camp site generally can be found in a near-by state or national park, or through the gift of some citizen. Much of the construction of camp facilities can be done by high-school boys and girls—with the work itself serving as valuable camp experience.

In 35 states, provision is made for boards of education to carry on recreation programs, of which camping can be a legitimate part. The Saratoga Springs camp is financed partly by Lanham Act funds provided for the care of defense workers' children.

Ithaca reports that its camp costs are about 41½ cents per pupil per day, not counting permanent equipment. New York State last year passed a bill specifically empowering school boards to operate camps, and other states are now considering similar legislation.

Two kinds of camp protection are needed: protection as to sanitation and safety, and protection as to number and qualifications of counselors. Most states require camps to have health-department permits—and the least a parent can do before sending a child to any camp is to ask whether that camp has a most necessary health-department permit for the *current* year.

### Camps Organize for Better Standards

A surprising number of camps manage to operate without such permits. The counselor staff of camps should be, but seldom is, a matter of concern to education departments. Camps themselves, however, are gradually evolving standards through such organizations as the American Camping Association, which has a nation-wide membership of camp directors.

Since camping promises to be the next big advance in education, school boards everywhere are beginning to study it, and to chart their own postwar camping plans. After this war, as after the last one, it seems likely that children's camps will have a period of great growth. ★★★

**For posture correction, archery is more fun than formal exercise. Education sneaks up on girls at camp, where everything seems to be, but isn't, for fun**

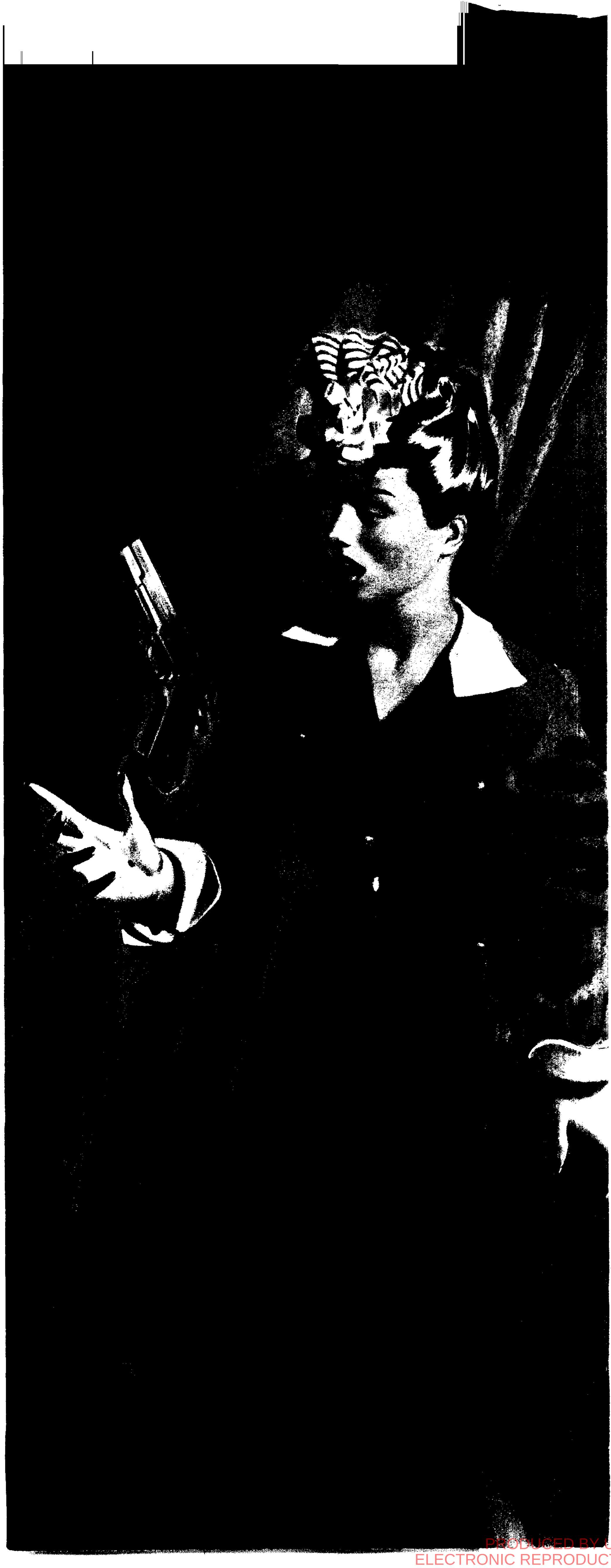
**Little campers hero-worship the big girl camper who wins a ribbon at the horse show. They snap her picture, learning something of photography, later develop the films**

**With the sun for footlights, and trees for a backdrop, these girls forget jive and learn a lovely kind of dancing. All photographs from Moss Lake Camp, Eagle Bay, N. Y.**

# WOMAN AT BAY

## BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



**Adrienne stood, wide-eyed and immobile, her jaw slack as she stared at her hand. The gun spun crazily as it fell and then she screamed**

*The Story:*
Sent to Havana to ferret out the Sevigny manuscript which the American government wanted for its written evidence of pro-Nazism, Paul MacKinnon found himself in a tight spot: The manuscript had vanished, and Victor Molina, who was to have turned it over to Sevigny's widow, had been murdered. Evidence pointed to Bruce Aitchison, an industrialist with previous Vichy interests, and his friends, Marie Gerand and Dennis Clarke, but there was no proof. Sevigny's widow, none other than Norma Travers, Paul's beautiful ex-wife, proved herself innocent, but refused to help Paul when she learned through Rodriguez, a member of the Cuban police, that Aitchison had offered Paul $25,000 for the manuscript. Sworn to secrecy, Paul could not explain that he had claimed knowledge of the manuscript's whereabouts in order to learn more of Aitchison's plans, so, befriended only by attractive Adrienne Brissard, he had to work alone. Then murder struck again. Learning from Leon Vidal, a reporter, that Manuel Zayas, another of Aitchison's men, was on Norma's trail, Paul went to warn Norma, found Manuel slumped on the floor with Norma's paper cutter in his heart. . . .

### Conclusion

SITTING there on the bed that Norma had not slept in, Paul MacKinnon stared bleakly at the crumpled body on the floor and took time out to sort his thoughts and adjust his composure. He lighted a cigarette, noting that his fingers trembled a little, and rubbed the dampness from his hands on the sides of his coat. Finally he stood up and flexed his shoulders, twisting his neck a little to get the cramps out, then went to the bureau and found the sheath for the dagger.

Coming back to Manuel Zayas' body, he knelt and took one of the hands. It was definitely cool, though there was body warmth up under the sleeve on the inside of the arm. He had a moment of nausea taking hold of the dagger, but it came out easily and he carried it into the bathroom, washing it thoroughly before drying it. When he had replaced it in the sheath he put both in his pocket and then began to think in earnest.

He had no feeling at all that Norma had done this. He believed this not only because he wanted to believe it, but because he knew that if she had she would not have gone out and left her knife and sheath behind, nor would she have left the door unlocked.

Furthermore, he was convinced that she did not even know murder had been done. The lock was of the spring type, and unless the safety catch had been pressed to leave it unlocked without her knowing it, she would never have gone out with a body on the floor and the room accessible to anyone who turned the knob.

This meant that she had left the room some time before eleven, and she was still out. Where, MacKinnon did not know, and he did not take time to think about this now, or let himself speculate on the possibility that Aitchison had carried out his threat.

No, the important thing now was that, with this coming on top of her when she was already under some suspicion in the death of Victor Molina, Norma was due to be arrested as soon as Zayas' body was discovered.

MacKinnon rose and made a quick inspection of the room and closets, finding nothing missing that he could remember, and nothing new except some crumpled wrapping paper and a small carton which had held a bottle of liquid stocking preparation.

Remembering the packages she had carried into the lobby at seven that evening, he was left with the impression that one of these had been a sizable paper bag. When he could not find it now, he wondered about it, but not for long. For underlying all his thoughts in the past few minutes, there had been one nebulous plan that had persistently clamored for attention, and he knew he must deal with it.

It did not take him long, once he examined the problem. It was actually very simple.

With the body here, Norma was as good as in jail. With the body in his room, there would be a certain amount of time gained, and that was about all he could hope for now. Later the body would be found, and Rodriguez would toss him into jail anyway, but at least the charge would not stand up long, for he possessed one thing which Norma lacked.

Zayas had arrived downstairs at three minutes after eleven. Given two minutes to get up here the back way, he had been killed not earlier than five minutes after eleven. And he, MacKinnon, had an alibi from eleven to twelve that even Rodriguez could not shake.

With a sigh and a deliberate concentration on the physical aspects of the job rather than the moral perils, he put the hat on Zayas' head, lifted him, carried him to the door and held him there with one hand, thankful that the man was small. He glanced into the hall long enough to find it clear and reached for the light switch, glancing over his shoulder as he did so. In the instant before darkness claimed the room, he saw the stain on the rug. He turned his back and went out.

MACKINNON'S luck ran out just as he reached his own door. In order to get at his room key, he got his left hand and arm under Zayas' armpit and shoulder, and propped him against one hip while his right hand explored his pocket. He found a key, but as he tried to fit it, he heard the muted thud of an elevator stopping. Hurrying now, desperate, he punched at the lock and cursed silently and then, exasperated beyond caring, he looked at the key and found the reason.

The key, so similar to his own, was the key to room 319 at the Palm Hotel.

He clung hard to the dead man and dropped the key into his trousers pocket as he found the right one. Steps were behind him as he fitted it and turned the bolt.

"Need any help?"

The voice struck clear through him, and he flinched and stiffened, nearly losing his grip on Zayas. Then he made himself glance over his shoulder. A man and a woman had passed, and the man had stopped.

"No," MacKinnon wheezed. "No, I can manage." He had the door open; he was starting through. "Thanks just the same."

He felt Zayas' feet dragging and took a quick hitch so he could keep moving. "Had a little too much to drink," he said, with a forced laugh. "But I've got him now."

The woman had gone on, but the man was still standing there, his frown puzzled before he shrugged and turned away.

MacKinnon kicked the door shut. He stretched Zayas on the floor. Then he flopped into a chair.

"Everything," he gasped morosely, "happens to MacKinnon."

When he could, he examined his clothes and found no stains except a tiny one on the cuff of his shirt. One hand was discolored and he washed this carefully. Then, since

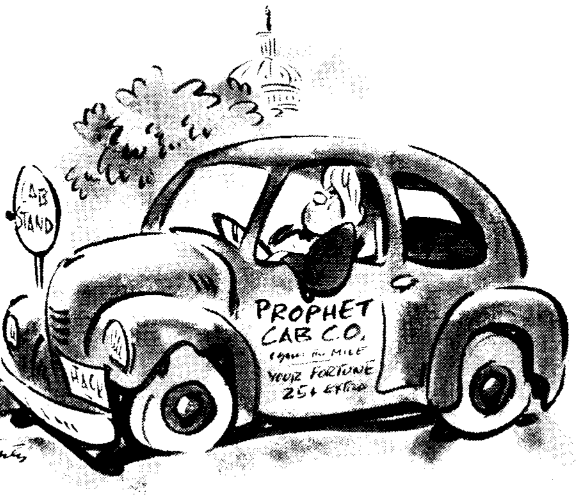
*(Continued on page 52)*

# Swamis Beside the Potomac

### By Mona Gardner

Just visit Washington, plunk down one to ten bucks, and soothsayers of every stripe will reveal what is to come

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE LICHTY



If the cabby's prophecy doesn't please you, he'll take you where you can get one with another angle

WASHINGTON is doing a boom business in soothsaying these days. The nation's capital is awash with people ready to tell—at the drop of a dollar—the answers to such fundamental questions as: "Why did Bob drift away from me? . . . Shall I buy U.S. Steel or RCA shares this week? . . . When will I marry?" Raise that one dollar to five or ten, and the omenmongers are prepared to disclose when the war will end, the day your soldier boy will ring the front doorbell, whether that spot on your left lung is tuberculosis or just a transitory shadow.

Taxis, dentists and hotel rooms are difficult Washington items to find, but fortunes are not. You can have them told in department stores, taxicabs, pharmacies, night clubs and office buildings. Five-and-dime stores employ swamis in gaudy robes to tend their zodiac counters; a dozen downtown lofts have been remodeled into temples where a variety of mystic cults hold nightly séances; while classified ads in daily newspapers and the telephone directory list columns of virtuosos who tell all via stars, cards, spirit embers, Egyptian sand or ectoplasm for anywhere from fifty cents per star to fifty dollars per ectoplasm.

If a person is not aura-conscious before, he becomes so in Washington. Furniture-store windows display rooms planned for the Taurus personality, for the Capricorn, the Aries, and the other nine zodiacal types. A jewelry store window is filled with astrological tidbits in gold and silver; another window bulges with astrological neckwear; and the one beyond offers candy keyed to your planetary vibrations. A photograph shop, no more than a camera's throw from the Department of Justice, has a window full of spirit photographs.

The thing that gives special luster to the capital's present troupe of performers is the audience they attract. Along with the usual habitués—life's cowards and immoderate sentimentalists—there are congressmen, realtors, presidents of national organizations, visitors at the White House, OPA and WPB executives, government clerks, women newspaper columnists, and senators, all standing in line at Washington's plush séance chambers or booking appointments with the busy prophets weeks in advance.

Take the case of the elderly New Deal congressman who is meticulously careful to consult his spirit control before casting an important House vote. For the prevoting séance, his favorite spiritualist comes to his office in the Capitol Building. They pull the shades down, and while the hubbub of lawmaking goes on in the corridors and offices about them, they summon spirits for communion.

And there is the senator from a Southern state who is a weekly customer on the books of one eminent seeress. Regularly every seven days she casts his horoscope for the ensuing week, telling him his lucky days for handling money contracts, and the ones on which he should avoid making important decisions. Last winter, before her yearly sojourn in Miami, she drew up forecasts three weeks in advance.

Another substantial citizen prominent in national affairs, hearing about this super-insurance, asked to have the same weekly service. The seeress was sorry, she said, but her time was solidly booked with government employees, and until one of her regular customers died or the Administration changed and they moved away from Washington, she couldn't take on another weekly patron.

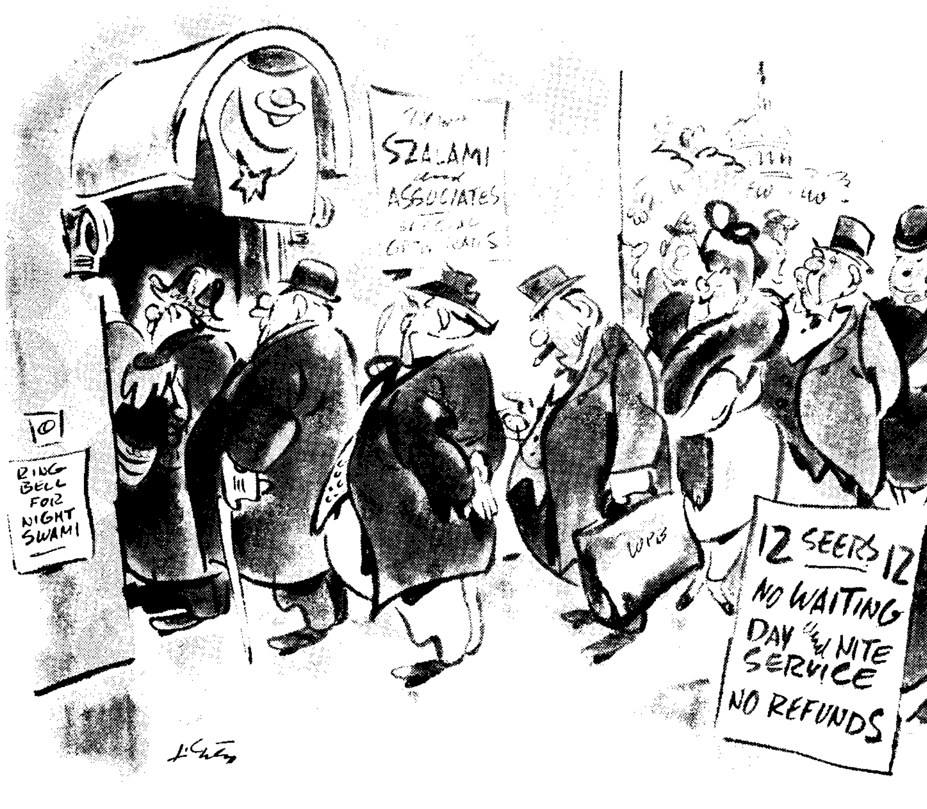
## Seers Are in Fashion

Seer *décor* in the capital has had a face-lifting job. Gone is the grubby cubbyhole and the outsize gypsy dressed in a bandanna and an old portiere. Instead, there's a spacious suite done in Louis Quatorze or Early Metal-Tube, a neon sign, a uniformed maid opening the door, and a brisk secretary answering the telephone and making all Madame's appointments. The frankly ungirdled gypsy has become sveltely Mainbocher, or, just as sveltely, the lace-fichued-mother type. Gentleman seers are combed and brushed, the glass of fashion in Hollywood tweeds or a frock coat, with here and there a jeweled turban.

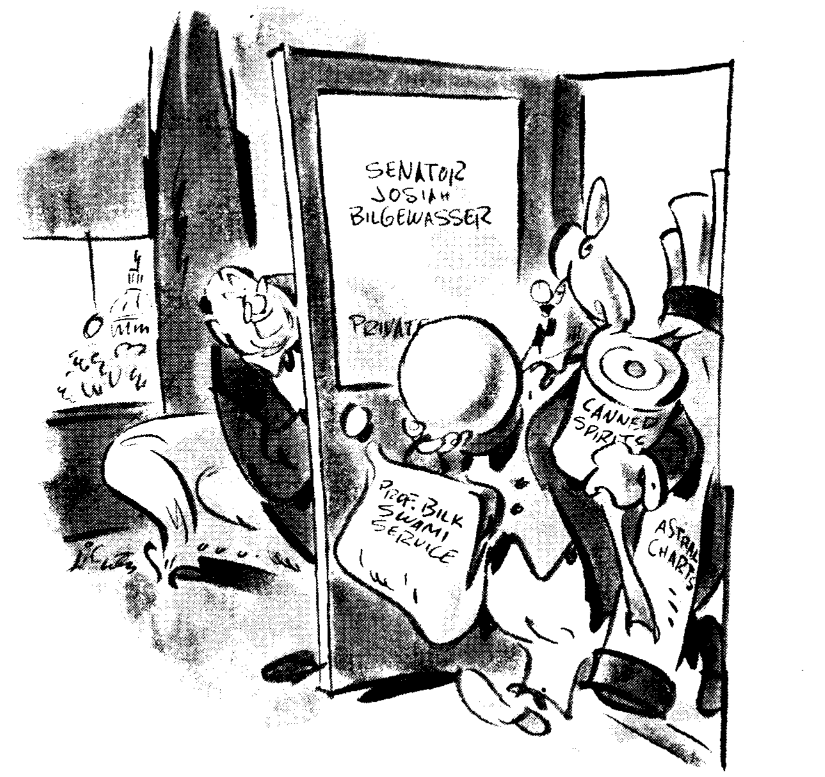
So ably have certain of these plugged into the infinite that they roll divinations off the tongue at half-hour intervals from midmorning until nine or ten o'clock at night, interrupting the flow only for small material mouthfuls at noon and again at dinnertime. One prominent seeress got so jammed with ten-dollar appointments for eight and nine weeks in advance that she revised her system last summer. Now each month on the 15th, she opens her bookings for the ensuing month, makes an average of 168 or 170 bookings on that day, fills her calendar by the 20th, and closes her books inexorably.

Another refuses to make any appointments at all. She is at her office from one o'clock in the afternoon until five. You appear at one, pay five dollars, and wait your turn if there aren't too many ahead of you. Even then, it is not unusual for Madame's secretary to come out around three o'clock and say the

*(Continued on page 45)*



Most of the capital's seers do a land-office business; customers stand in line, eager to pay their money and find out what the future holds for them



One gifted prophet casts a weekly horoscope for a prominent senator; he considers it an infallible guide to the conduct of government business

# God's Angry Woman

**Dorothy Thompson possesses all the crusading fervor of an evangelist. Add to this her keen sense of showmanship, and you have one of America's outstanding columnists**

### BY CAREY LONGMIRE

MISS DOROTHY THOMPSON was once thrown out of Germany by the allegedly late Adolf Hitler because she called him "inconsequential," scathingly implying that he was the kind of character who crooks his little finger when holding a teacup.

Casual historians will doubtless record that old expulsion edict as one of Der Fuehrer's monumental blunders. Dorothy Thompson, who combines the seeing eye of Cassandra and the appearance of Brünnehilde with the gusto of General Patton and the holy fire of a crusading apostle, waged a furious one-woman war against Hitler from that time on. Even after his reported death she kept up her fight, dispatching from Jerusalem a column to the effect that the seeds of hatred that he had sowed throughout the world still flourished.

Miss Thompson's crusade did not come about, however, out of spite at being tossed out on her ear, but because Hitler killed her world, and she hated him for it. To her he was the embodiment of evil, and her soul was filled with loathing for everything he stood for; also because of her fierce conviction that Nazism did not represent Germany.

From the middle twenties until 1933, Miss Thompson was an outstanding foreign correspondent, with headquarters first in Vienna and later in Berlin. At her home in both of these cities she assumed the role of a latter-day Madame de Staël, and through her *salons* passed diplomats and bohemians, prime ministers and writers, poets and economists. From them, and from her own scholarly pursuits, she absorbed the traditional and romantic German culture. Germany to her signified Goethe and Schiller and Beethoven—and all those qualities that the overworked adjective *gemütlich* implies.

These were some of the happiest days of Miss Thompson's life, on which she looks back with nostalgia. Perhaps that explains her curiously one-sided picture of Germany. At any rate, the fact that Prussian Junkerism is inextricably a part of Germany is something she apparently overlooked.

Although Hitler became, in time, an obsession of hers, she began by underrating him, and made a colossally bad forecast in 1931 about his future. Following an interview with the ranting Austrian then campaigning for power—she shouting back as loudly as he—she wrote that after fifty seconds in the little man's presence, she realized that he could never be dictator of Germany. Even after he took office, she made, and lost, a $50 bet with H. R. Knickerbocker, another correspondent, that her enemy would not last out the year.

Thereafter she did penance by pounding away in white-hot warnings against the barbarities of Nazism. She broadcast, helped refugees with hard cash and called the populace to the barricades.

### Revenge with Words

Since 1936, when she started writing her newspaper column—which now appears thrice weekly in more than 125 papers—she has given out at least 3,000,000 words, a good proportion of which have been furious denunciations of Adolf.

She was ready at any instant to use even stronger measures against the Nazis. Back in 1938, she invaded a German-American Bund rally in Madison Square Garden and almost broke it up single-handed, laughing gustily at every statement until the Bundsters were livid. For her own protection, two policemen led her out. Miss Thompson insisted on going back in, though, made her point, and then left only because she had to appear at a dinner being given in her honor. Once she said she would gladly give her life to save Austria from the Nazis. There is no doubt that she meant it.

Since her writings and her radio voice reach a possible audience of eight to twelve million persons a week, bringing her something like $80,000 a year, it is evident that the stern-voiced prophetess founded a huge career upon her struggle with the dictator. This spring Miss Thompson flew to Europe to see for herself how the generals and prime ministers were handling the war against her bitter enemy.

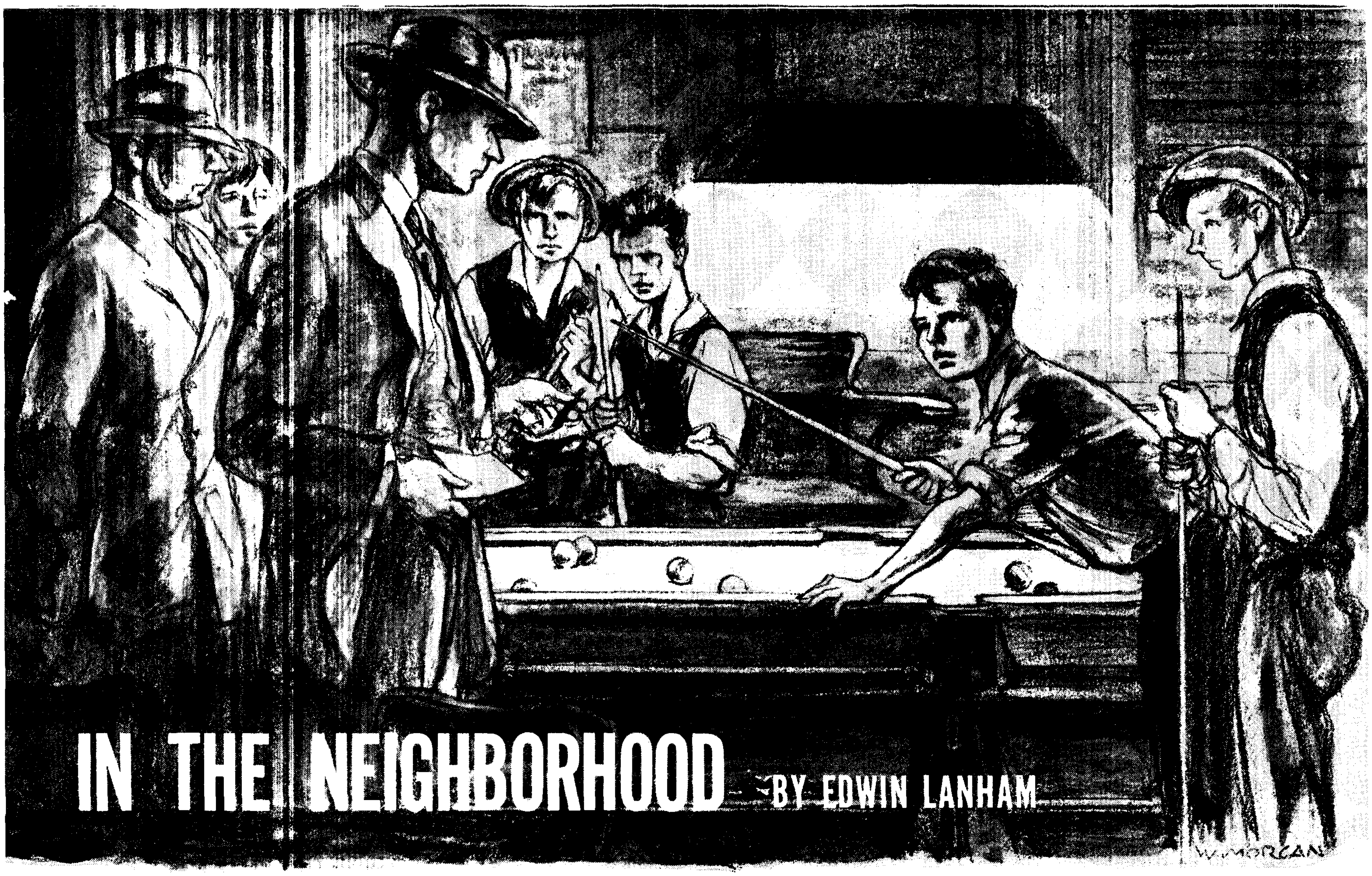
Recently, however, to the upsetment of her readers, Miss Thompson has been pitching them a curve ball which bewilders some and enrages others. After the years of devastating assaults on the Nazis, she began waging a one-woman crusade against those who wish to carve up Germany into tiny pieces, or, to put the extreme view, who wish to exterminate or enchain the German people as insurance against future wars.

Ted O. Thackrey, editor of the New York Post, which prints her column, not long ago upbraided her in print for what he termed her "verbal tears of compassion for the ordinary German left alive," saying he preferred tears for the Germans' victims.

(Continued on page 75)

The columnist with husband, Maxim Kopf. His actions once left her speechless

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HUSTON-PIX



# IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

### BY EDWIN LANHAM

Billy glanced up and saw his father standing there, just a few feet away. "Son, I want to talk to you," he said. "Sorry to break up the game, boys"

**He did not want to tell the lie, but the truth would only drive his father and mother farther apart, and there seemed no other way to prove his love for both of them**

I'M GLAD you came on home, Billy," his father said. "A man who works nights don't see near enough of his family." There was an odd, sad look in his father's eyes. He had a bottle of beer in his hand, and Billy saw two empty bottles on the floor at his feet. He looked as if he had been waiting a long time for Billy to come home from school.

"The clock is wrong for me," his father said. "I like my job and I like working nights. It's a good way to live, if the rest of the world lived that way, too. But the way it is, the clock is just wrong for me. I'm a day late or a day ahead, I don't know which it is. I believe it's a day late."

His father had the nightworker's pallor and there were tired lines around his eyes that were noticeable only in the daylight. He looked at Billy and said, "I always got the feeling I missed something on the way. I missed an hour here and an hour there, and the first thing I know I've missed a whole day and I can't catch up with it. I don't want to be a day late with you, son."

"No, sir," Billy said.

"What I mean, Billy, what goes on? What do you do with yourself when I ain't home?"

"I don't know," Billy said. He did not understand his father's mood and his voice grew uncertain. "I do my homework, and hang around with the kids at the candy store, and sometimes I go to the movies."

"With your mother?" his father asked.

"Sometimes," Billy said.

His father finished the bottle of beer and put it on the floor beside the other two. He was in his shirt sleeves by the open window and in the sunlight he looked as tired and gray as an alley cat creeping in the dawn.

"It's kind of hard on your mother, too," his father said. "Me working every night but one. I guess it's hard on her, ain't it?"

"I guess so," Billy said.

"Women got to keep busy somehow," his father said. "I don't know why it is, but women just don't know how to loaf. They know how to waste time, but they don't know how to loaf. They always got to be listening to the radio or sewing curtains or dishing the dirt or reading magazines."

Billy stood uneasily in the doorway, listening to his father talk. Usually when he returned from school there was only a perfunctory exchange of greetings and a casual word or so before his father went on reading the newspaper.

"You got something on your mind, son?" his father asked.

Billy shook his head. "I was just thinking about going out to play ball, that's all."

"Okay," his father said. "Going to change your pants first, ain't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay." His father picked up his newspaper.

BILLY went into his room. He had taken off his pants and was putting on his corduroys when he glanced up and saw his father at the door.

"Sure you got nothing on your mind, Billy?" his father asked.

"No, Pop," Billy said. He felt a pressure in his father's questions that made him uncomfortable. "Not a thing, Pop," he said.

His father came a step into the room. "What are them marks on your legs, son?"

Billy looked down at the bruises on his shins and said, "I got 'em playing shinny." His cheeks felt hot. He had promised his mother not to tell, but he was unhappy about the lie and felt that it was not convincing.

"You kids," his father said. "You damfool kids. Trying to break a leg?"

"They're just scratches," Billy said. "They ain't nothing."

"Okay, but see you don't break a leg, that's all. And watch out for them cars, Billy. I know I can't stop you playing in the street, but you be careful."

"Yes, sir," Billy said.

His father walked away, and Billy put on his corduroys. When he went back through the living room, his father was in the chair by the window again, reading the newspaper. He raised his head as Billy reached the door and called: "Son, wait up. I want to ask you something."

The boy turned in the doorway. "Yes, Pop?"

"How often do you take in a movie?"

"Oh, I don't know, Pop. Maybe twice a week."

"With your mother?"

"Yeah," Billy said. "Sometimes."

"Not every time, though."

"Sometimes I go with one of the fellas," Billy said. "Why, Pop?"

"Never mind," his father said. He cleared his throat, and when he spoke again his tone was strained and hesitant. "You know a man named Schwartz?"

Billy flushed, thinking that his father had found him out and had caught him in a lie. He wished he had explained the whole thing in the first place. He nodded.

"Who is he, Billy?"

"Why-uh, he runs the bowling alley down on the corner. I guess you know him, Pop."

"Yes, I guess I do," his father said.

Billy backed out of the door. His father did not speak again and he ran quickly down the stairs to escape further questions. He had promised his mother not to tell he worked for Mr. Schwartz. Not that there was anything wrong about it, his mother had said, but kids weren't supposed to work in bowling alleys, even if they had their working papers, and his father wouldn't like it, she had said.

But Billy felt uncomfortable about it. Even when he was playing ball on a neighboring street he kept remembering his father's face and the sad, tired eyes. He knew how his father would be when he found out. He wouldn't be angry, but Billy thought he would rather face anger in the weary eyes than the expression he knew would be there if his father found out he had been working in Mr. Schwartz's bowling alley.

HIS father went to work at five o'clock, and Billy did not go home until quarter past. When he went upstairs, his mother had already cleared away his father's supper dishes and had reset the table with one place.

"Hi, boy," she said. "It's on the stove for you and you can dish it yourself, can't you? I'm going out."

"Sure, I can," he said. "Where you going, Mom?"

"Just to the movies."

She was dressed up, Billy saw, and her hair was fixed in the upsweep way he liked. In the late angle of sunlight, there was a fine reddish sheen in her hair.

"Billy, you're going to be late," she said. "You've only got half an hour."

He lifted the lid of the pot, said, "Oh, boy, stew!"

He filled his plate and carried it to the table, and as he slid onto his chair, he met his mother's eyes. They smiled at each other. He liked his mother's companionship; he liked the way her eyes danced and the full, curving smile of her lips. But tonight he felt uneasy, like a conspirator, and this was not like the little secrets they had always shared from babyhood. Those other secrets had been full of laughter—she always had a way of making him laugh.

*(Continued on page 24)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN

# Gander Man

### BY RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

HACK MILLER

Charley Kanarick and his wild ducks and geese go for a stroll across Green Lake Avenue in Seattle

**The Canadian geese are wild and suspicious, but, at least once a season, they all drop in to say hello to an old friend, a tailor in the heart of Seattle**

SUMMERS in Alaska and winters in Mexico make up the inviting schedule of a lot of the feathered inhabitants of the North American continent. Between their far-flung seasonal nesting grounds, these ducks, geese, coots and rails soar along the 5,000-mile route of the Pacific Flyway, which stretches from the Arctic Ocean to the tropics.

The Pacific Flyway leads over the metropolis of Seattle and, in particular, the Better Way French Dry Cleaners at 7915 West Green Lake Avenue. On their semiannual flights south and then north to Alaska again, the mallard and honkers have an important date at the Better Way French Dry Cleaners. This is not to get their plumage cleaned or dyed, but to pay a visit to the best friend they have on the vast flight that rims the hemisphere.

This friend is a chunky middle-aged man named Charles B. Kanarick, proprietor of the Better Way French Dry Cleaners but better known in Seattle and the Pacific Northwest as "the Pied Piper of Green Lake." Ducks and geese follow Charley Kanarick around in much the same way that rodents trailed the legendary musician of Hamelin town.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a Seattle traffic policeman holding up cars on Green Lake Avenue while Charley strolls across the street amidst a honking, quacking flock of *wild* fowl. Usually these will be migrating birds which arrived at the Better Way French Dry Cleaners early in the morning.

Doctor Ira N. Gabrielson, director of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, says that Green Lake, in the heart of Seattle, is one of the favorite stopping places along the Pacific Flyway. A few years ago Charley Kanarick looked out of the window of his little shop and decided from observation what Doctor Gabrielson knew as scientific fact. Charley and his wife live at the back of the shop, so he picked up a couple of slices of bread from the kitchen and walked across the avenue to the grassy shore of the lake. He began throwing crumbs to the birds. Pretty soon a big Canadian honker sidled up to him and commenced rubbing against his leg. Charley reached down and patted the goose's black head. The goose honked contentedly. Charley's heart melted. Ever since that day he has fed and tended migratory birds that come down along Green Lake on the epic flight between Point Barrow and the Caribbean.

In some uncanny fashion the ducks and geese have let their brethren know about Charley. Each season more and more birds seek out his shop. They know him and recognize his voice. "Duckie, here duckie," in a low tone from Charley, will bring dozens of them waddling up from the weeds along the water's edge. They push and shove around him, competing for bread and affection. After a gentle pat they will sit in his arms, cozy-like, clucking with pleasure.

### Geese Aren't So Dumb

"I guess the old-timers tell the new ones I'm a meal ticket and a friend," Charley says embarrassedly. "Don't ever use the expression 'silly as a goose,'" he adds. "My goose friends are smarter than most people. You should see them stretch their necks and watch an airplane in flight. There's a man in this neighborhood who throws rocks at them. They can see him coming a quarter of a mile away, and one of the honkers gives a signal and they disappear until he goes by."

Charley was born in the country now known as Czechoslovakia, which he left for America at fourteen. He went back to Europe as a soldier in the A.E.F., but could hardly wait to see the Statue of Liberty again. "Europe is bare of animals, birds, trees and wilderness compared to America," says Charley. "That's why all of us should conserve what we have left." He rushes out of his dry-cleaning shop swinging a broom when he sees a dog chasing a duck or goose.

Kanarick shows considerably more proprietary interest in his flocks of wild fowl than in his business. For many of them he has personal names. "Whitey" is a big, pompous cross between a snow goose and a Canadian honker. "Jiggs" is a crested, red-billed Muscovy duck with a fierce temper. And the only honker in two years that has refused to eat out of his hand Charley indignantly calls "Old Grouch."

Charley's favorite pastime is walking along the shore of Green Lake explaining his flocks to visitors. "Those Canadian geese," he comments, "they're wily fellows. The males are noisy. Listen to those two out in the lake muttering to themselves because another male has the only female on that rocky little island. But the geese are tame compared to the mallard. Do they fight over the females! Last week a drake dragged another male into the water by his beak and drowned him. Then he waddled back and pecked gently at the neck of a female. That makes me mad, too."

Charley intervenes when he thinks all the birds are not getting an equal distribution of his daily bread crumbs. The wide, flat beaks of the shoveler ducks are a handicap to quick feeding, so he watches to see that they get their fair share.

"You know," Charley observes proudly, "it isn't only because of the bread that these birds like me. They realize I'm their friend. I'll tell you how I know that. See those ducks over there by the lake? They're widgeons. They sort of keep to themselves. They're vegetarians. They eat only grass. Yet they know me even if they don't eat my bread. They come right up to me exactly like the crumb-eaters."

Mrs. Kanarick is a full partner in her husband's voluntary custodianship of these birds that travel the Pacific Flyway. Occasionally she becomes impatient when rumpled coats and dresses and trousers pile up while Charley scatters crumbs among his honkers, mallards, mud hens, drakes and ganders. But then she looks out of the window and sees the feathered migrants from the opposite ends of the continent rubbing affectionately against Charley's legs, and she, too, forgets the heaped-up garments in the shop. ★★★

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## In the Neighborhood

Continued from page 23

"Mom," he said abruptly, "don't you think I better tell Pop I'm working for Mr. Schwartz?" He watched her face.

She could always make the most difficult problems seem inconsequential. He asked the question because he wanted reassurance, and he looked eagerly up at her. But she was not smiling and her eyes avoided his.

She said quietly: "He'll just make you quit. You want that job, don't you?"

"Sure, I do."

"What he don't know won't hurt him, Billy," she said, and the smile came, bright and reassuring. "Now eat your supper."

"Yes'm," he said, and bent to his plate. But as he ate, he watched her in front of the mirror, adjusting her hat, arranging her hair. She was beautiful, Billy thought.

"Mom, who you going to the movies with?" he asked.

Her angled glance brought the lashes down over her eyes. "With Mrs. McGrady, dear," she said. "Now you run along."

"Yes'm," Billy said, and she was gone. He heard her heels clicking on the stairs.

AS HE set up pins that night in the bowling alley, Billy kept thinking of his father. He must suspect, if he had known enough to ask about Mr. Schwartz. Joe Silver was working in the next alley, and when they had a chance to talk, Billy said, "I had a scare tonight, Joe. My old man pretty near found out I was working here. He saw the bruises on my shins and started asking questions."

Joe whistled softly. "Don't he know you're working here?"

"My mom knows," Billy said, and shrugged his shoulders. He was sorry he had spoken of it to Joe. He kept thinking of his father as he set up pins, remembering the tired eyes, and he felt depressed when they were paid off at nine o'clock. Mr. Schwartz was not there, and his manager gave them the money and said, "Tomorrow night, boys?"

"Yes, sir," Billy said.

As they went up the stairs, Joe Silver said, "Bill, you want to play a game of billiards?"

"I guess so," Billy said. "I ain't done my homework yet."

"Just one game," Joe said. "Come on."

They turned into the poolroom. They were underage, but they were underage for pinboys, too, and Mr. Schwartz let them play. As they went to get cues, a boy called, "Hey you guys."

Tim McGrady was at a pool table with two other boys. He grinned and motioned with his cue. "Come get in. Come on, we're playing Kelly."

Joe Silver looked at Billy. "How about it?"

"Okay," Billy said.

THEY played for a dime a game and they kept the money on the table, under the overhang of the cushion. Billy won the first game with a lucky shot that sank his six ball, but he was not elated. He was troubled still about his father. The job was becoming an issue. In the beginning it had seemed simple enough to go to work for Mr. Schwartz and say nothing to his father; Joe Silver was setting up pins, too, and Joe was the same age. Other kids from school had done it. But now it had become an issue.

Billy saw Tim McGrady glance at the clock and grinned at him. "I know why you're out tonight," he said. "Your mother's at the movies."

"Is she?" Tim said. "Not that I know of. She was home when I left and I ast her could I play some Kelly, and she said if I won, I could. She don't care."

"What you watching the clock for, then?"

"Well, she said be home by half past nine."

"You won't make it," Billy said.

"Well, how about you?" Tim said. "Your mother know you're out?"

"Sure, she does," Billy said, and moved up to the table to take his turn.

He was bending over the table, waggling his rear, setting his left hand in a firm stance, when he became aware of the silence. He glanced up and saw Tim McGrady's warning

*(Continued on page 80)*

# Above and beyond the call of duty

## ANOTHER REASON TO "DO MORE THAN EVER BEFORE"

He may sleep in a tiny island where palms are stirred by the warm breath of the South Pacific. Or in the wooded silence of the Ardennes. Or in Italy. Or North Africa. Or somewhere in the Seven Seas.

Wherever he sleeps, it's near by . . . for this is a little world now. . . made so by the fiery fury of war. He died that all men might live together as neighbors.

Yet he is far more than an honored name on a casualty list. He is a living American ideal. He gives new-found freedom to the very land in which he rests.

True, the cause for which he gave all — and beyond — is still not securely won. There is a long, cruel road that stretches ahead. Every inch must be fought for. But his Gold Star is lighting the way.

*Look to that Star today! The Seventh War Bond Drive is on. It is your privilege to buy a thing so precious that men are willing to die for it. In eternal memory of such men — buy!*

GOODYEAR

**BUY WAR BONDS—BUY FOR KEEPS**

*a short short story*

complete on this page

# CHECKER-PLAYING FOOL

### BY DAVE GRUBB

ILLUSTRATED BY DUN ROMAN

IF THERE was ever anything in the world that Jesse Steptoe was proud of it was his checker playing. Jesse was champion of Harrison County and most of the other counties in Kentucky. You never seen such a checker-playing fool in all your born days.

It seemed like Jesse had been champion checker player since anybody could remember but I guess he got started on account of he was jailer at the county jail, and checkers is a lonesome man's game. Jesse and Sheriff O. T. Hamrick used to play checkers all night through till morning.

Jesse was a kindly turned soul but what with his winning checker games all the time he wasn't exactly what you'd call a modest man. In fact sometimes when Jesse'd just got back from winning a checker tournament somewheres, O. T. could hardly stand to be around him he was so windy. The people all liked Jesse but at the same time they knew that pride cometh before a fall and someday there'd be a day of reckoning for Jesse, too.

Well, one night around eight o'clock when the sun was going down, Jesse heard O. T. coming up the stairs bringing a prisoner. When they come in the door, Jesse looked up and seen O. T. standing there with one of the strangest-looking prisoners Jesse had ever laid eyes on.

"Lock him up, Jesse," says O. T., shutting the door behind him. "Judge Garvy says give him ten days for stealing apples out of Dick McCracken's apple orchard."

The prisoner is standing there looking sad and miserable. He is tall and skinny, and don't look like he's been fed since he was born. Besides that, Jesse can see that he is walleyed, so's you can't tell if he's looking up your nose or in your ear or out the window behind you.

Jesse gets up and stretches like a dog and shakes the sleep out of his shoulders. He fetches down his big ring of keys. Him and the new prisoner cross the hall, and while Jesse is standing there hunting for the right key, old O. T. sits in Jesse's chair and peels himself one of Dick McCracken's big, juicy Northern Spies. Jesse locks the new prisoner in his cell and comes back to the office.

"Dick's Northern Spies is sorty dry this year, Jesse," says O. T. with his mouth full. "And they don't have the flavor they did last fall."

"Don't look like the prisoner could put up much of a fight," says Jesse, wishing O. T. had brought him an apple to eat.

"No, he didn't, but it's time we learned some of these ornery scalawags from Ohio they can't just come across the river and steal apples whenever they've a mind to," says O. T. He gets up and walks over to fetch down his Stetson off the hatrack.

"A little checkers tonight, O. T.?" says Jesse with that sly, cocky little twinkle in his eye.

"When I get back, Jesse," says O. T., and shuts the door behind him.

JESSE goes over and sits down in his old swivel chair and puts his number tens up on his rolltop desk. He listens to the click of the pool balls in the Recreation Hall up on Pike Street. He can hear the putt-putt of the ferry starting back across the wide, dark river toward the Ohio side. But Jesse is lonesome. He listens to the sounds of the small-town river night till he can't stand it any longer. Jesse lights up his old beat-up briar and puffs a while. Directly he looks out the doorway across the hall into the cell where the new prisoner is.

"Where you from, stranger?" he hollers out real loud in that dry, crackly voice of his.

"Matamoris, Ohio," says the stranger.

"Ain't they no apples in Ohio?" hollers out Jesse.

"No free ones," says the stranger.

"I guess you don't know about Dick McCracken," says Jesse. "He don't stand for no one foolin' around his Northern Spies. You should have stole the Baldwins. Dick don't put much store in them."

The stranger don't say nary a word.

Jesse puffs on his pipe for dear life. He is doing some thinking. Nine times out of ten when you come across a prisoner that don't open his mouth much more than this one, you've got a man that knows his way around a checkerboard.

"Play checkers?" Jesse hollers out directly.

"Some," says the stranger.

"Care to play a couple?" hollers Jesse.

"Don't mind," says the stranger.

Jesse hops out in the hall with the big iron ring of keys and unlocks the door. Jesse don't figure there's much danger to playing checkers with nothing more dangerous than an apple stealer, so he fetches down the prize inlaid checkerboard he won at the big checker tournament in Wheeling fifteen years ago.

The stranger draws up a chair, and directly Jesse is setting up the markers.

Jesse looks across at the prisoner sitting there staring at the checkerboard with his walleye. Jesse can't tell if he's looking at the checkerboard or at the spittoon in the corner by the hatrack. It makes Jesse a little nervous, but it don't shake his confidence none.

The stranger studies the board for a spell with his walleye and then he studies it with his other eye and then he makes his move. By the time he'd made his third move, Jesse got so nervous he almost dropped his end of the checkerboard. The prisoner's walleye was like the eye of a witch, and his good eye was worse. They chased Jesse's red markers all over the place, jumped them, ran circles around, over and under them and then drug them feetfirst off the board.

When the game was over, the sweat was running off Jesse's face and he was shaking like he'd run fifty miles stark naked in January. The stranger had beat him all the ways there is to beat at checkers and a few new Ohio ways throwed in for good measure.

"I declare," Jesse said. "You play a right good game."

The stranger don't say nary a word.

"I could tell," says Jesse, "you was a first-string checker-playing man when I first laid eyes on you."

"Care for another?" says the prisoner, cool and dry.

Jesse didn't even bother to answer he was so busy setting up the board again.

"Now," says Jesse, studying a while before his first move.

The prisoner tilts his head and fixes his walleye on the board just as cool as a cucumber. On Jesse's second move, the prisoner jumped two of his markers. From then on, Jesse was a broken man. He played like he'd never seen a checkerboard before in his whole life. When the game was over, Jesse got up and put his checkerboard back on his rolltop desk. Then he went over and stared out the window.

"Reckon you won't say anything about this around town," says Jesse. "The boys think I'm right smart of a checker player, and if it was to leak out you beat me two games, I'd be in for it."

The prisoner never said a word. Just sat there in the straight-back chair with his hands on his knees, his good eye twinkling at Jesse and his walleye admiring the hootchy-kootchy calendar on the wall.

"You won't, will you?" says Jesse, clearing his throat and loosening the collar around his neck.

No answer.

"Now listen," Jesse says at last, going over to the prisoner and staring wildly first into his good eye and then into the other. "You busted out, see!" hollers Jesse. "When I wasn't looking! I dropped my keys in the hall, and you got 'em and busted out. Now git on out of here."

The stranger is staring at Jesse's vest with his good eye and grinning fit to kill. Jesse looks down at his vest and his blood turns cold. The stranger's eye is looking at Jesse's gold stem-winder and his big gold link chain. Jesse swallows hard and snatches out the watch and chain.

"Here!" croaks Jesse, shutting his eyes and gritting his teeth together. "You Ohio checker players sure drive a hard bargain!"

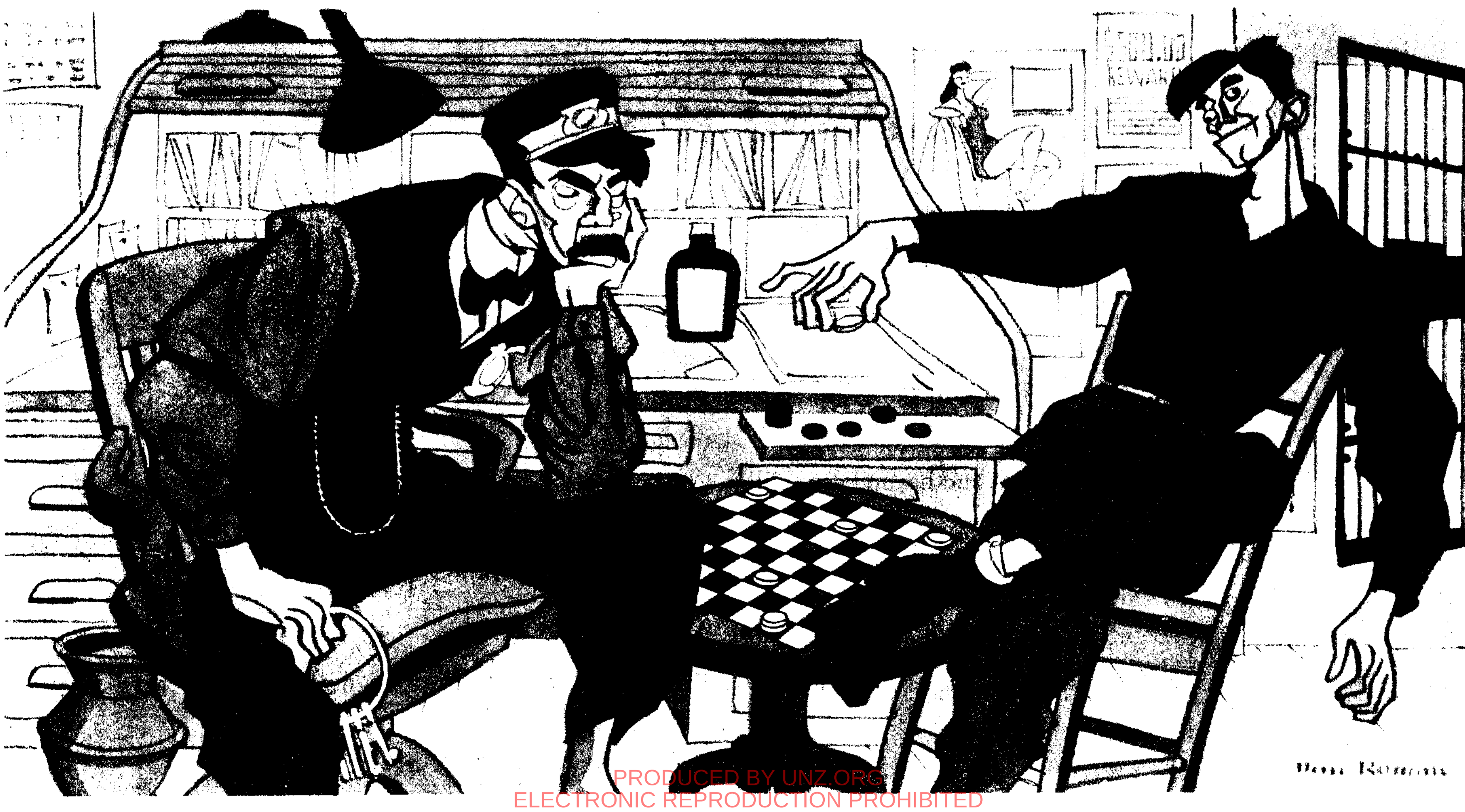
But now the prisoner's walleye is running up and down that fancy inlaid checkerboard on Jesse's rolltop desk, and his good eye is sliding in a mighty thirsty way up and down Jesse's brand new bottle of Kentuck whisky which is also on the desk.

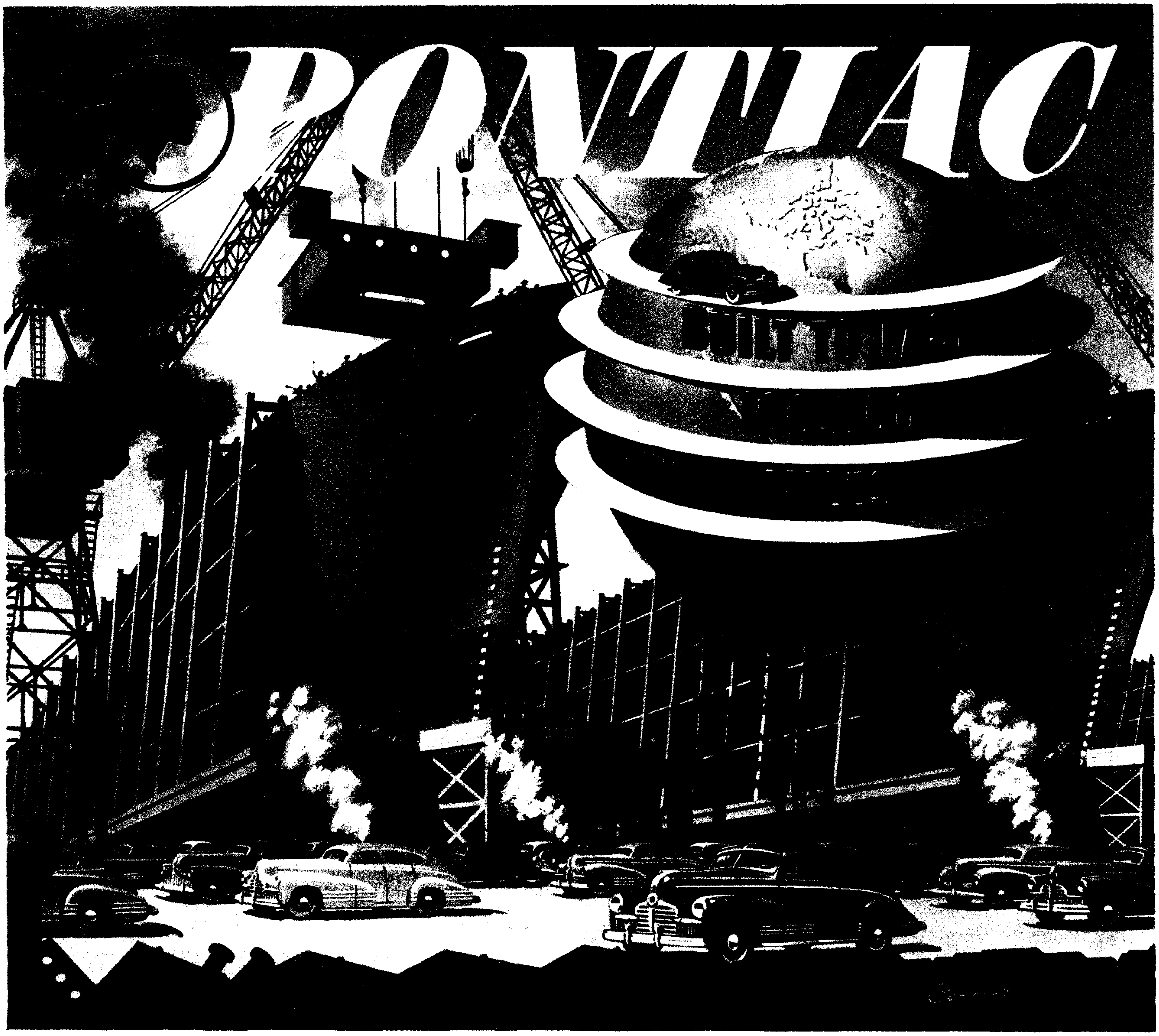
"Great snakes!" hollers Jesse, shutting his eyes again and clapping his hand to his sweaty head. "You Ohio checker players drive the hardest bargain I ever seed! But take my checkerboard and the whisky, too. Now get on out of this jailhouse and light out fast for Ohio. O. T.'ll be back any time now."

JESSE falls back in his swivel chair and watches the walleyed stranger stuff his bottle of whisky in his coat pocket, tuck his watch and chain in his vest and stick his prize inlaid checkerboard under his arm. He don't say a word when he goes. After he'd got his sense back, Jesse started figuring out what kind of a story he'd tell O. T. when he come back. He decided he'd tell him Dick McCracken had come up and said he didn't put much store in his Northern Spies this year since they was so dry and he had withdrawed the charges.

Directly Jesse went over to the window for a breath of air and looked into the street. For a minute he couldn't believe his eyes and the next minute he was so mad he thought he'd jump clean out the window and bite a chunk off the sidewalk. Up on the corner under the street lamp by the Recreation stood O. T. and Dick McCracken and the walleyed stranger taking big swigs of Jesse's whisky and laughing till you could hear them clear across the river in the new checker champ's home state.

The prisoner's walleye was like the eye of a witch, and his good eye was worse. They chased Jesse's markers all over the board, jumped them, ran circles around them





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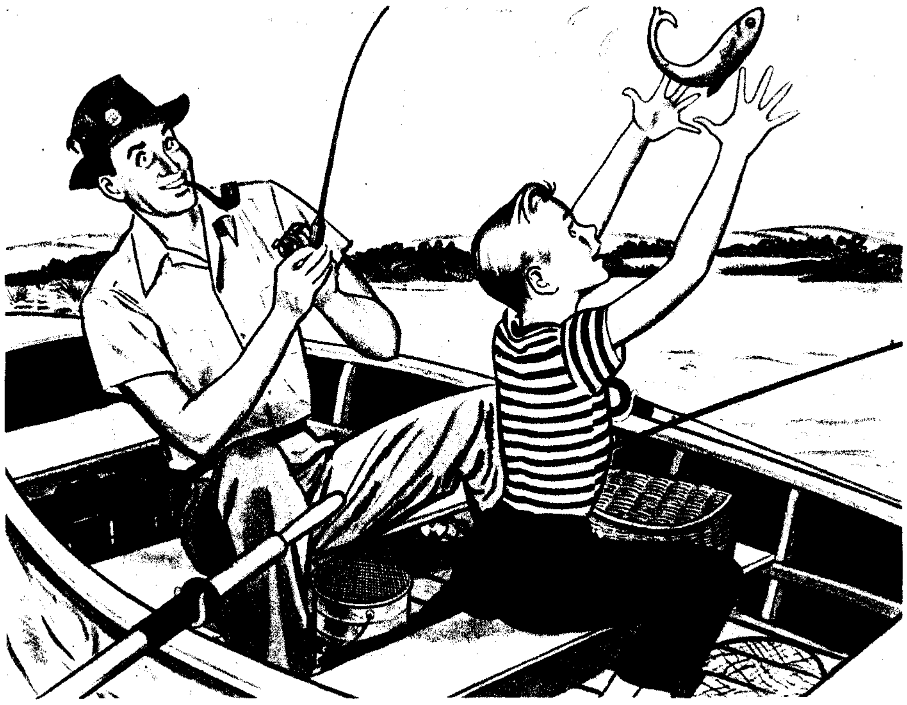
Chapter 1—Gloom in Dad's Room!

**6 A. M. Go Fishing?** Not Dad! He's logy, head-achy, uncomfortable. But maybe a speedy laxative is the ticket! If so, Mom has the right idea! Quick, pop! Have a glass of sparkling, refreshing Sal Hepatica right now!



Chapter 2—Excitement on Loon Lake!

**8 A. M. Dad lands a whopper!** Looks as though Sal Hepatica came to the rescue, all right! Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour—brings quick, ever-so-easy relief. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity too—does wonders in turning a sour stomach sweet again.

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"EDDIE CANTOR"—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:00 P.M., E.W.T.—
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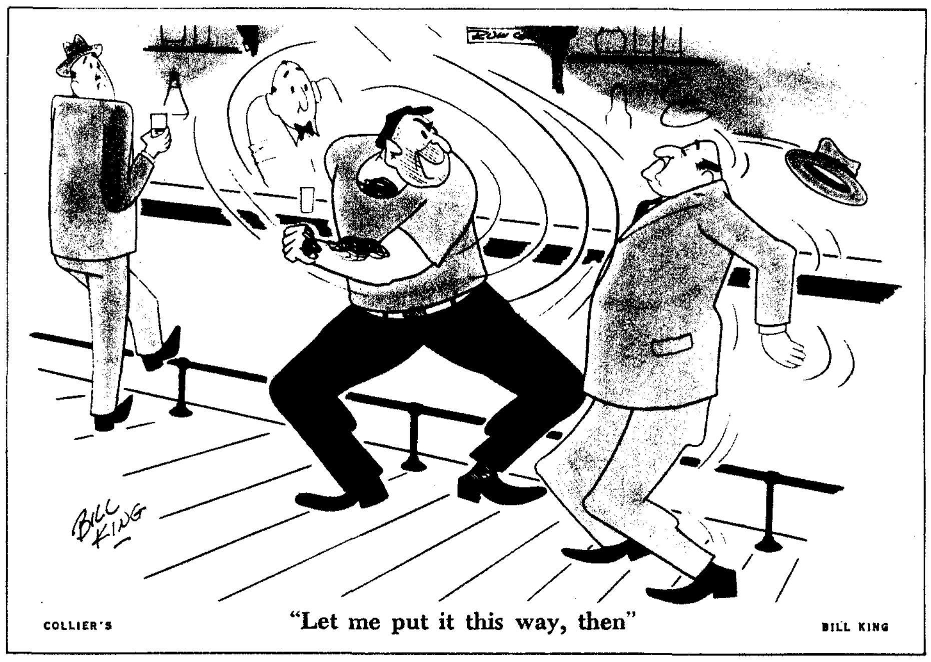

COLLIER'S "Let me put it this way, then" BILL KING

# Dachau: Experimental Murder

Continued from page 16

could hardly be expected to understand Dachau.

"The Germans made here some unusual experiments," he said. "They wished to see how long an aviator could go without oxygen; how high in the sky he could go. So they had a closed car from which they pumped the oxygen. It is a quick death," he said. "It does not take more than fifteen minutes. But it is a hard death. They killed not so many people, only eight hundred, in that experiment. It was found that no one can live above 36,000 feet altitude without oxygen."

"Whom did they choose for this experiment?" I asked.

"Any prisoner," he said, "so long as he was healthy. They picked the strongest. The mortality was one hundred per cent, of course."

"It is very interesting, is it not?" said another doctor. We did not look at one another. I do not know how to explain it, but aside from the terrible anger you feel, you are ashamed. You are ashamed for mankind.

### "The Experiment of the Water"

"There was also the experiment of the water," said the first doctor. "This was to see how long pilots could survive when they were shot down over water like the Channel, let us say. For that, the German doctors put the prisoners in great vats of sea water, and they stood in water up to their necks. It was found that the human body can resist for two hours and a half in water eight degrees below zero. They killed six hundred people on this experiment. Though sometimes a man had to suffer three times, for he fainted early in the experiment and then he was revived, and a few days later the experiment was again undertaken."

"Didn't they scream? Didn't they cry out?" I said.

He smiled at that question. "There was no use in this place for a man to scream or cry out. It was no use for any man ever."

A colleague of the doctor's came in. He was the one who knew about the malaria experiment. The German doctor who was chief of the army tropical medicine research used Dachau as an experimental station. He was attempting to find a way to immunize German soldiers against malaria. To that end, he inoculated 11,000 Dachau prisoners with tertiary malaria. The death rate from the malaria was not too heavy; it simply meant that these prisoners weakened by fever died more quickly afterward from hunger. However, in one day three men died of overdoses of pyramidon with which, for some unknown reason, the Germans were then experimenting. No immunization for malaria was ever found.

Down the hall in the surgery, the Polish surgeon got out the record book to look up some data on operations performed by the SS doctors. These were castration and sterilization operations. The prisoner was forced to sign a paper beforehand saying that he willingly undertook this self-destruction. Jews and gypsies were castrated; any foreigner who had had relations with a German woman was sterilized. The woman was sent to a concentration camp.

The surgeon mentioned another experiment, really a very bad one, he said, and obviously quite useless. The guinea pigs were Polish priests. (Over two thousand Catholic priests passed through Dachau, but only one thousand are alive.) The German doctors injected streptococcus germs in the upper leg of the prisoners between the muscle and the bone. An extensive abscess formed, accompanied by fever and extreme pain.

The Polish doctor knew of more than a hundred cases who had been treated this way; there may have been more. He had a record of thirty-one deaths, but it took usually from two to three months of ceaseless pain before the patient died, and all of them died after several operations performed during the last few days of their lives. The operations were a further experiment to see if a dying man could be saved, but the answer was that he could not. Some prisoners recovered entirely because they were treated with the already known and proved antidote, but there were others who were now moving around the camp as best they could, crippled for life.

And then because very simply I could listen to no more, my guide who had been in Dachau for ten and a half years took me across the compound to the jail. In Dachau if you want to rest from one horror you go and see another.

The jail was a long clean building with

"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

# Give 'er the Gun—and WHOOSH! That's FLYING HORSEPOWER!

## WAR-POWER TODAY . . . CAR-POWER TOMORROW!

All the gasoline power your car's engine will take...that's what you can expect in *New Mobilgas* after Victory!

For your post-war Mobilgas will contain the same super fuel ingredients now powering fighters to faster speeds, now giving bombers greater striking power.

That's Flying Horsepower in the air!

*Here's what it will mean to cars:* Flashing take-offs in traffic, new power-pull on the hills, instant response at any speed!

This is our promise to you, backed by the World's Greatest Catalytic Cracking Program. Look forward to *Flying Horsepower* in a great New Mobilgas!

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BROKEN PLASTER

It's easy to repair cracked walls with Rutland Patching Plaster. Just mix Rutland with water . . . wet the old plaster . . . and apply with knife or trowel. Rutland is the *original* ready-to-use patching plaster. Extra fine and white. Does not shrink or crack when it sets. Makes a patch as smooth and lasting as the wall itself.

RUTLAND CONCRETE PATCHER
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HOLES IN CONCRETE

Repair breaks in cement floors, walks, etc. with Rutland Concrete Patcher. Quick. Easy. Just mix with water and apply with trowel. To be sure of having enough, ask for the 25-pound bag.

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No. 4 BLACK ROOFING CEMENT
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Leaks in roofs frequently develop around flashings, chimneys, gutters, etc. Plug them up with Rutland Black Roof Cement. Easily applied with knife or trowel.

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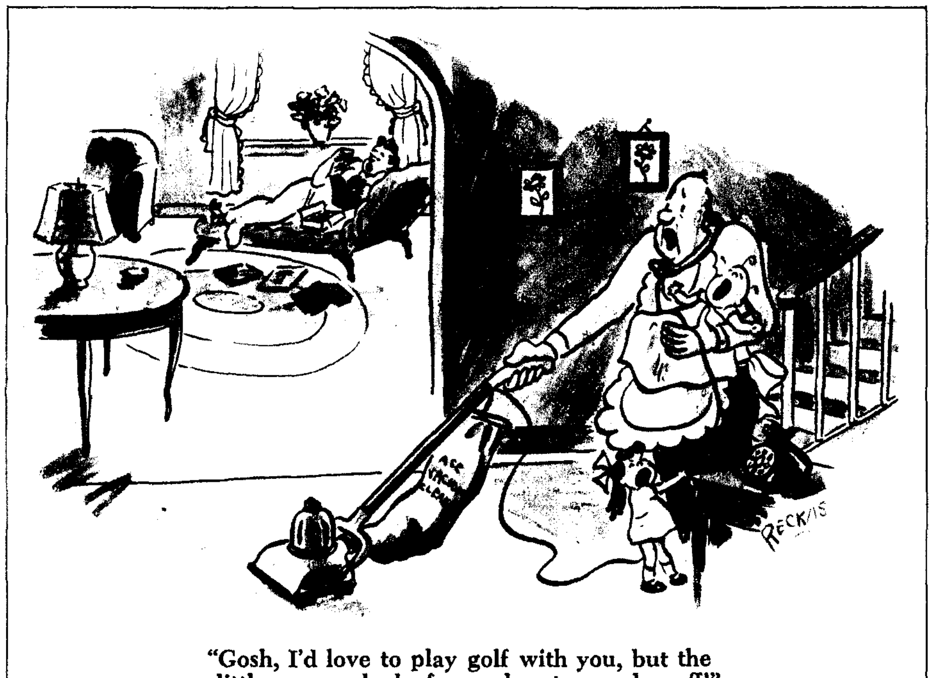


"Gosh, I'd love to play golf with you, but the little woman looks forward so to my day off!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE RECKAS

small white cells in it. Here lived the people whom the prisoners called the N.N. men. N.N. stands for *nacht und nebel,* which means "night and mist." Translated into less romantic terms, this means that the prisoners in these cells never saw a human being; were never allowed to speak to anyone; were never taken out into the sun and the air. They lived in solitary confinement on the watery soup and a slice of bread which was the camp diet.

There was, of course, the danger of going mad. But no one ever knew what happened to them in the years of their silence. And on Friday before the Sunday when the Americans entered Dachau, eight thousand men were removed by the SS on a final death transport. Amongst these were all the prisoners from the solitary cells. None of these men have been heard of since.

In Dachau if a man was found with a cigarette butt in his pocket he received twenty-five to fifty lashes with a bull whip. If he failed to stand at attention with his hat off six feet away from any SS trooper who happened to pass, he had his hands tied behind his back and he was hung by his bound hands from a hook on the wall for an hour. If he did any other little thing which displeased the jailers he was put in the box. "The box" is a room the size of a telephone booth. It is so constructed that being in it alone, a man cannot sit down nor kneel down nor, of course, lie down. It was usual to put four men in it together. Here they stood for three days and nights without food or water or any form of sanitation. Afterward they went back to the sixteen-hour day of labor and the diet of watery soup and a slice of bread like soft gray cement.

It is not known how many people died in this camp in the twelve years of its existence but at least 45,000 are known to have died in the last three years. And last February and March, 2,000 were killed in the gas chamber because, though they were too weak to work, they did not have the grace to die, so it was arranged for them.

The gas chamber is part of the crematorium. The crematorium is a brick building outside the camp compound standing in a grove of pine trees. A Polish priest had attached himself to us and, as we walked there, he said, "I started to die twice of starvation but I was very lucky. I got a job as a mason when we were building this crematorium, so I received a little more food and that way I did not die."

I said nothing and I would like to know what there is to say.

Then he said, "Have you seen our chapel, Madam?"

I said I had not, and my guide said I could not; it was within the zone where the 2,000 typhus cases were more or less isolated.

"It is a pity," the priest said. "We finally got a chapel and we had Holy Mass there almost every Sunday. There are very beautiful murals. The man who painted them died of hunger two months ago."

Now we were at the crematorium, and there suddenly but never to be believed were the bodies of the dead. They were everywhere. There were piles of them inside the oven room, outside the door and alongside the building. They were all naked and behind the crematorium the ragged clothing of the dead was neatly stacked—shirts, jackets, trousers and shoes awaiting sterilization and further use. The clothing was handled with order but the bodies were dumped like garbage rotting in the sun.

### Small Justice for the Slain

We have all seen the dead like bundles lying on all the roads of half the earth, but nowhere was there anything like this. Nothing about war was ever as insanely wicked as these starved and outraged naked, nameless dead. Behind one pile of dead lay the clothed healthy bodies of the German guards who had been found in this camp. They were killed at once by the prisoners when the American Army entered. And for the first time anywhere, one could look at a dead man with gladness.

Just behind the crematorium stood the hothouses and they were fine big modern hothouses. Here the prisoners grew the flowers that the SS officers loved. Next to the hothouses were the vegetable gardens and very rich ones, too, where the starving prisoners cultivated the vitamin foods that kept the SS strong. But if a man dying of hunger furtively pulled up and gorged himself on a head of lettuce he would be beaten until he was unconscious. And in front of the crematorium separated from it by a stretch of garden stood a long row of well-built commodious homes. The families of the SS officers lived here: their wives and children lived here quite happily while the chimneys of the crematorium spewed out the unending human ashes.

The American soldier in the plane said, "We got to talk about it."

You cannot talk about it very well, because there is a kind of shock that sets in and makes it almost unbearable to go back and remember what you have seen.

I have not talked about the women who were moved to Dachau three weeks ago from their own concentration camps. Their crime was that they were Jews. There was the lovely girl from Budapest who somehow was still lovely, and the woman with mad eyes who had watched her sister walk into the gas chamber at Auschwitz and been held back, and the Austrian woman who pointed out quite calmly that they all had the dresses *they wore on their backs, that they had never* had anything more, and that they worked sixteen hours a day, too, in the long winters and that they, too, were "corrected," as the Germans say, for any offense, real or imaginary.

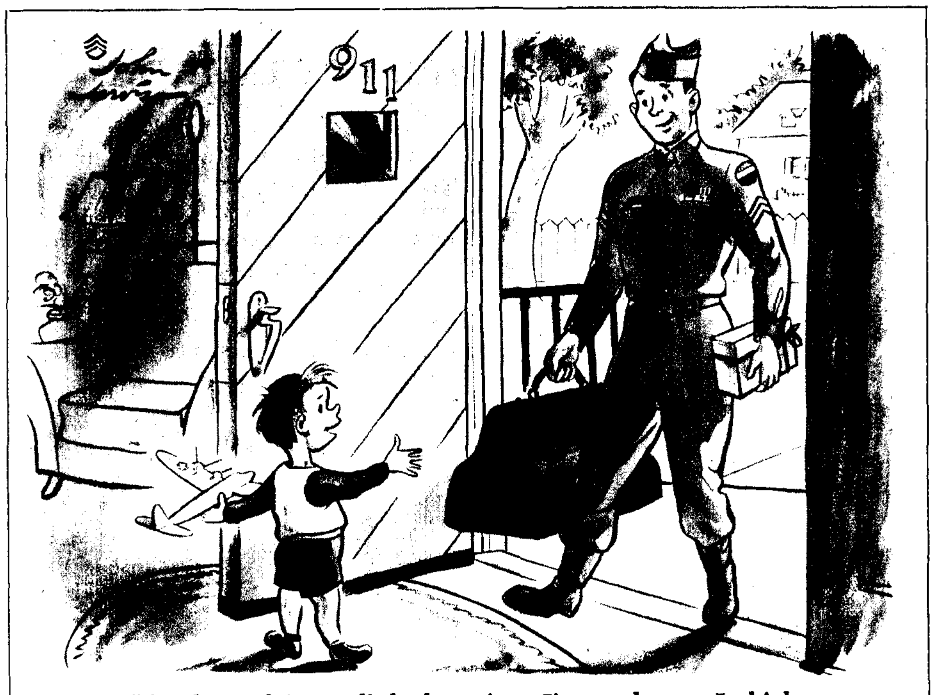
I have not talked about how it was the day the American Army arrived, though the prisoners told me. In their joy to be free and longing to see the friends who had come at last, the prisoners rushed to the fence and died—electrocuted. There were those who died cheering, because that effort of happiness was more than their bodies could endure. There were those who died because at last they had food and they ate before they could be stopped and it killed them. I do not know words fine enough to talk of the men who have lived in this horror for years—three years, five years, ten years—and whose minds are as clear and unafraid as the day they entered.

I was in Dachau when the German armies surrendered unconditionally to the Allies. It was a suitable place to be. For surely this war was made to abolish Dachau and all the other places like Dachau and everything that Dachau stands for. To abolish it forever. That these cemetery prisons existed is the crime and shame of the German people.

We are not entirely guiltless, we the Allies, because it took us twelve years to open the gates of Dachau. We were blind and unbelieving and slow, and that we can never be again. We must know now that there can never be peace if there is cruelty like this in the world.

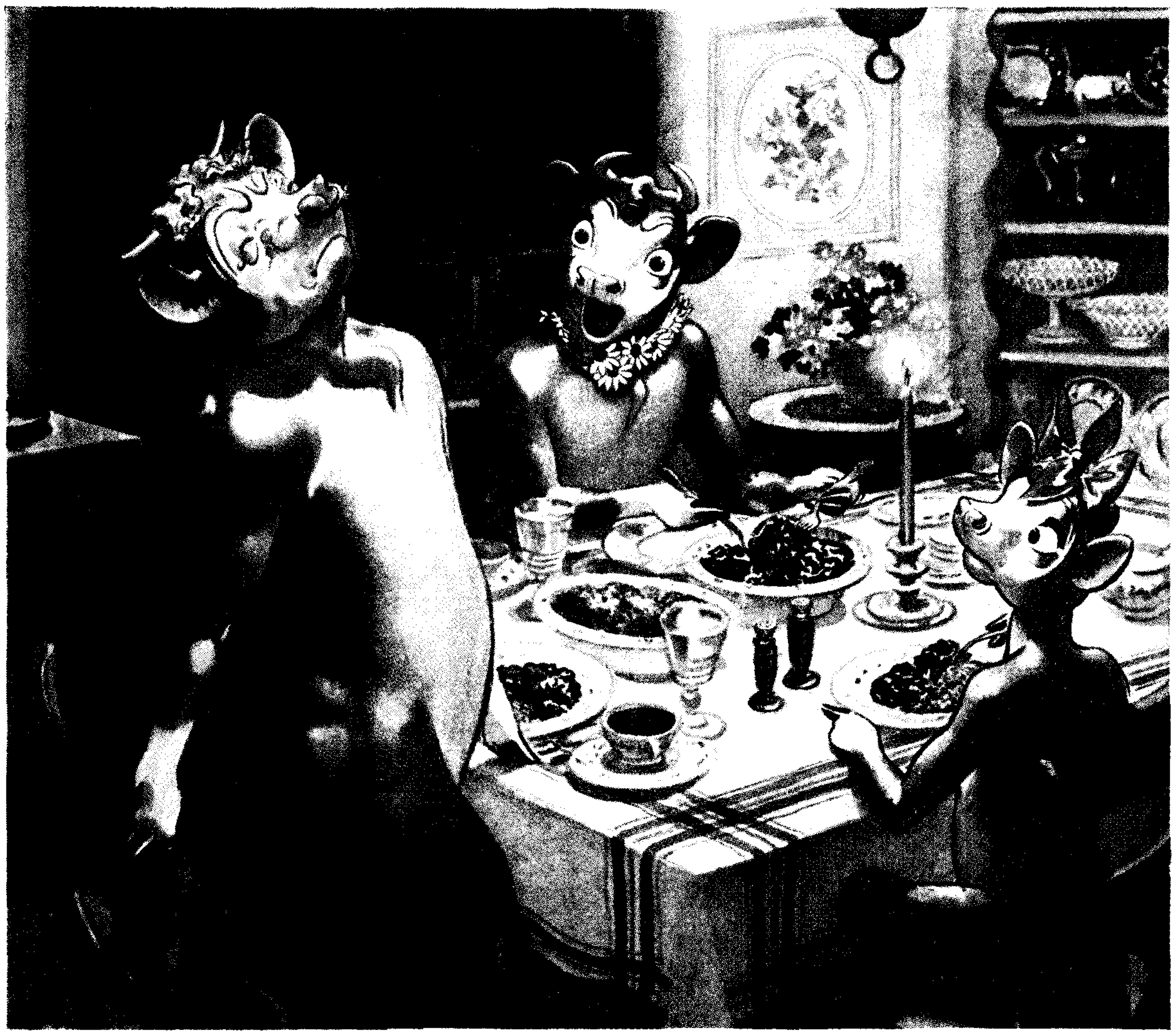
And if ever again we tolerate such cruelty we have no right to peace.

THE END



"I've been doing a little bragging, Jim, and—er—I think we'd better get our stories straight before we meet the gang"

COLLIER'S SGT. JOHN JARVIS



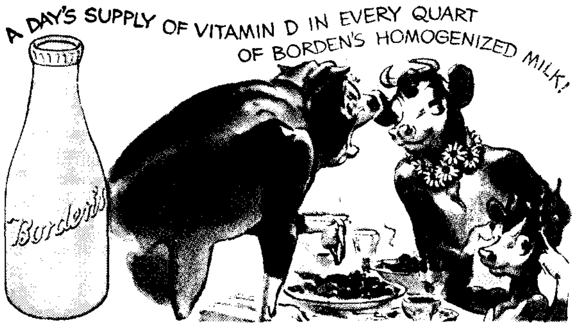
# *"Sorry I married you?"* protested Elsie, *"Why darling!"*

"DON'T PULL THAT *darling* stuff on me!" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "What's this mess of beet tops doing in front of me? And why?"

"But, dar-ling!" persisted Elsie, the Borden Cow, "beet tops are wonderful food, full of vitamins and minerals. It's a sin not to use them, especially *now*, when the government asks us not to waste one single bit of food."

"Let the government run the government!" roared Elmer. "I'll run *my* house!"

"Then don't forget the rationing rules!" reminded Elsie brightly. "Buy only what you need, pay your points, and *never* pay more than ceiling prices. Remember, we have a mighty big army and navy to feed. And the folks at home have to limit themselves. We mustn't waste one crumb of bread, or one drop of milk. Not that I can imagine anyone *ever* wasting a single drop of milk that tastes as excitingly delicious as *Borden's Homogenized Milk!* It has cream and Vitamin D in every sip."

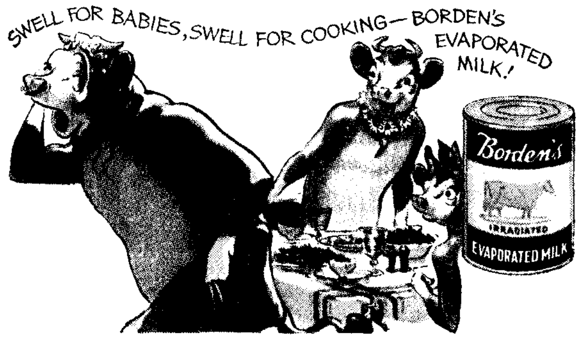

A DAY'S SUPPLY OF VITAMIN D IN EVERY QUART OF BORDEN'S HOMOGENIZED MILK!
Borden's

"My good woman," prompted Elmer haughtily, "just one moment ago you spoke of beet tops. One of your relatives in the beet top business, perhaps?"

"No, angel," giggled Elsie. "But beet tops *are* grand eating. So are turnip greens, and the leafy parts of many vegetables you ordinarily wouldn't think of using. But in these times of shortages—"

"Ha!" interrupted Elmer witheringly, "how about milk weeds? Maybe babies could use them instead of milk."

"That's absurd!" exclaimed Elsie. "Babies will get their cows milk. You know very well how the little ones thrive on *Borden's Evaporated Milk*, and how many doctors approve of it. It's *fortified* with Vitamin D."


SWELL FOR BABIES, SWELL FOR COOKING—BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MILK

"My stomach could do with a little fortifying," grumbled Elmer. "Oh, for the good old days!"

CONCENTRATED NOURISHMENT IN EVERY BITE OF BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES!
Borden's Grated
Borden's Grated Cheese

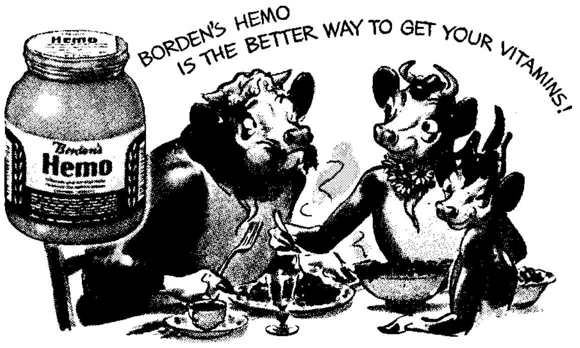
"In the good old days," said Elsie, "we wasted perfectly good leftovers that could have been made into appetizing dishes. For instance, you can make a very savory dish by mixing different leftover vegetables together in a cream sauce, sprinkling with Borden's grated American style cheese, and baking. Mighty nourishing, too. For *Borden's Fine Cheeses* are concentrated nourishment."

"I could do with a little concentrated silence!" boomed Elmer.

"But how *can* I keep silent," asked Elsie, "when I'm fairly bursting with conservation tips? Did you know that you can make the most exciting jelly from apple *peelings*? And that you can conserve potatoes by boiling them in their skins, or baking them, and eating skins and all. These days every little bit we save helps our food supply last longer."

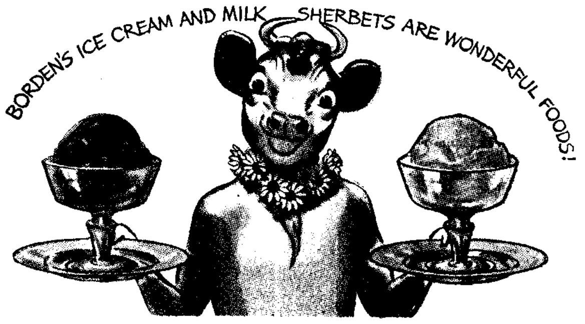
"If the food situation is that bad," reasoned Elmer, "maybe I'll try this bit of boiled greenery. But, mind you, only to help the boys!"

"Don't be so bull-headed, Elmer!" scoffed Elsie. "You'll find the greens delicious. I flavored them with vinegar and pork drippings. It's the flavor that counts. It even makes taking vitamins a pleasure! Just look how folks go for the chocolate-flavored, vitamin-fortified drink—*Hemo!* Everybody's saying Hemo's the way to drink your vitamins and *like* 'em!"


BORDEN'S HEMO IS THE BETTER WAY TO GET YOUR VITAMINS!
Hemo
Borden's Hemo

"Less sales talk," commanded Elmer, "and more of these beet tops. They're not half bad."

"Oh, Elmer, you say the nicest things," murmured Elsie. "Just for that, you get *Borden's Ice Cream* and *Borden's Milk Sherbet* for dessert. They're good, sound nourishment at *any* time. As I always say—"


BORDEN'S ICE CREAM AND MILK SHERBETS ARE WONDERFUL FOODS!

"No, my dear," twinkled Elmer, "let *me* say it this time: *If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

– if it's Borden's, it's got to be good!

**TUNE IN BORDEN'S New RADIO SHOW**

**Sundays, 8:30 P.M., E.W.T.**
**Blue Network**

**With Jerry Wayne,**
**Jeff Alexander's Orchestra**
**Famous Guest Stars!**

© The Borden Company

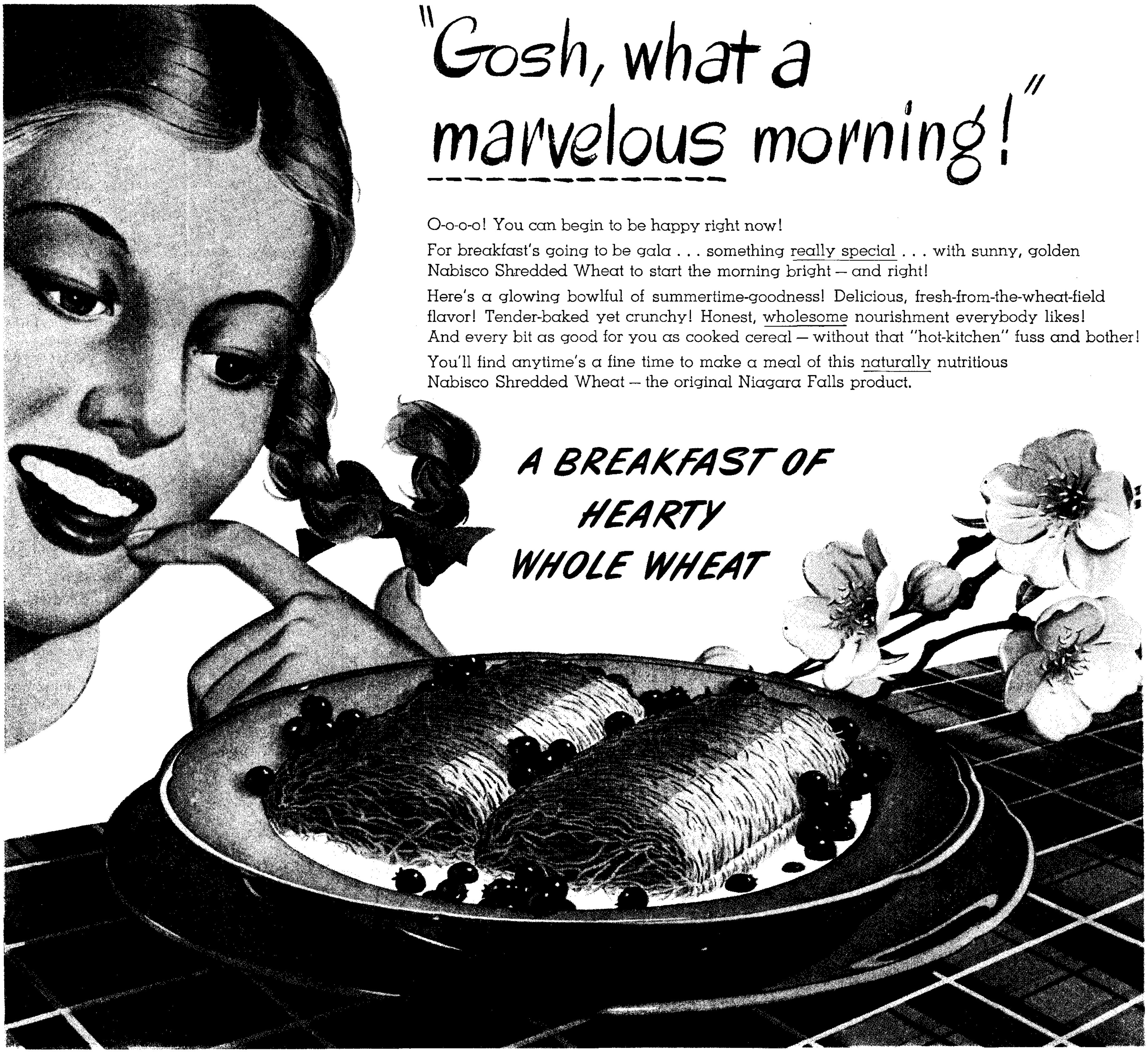
# "Gosh, what a marvelous morning!"

O-o-o-o! You can begin to be happy right now!

For breakfast's going to be gala . . . something really special . . . with sunny, golden Nabisco Shredded Wheat to start the morning bright – and right!

Here's a glowing bowlful of summertime-goodness! Delicious, fresh-from-the-wheat-field flavor! Tender-baked yet crunchy! Honest, wholesome nourishment everybody likes! And every bit as good for you as cooked cereal – without that "hot-kitchen" fuss and bother!

You'll find anytime's a fine time to make a meal of this naturally nutritious Nabisco Shredded Wheat – the original Niagara Falls product.



## A BREAKFAST OF HEARTY WHOLE WHEAT

Delicious, ready to serve....

NABISCO
SHREDDED WHEAT
The Original NIAGARA FALLS PRODUCT
12 LARGE BISCUITS...100% WHOLE WHEAT
12 OUNCES NET WT.
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY
NABISCO SHREDDED WHEAT

yet as nourishing as a hot cereal

ANOTHER DELICIOUS PRODUCT BAKED BY **NABISCO**

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

## The Hero and The Heroine

Continued from page 15

hamburger very badly. She's fresh from Bataan and I'm a good customer, so do you think—"

"I'll get it," the bartender said. "With onions."

"Don't do that again," Mary said, when the bartender had gone.

"Do what—mention Bataan?"

"Yes."

"All right," McBride said.

Mary smiled apologetically. "It's just that people act very nice when they hear it, and I get embarrassed. I had a bad day in San Francisco. I don't quite know how to act, and neither do they. You understand."

"Yes, sir, Lieutenant," McBride said.

They sat for a while without speaking, yet the silence was not unfriendly. The bartender came back with a large, beautiful hamburger. It was a three-decker, with onions, pickles, lettuce, a special sauce, and potato chips to keep it company. The bartender seemed shy and rather ashamed, but giving Mary the hamburger was in the nature of a presentation.

"I can't thank you enough," Mary said. "This is the loveliest hamburger I ever saw."

"Lieutenant—" the bartender started to say.

"Give me the check," McBride said.

"There's no charge."

"Give me the check!"

"I want a glass of milk," Mary said. "Give him the check for that."

McBride had another beer to keep her company. She ate like a hungry child, her eyes big above the bun, her whole soul bound up in the gift her stomach was getting. McBride thought that if she was ever going to cry, it would be at the sight of food.

"What do you do all day?" she asked.

"I have a diversified life," he said, "within these four walls. In the morning I drink beer and play the juke box. At noon I have Martinis with the gay crowd which gathers here. After lunch I take a nap in my room and read. Nighttimes I have Manhattans and play the juke box. It's a full life."

"I'm going outside," she said, "but I'll be in tonight to hear the music. Thank you very much."

He gave her another cigarette, and she got up from the table. McBride looked from the juke box to the slot machine to the bartender. She was on the way out.

"Can I go with you, Lieutenant?" he said.

She stopped. "Delighted to have you, Mac."

THEY walked through the lobby and out on the lawn, where kids were playing, and people lolled in canvas deck chairs with neglected books. McBride became tour conductor for Mary. At the stables a respectful cowboy gave her carrots, and she made friends with a fat pony. They visited the tennis courts and watched the tanned men and women whacking the balls over the nets.

McBride's face was growing a little pale and his lips were twisting with pain, but Mary paid no attention to him and kept on going. At last they sat down on a bench overlooking the swimming pool. McBride stuck his leg out and kept his teeth tightly clenched for a while. He saw the blonde. She was wearing a brief bathing suit, and she had a superb figure. A man was doing jackknives off the diving board, and the blonde was laughing and applauding him.

"This must be the most beautiful place in the world," Mary said.

"Full of beautiful people, too," McBride said. "Look at the blonde and the man on the diving board. I'm glad I was able to do something for them."

"I'm not," Mary said. "I'm glad I'm alive and part of them again."

"Why don't you go swimming?"

She smiled. "I'm too skinny, and my skin isn't very good yet. They'd laugh among themselves at me. I'd feel like a fool."

"Then you're not part of them," McBride said harshly. "You've had it, and they haven't. What you know, they'll never know, and they don't care. What the hell are you trying to kid yourself for?"

"No, I'm part of them. I'll be back in pretty soon. They don't know quite how to let me in, and I don't know, either—but it just takes time."

"I don't like it here—or anywhere else I've been."

"That's because you were away a long while," Mary said. "Home is bound to seem strange for a while. And the people."

"I don't know why I went away."

"Neither do I. But I'm glad I went. Aren't you?"

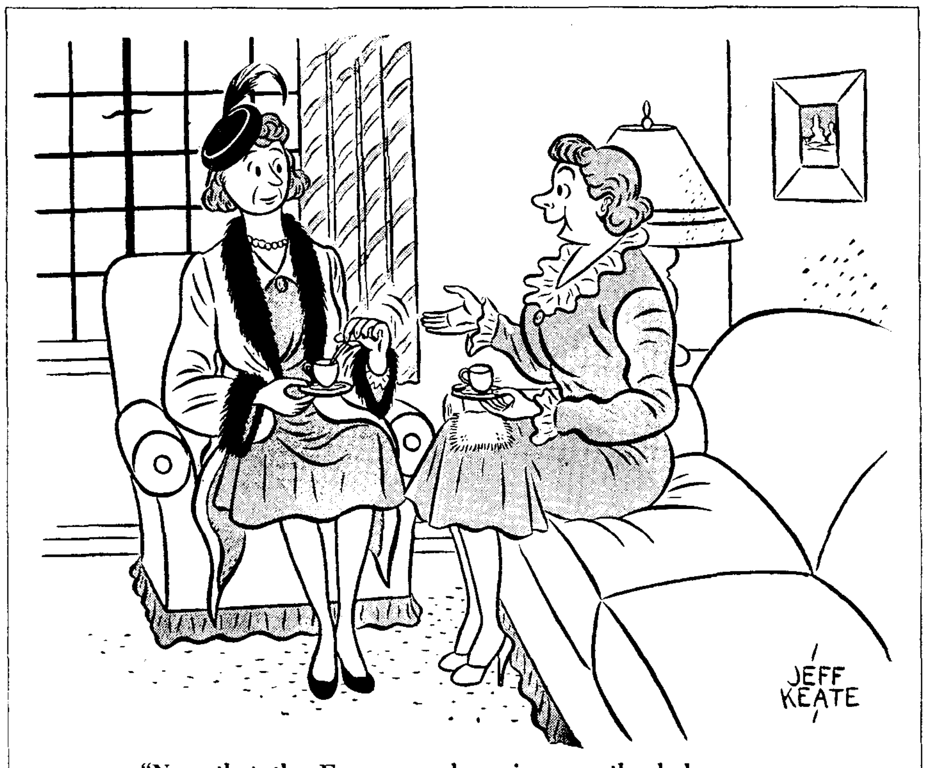
"I'm not glad about anything," McBride said. He rose. "So I'm going in and have a beer. I'd better stay away from you because I might jeopardize your chances of getting back in. I don't want back in."

"Okay, Mac," Mary said.

IN THE dining room, as he went into lunch, McBride noticed Mary waving to him. She was sitting at a table for two, and there was an empty chair. He couldn't refuse to join her.

"I want you to watch me eat," Mary said. "You won't believe it."

He didn't quite believe his eyes, because he had never seen anyone before who had been starved for three years. She ate religiously, efficiently and without haste, and how she could hold as much as she did seemed incredible. The waitress who was serving them was delighted, and she said the chef and the whole kitchen retinue were anxiously following her progress.



COLLIER'S "Now that the European phase is over, thank heavens, we know our boys are in one place—the Asiatic Theater" JEFF KEATE

Presently the chef sent word that he had a few steaks on hand, and that she was going to eat all of them. If anybody objected, he was going to chase them off the property with a meat cleaver. The waitress kept calling Mary "honey."

"Bataan has got around, Lieutenant," McBride said.

"They ought to charge me extra," Mary said. "The worst of it is, they won't."

"You're a heroine."

"I wish you were a hero."

"Yeah," McBride said, "that'd be great."

After lunch they stayed together, out on the lawn for a while in the sun, and then they played a few games of croquet. Mary found a kid to romp with, and fell into a conversation with the kid's parents. McBride waited a few minutes, but she didn't return. He went up to his room to take the delayed nap.

She came into the bar that evening for him. He was playing the juke box and drinking a Manhattan. The room was noisy and crowded, and McBride had to listen intently to hear the music.

"Have a drink, Lieutenant," he said.

"No, let's eat," she said. "I'm hungry."

"You eat. I have some more lovely records I've only heard a hundred times."

"I'll wait for you."

He looked at her and finished his glass. "Three years is long enough to wait. Let's go."

The hotel had its weekly dance that night, with a band imported from the neighboring town. Mary and McBride went to watch and listen. The other guests were having a good time, but nobody bothered them. The band played Frenesi after a while. Mary sat up straighter. "That's the tune they were playing when I left," she said.

"A long time ago." McBride stared at her, wondering why he felt so strangely touched. Maybe it was because the music made them completely alone for a moment—completely alone together. "A long time with nothing in between."

"Nothing worth mentioning."

"How about something to eat?" McBride said awkwardly.

"No, thanks," she said, and smiled. "Will you dance with me?"

He sat perfectly still, his face whitening. The music stopped and began again. Mary's eyes didn't waver from his.

"We'll be the floor show," he said. "You want to do that?"

"I only want to dance," Mary said. "With you. I haven't danced for years."

He stood and danced with her. It wasn't so difficult after the first few seconds. What helped most was that she was very awkward herself. He could even help her. Having his arms about her felt strange. He had difficulty remembering when he had last held a girl in his arms. A long time ago, certainly. Mary was bony and light to the point of evanescence, yet his arms tightened about her. She was something to hold, something that was real.

When they sat down again, he was sweating and not from the exertion. He waited with dread for what she would say.

"Thank you very much," Mary said.

IN THE morning he didn't go to the bar. Instead he went riding with Mary. She seemed strange in blue denim pants and a checked shirt after the uniform—strange, small, pale and entirely unlike the lieutenant he addressed with mock gravity. The ride was an ordeal for him, but he carried it off pretty well. Mary apparently took no interest whatever in his disability. She simply accepted him, and that was all.

They lunched together, and McBride, who had intended to get his nap immediately after eating, since he was very worn, somehow ended up smoking cigarettes and sitting on the front lawn. They talked sleepily.

"Where are you going from here?" McBride said.

"To Los Angeles," Mary replied. "That's my home."

"Relatives there?"

"I had my father, but he died while I was away."

McBride crushed out his cigarette. "Then why go back?"

"It's home," Mary said. "You've got to have a home."

"After what happened to you?"

She smiled. "What happened? I was gone for three years, and I've never heard Frank Sinatra except on your juke box. I've got to belong, Mac. It's easiest to start in with at home."

"I refuse to belong," McBride said. "Lieutenant, there must have been more to it than not knowing the latest popular idols."

"There was the heat and the stench," Mary said, "and the lack of medical supplies. There was the way they died, and the slow starvation. The two ounces of ground rice a day, and the things crawling in it. But I'm home. I want to forget that. I only have to remember the people, and what it was all for. It's done, Mac—it's over. And I'm alive and I can go on living."

"Congratulations."

"Thank you. How about you?"

"Me?" McBride said. "I had it lovely. It was so quick. Just one day for things to happen, and a month later I was home. I lost a couple of engines from flak in Rumania, and another one forty miles from Italy. Honest, I didn't think the Adriatic was so hard."

"You're a hero," Mary said. "I thought you were."

"I think I'll go take my nap," McBride said.

HE WAS sleeping when the telephone rang. It was the operator telling him that a Mr. Tisdale wanted to see him. He sat up in bed abruptly, his heart beginning to pound.

"Tell him to wait in the lobby," he said.

He dressed and washed and walked down the tiled stairs, one hand on the railing. Hank Tisdale, fatter and older, his fleshy face worried, was sitting on a couch smoking a cigar. He got up, smoothed his wrinkled vest, and came over to McBride.

"Jimmy," he said. "How are you, boy?"

"My name's McBride," McBride said. "It's my name here, and it's going to keep on being my name."

"Sure, Mac—sure." Hank gestured to the couch. "Shall we sit down?"

"Why?"

"No reason. Don't get sore. Listen, boy, are you ever coming home?"

McBride shook his head. "How did you find me?"

"Oh, I checked around. You know me."

"I want to be left alone."

"I know that, Jim—Mac, I mean," Hank said. "This is strictly an unofficial visit. I just felt like seeing you."

"Are you still head of the studio publicity department?"

"Sure, but—"

"Then I don't want to see you," McBride said.

"I always worked with you," Hank said. "I was your friend. Why would I make this jump down here alone if I wasn't on the level? I won't touch your privacy, but the least you can do is talk to me."

McBride was silent, and Hank waited. Being with Hank again had filled McBride with a racing flood of memories. They choked his mind, making him dizzy and ill.

"Let's have a beer," he said.

They went in the bar and sat down. The bartender brought them the beer. Hank lighted a fresh cigar. He looked at McBride and puffed smoke gently, his wise eyes expressionless.

"It's funny seeing you in civilian clothes again," he remarked. "I almost wouldn't know you with that short haircut and mustache. Anybody around here recognize you?"

"No."

"You look great, though. That baby face

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is gone. It would have cost you money in pictures in the long run."

"I'm glad I saved money," McBride said. "I knew I'd come out of this all right in the long run."

"Sure, boy. Mr. Segal wants you to come back as soon as you're feeling yourself. The red carpet will be out for you at the studio, Mac, you don't realize the hero you are in Hollywood. You're going to be bigger than ever. Wait'll I break some news on you!"

"Sounds wonderful."

"What you need," Hank said, "is a hot romance with some glamor personality, some dame in the public eye right now—even a dame from another studio, if we have to do it. That'll get you accepted by the public on the same romantic status you were before. The public don't remember anything anyhow, and if you're making love when you come back, they'll love you. Don't worry, it can be any dame who is news. Are you still particular, boy?"

"Not very," McBride said. "Has Mr. Segal got plenty of parts for one-legged leading men now?"

Hank shifted his cigar carefully. "You look to me as if you had two legs, boy. That walk is good, and it'll get better, won't it?"

"Yeah, it'll get better," McBride said. "The government has fine artificial legs, and it knows how to teach you to use them. The trouble is, I still have a leg off in my head."

"I don't get you."

"You never will, Hank." McBride brought his glass to his mouth, and his hand was trembling. He swallowed with difficulty. "But you can get away from me—and stay away."

"Listen, boy—"

"No!"

The bartender glanced up. Hank's face was alarmed. McBride rose quickly, and his haste made him clumsy. He slipped and almost fell back in the chair. Hank extended a helping hand. McBride slapped it away.

"You make me sick," he said. "Physically sick. How do you want me to pose for the photographers—with my right pants leg rolled up?"

"Now, Mac," Hank said, "I didn't mean that. I'm not trying to capitalize on what happened. All I want—all any of us want—is to—"

"Leave me alone," McBride said. "That's all I want."

He left the bar in a hurry, his agitation causing him to limp more than usual. Hank stuck his cigar in his red face, brushed ashes off himself and got up. The bartender went back to polishing glasses.

WHEN Mary picked him up at the juke box that evening, McBride didn't make awfully good sense. She got him away and took him out and walked him up and down the lawn in the brisk air. He didn't resent the steadying hand on his elbow; it was purely professional. He breathed deeply, at her instruction, and presently he recovered and grinned at her crookedly.

"I guess I need a nurse," he said. "I'm sorry."

"I'm off duty," Mary said, "and this has been a friendly gesture. Shall we have dinner?"

They ate and returned to the lobby, where people were organizing for a bingo game. McBride stood uneasy, his hands in his pockets. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Play bingo, I suppose," Mary said. "You're heading for the bar, aren't you?"

"I'm willing to go for a walk."

She tucked her arm in his and they strolled away from the hotel, under a sky bright with stars. After a while, he led her to a bench on the deserted tennis courts. They sat down and each had a cigarette.

"Lieutenant," McBride said, "would you consider marrying me?"

"What for?" Mary said. "Because you need a nurse?"

"No, because I love you very much."

"I've been away a long time. But isn't it still customary to put your arms around a girl you love and kiss her?"

"I'm a one-legged guy," McBride said, "and I love you. If I tried to kiss you, and you repulsed me or felt sorry and let me, I'd be in a bad way. I'm not normal, and I can't afford to take chances like that."

"I'm too thin," Mary said, "and I'm full of atabrine and malaria. I'm no pin-up girl, but I want to be kissed. We can't sit here and discuss being in love and your leg. I'm normal."

"I have a ranch up in Oregon," McBride said. "I had it before the war, and it's pretty good. And I have enough money to live moderately and keep the ranch going the rest of my life. We could hole up there for keeps."

"I'm sorry," Mary said. "That won't work. If you're going to hide you'll have to hide alone."

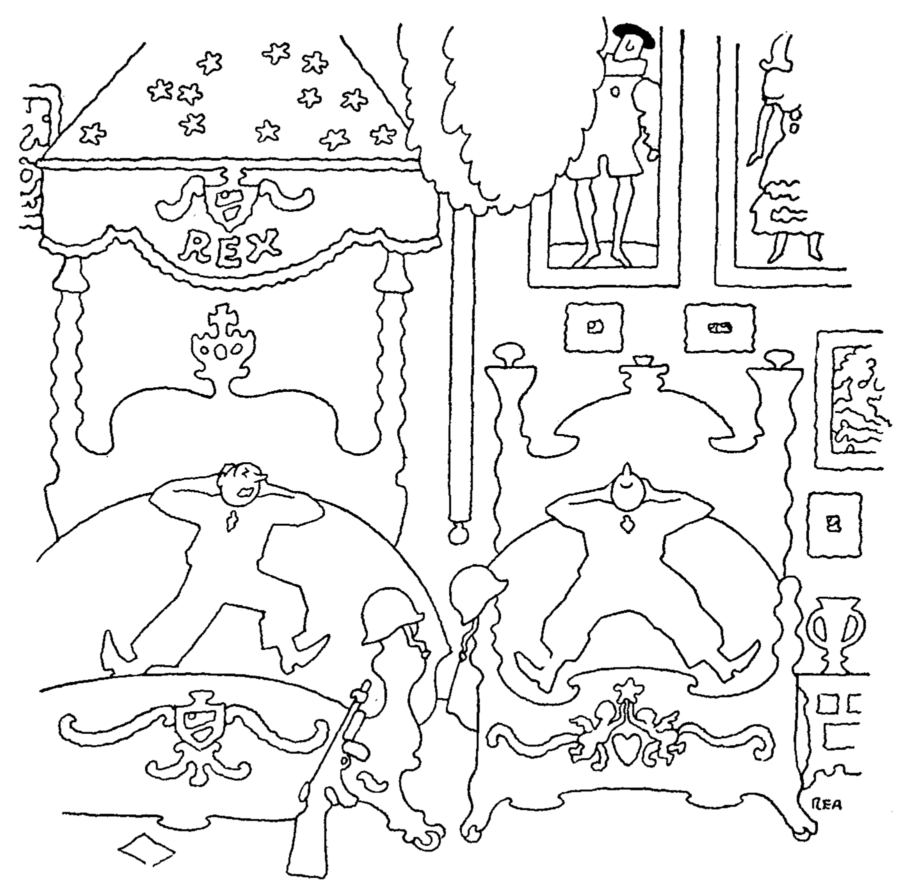
"Thanks, Lieutenant," McBride said. "No, it won't work. But it's a good excuse for you. Right?"

"I don't understand you."

"I'm a one-legged guy, Lieutenant. You don't have to kiss me. You don't even have to be kind to me."

There was a long silence. She kept her head lowered and away from him.

"I must love you," McBride said. "I'm not even going to be nasty."



COLLIER'S "And you're probably the queen—don't you imagine?" GARDNER REA

"Yes," Mary said, "you're a one-legged guy. Completely."

She jumped up and left him, moving quickly. After a few yards separated them, she began to run. He watched her fade into the darkness, and the cigarette burned his fingers.

THE following day McBride stayed in bed. A waiter served his meals, and he had a bellboy buy him some mysteries from the newsstand in the lobby. To his surprise, several people at the hotel whom he scarcely knew noted his absence and called to ask how he was. But he didn't hear from Mary.

The next morning he had a hunch that Mary might have left. He bathed and shaved and dressed after breakfast. The telephone rang.

"Mr. Lindon," the operator said, "there—"

"My name is McBride."

"Mr. Lindon," the operator said patiently, "there are some reporters and photographers down here. They want to interview you."

"I won't see them," McBride said. "My name is McBride. Tell them to go away."

He was sweating, and the hard knot was bunching in his heart. He felt sick and solitary and forsaken, and he wished he were in bed with the covers over his head.

The telephone didn't ring again. He saw by his watch that twenty minutes had passed. Then there was a knock on the door. He didn't answer, and it was repeated sharply. He cursed the name of Hank silently and fully.

"This is Mary. Let me in."

He rose and unlocked the door. She pushed past and turned to face him.

"I called them yesterday," she said, "and now I've told them to wait while I got you. It's got to be done, Mac. It's a step you'll have to take, even with your bad leg."

HE STARED at her. The perspiration was darkening his face again.

"You see, I recognized you immediately," Mary said, "maybe because I'd been away so long. One of your pictures was the last I saw. You have wonderful luck, Mac—better than a lot of other men who have been hurt. You can't hide."

"Mary, I can't go downstairs," McBride said. "You don't understand."

"When I was in Santo Tomas," Mary said, "it was easy to die—from wounds or sickness or starvation—a thousand things. It was easier to die than anything else. You could hide from what was around you and go conveniently to sleep forever. But those of us who stayed awake never doubted one thing—that those at home would be back for us. We knew they'd send their sons and their money and their machinery and keep coming, if it took twenty years. All we longed for was to get back to them. I'm the heroine of a big success story, Mac."

He stared at her.

"You're a hero, too," Mary said. "My success story is finished, but yours is yet to come. It's waiting for you downstairs. You've got to stay awake. They've come back for you, artificial leg and all."

"Mary, I—"

"Call it one more contribution to the war," Mary said, "if for no other reason. Maybe your right leg is not enough for a really good cause. Go down there and put your arm around me and say you love me. Let me stay in the picture in full uniform. They need nurses badly, and if the girls look at a glamor boy falling for a skinny, worn-out nurse they'll see the point. It'll help recruiting."

"All right," McBride said. "Do I get the nurse?"

"Yes," Mary said, her voice starting to break. She cleared it impatiently. "When you go down those stairs, don't hang onto the railing."

"I may fall on my face," McBride said.

"If you do," Mary said, "I'll be there to pick you up. From now on."

McBride led the way through the door.

THE END

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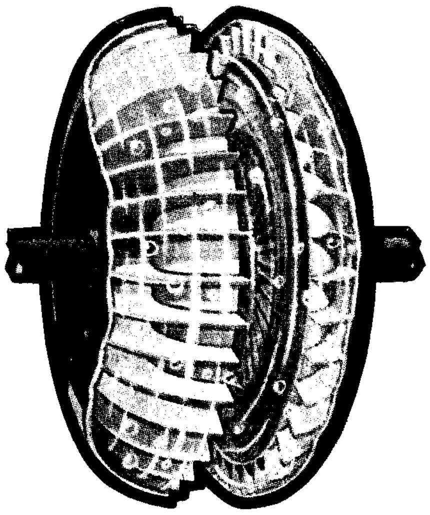
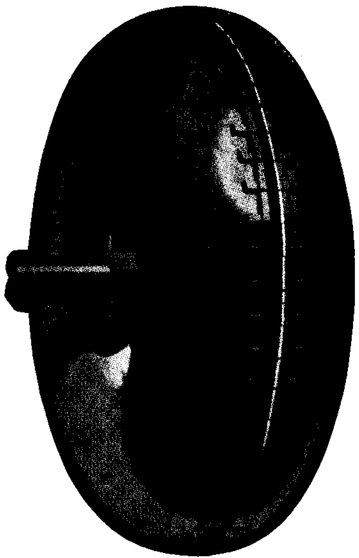
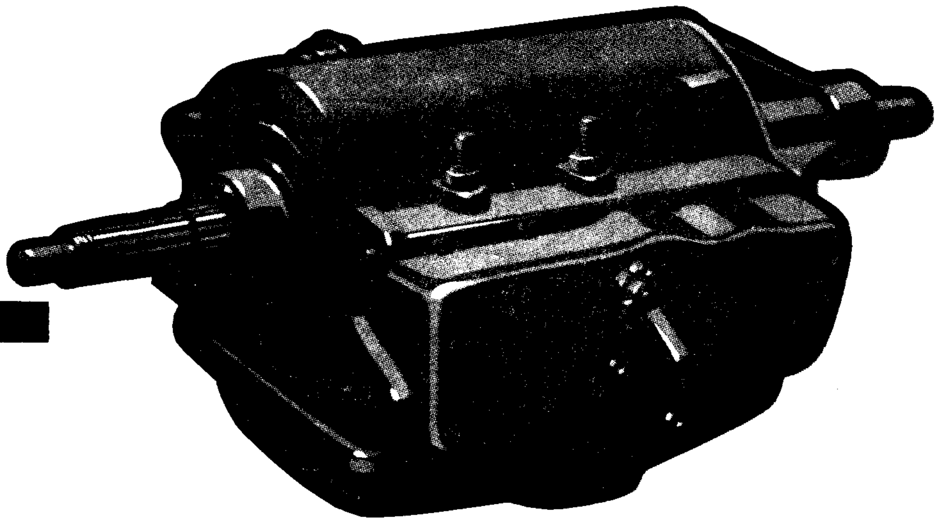




FLUID COUPLING



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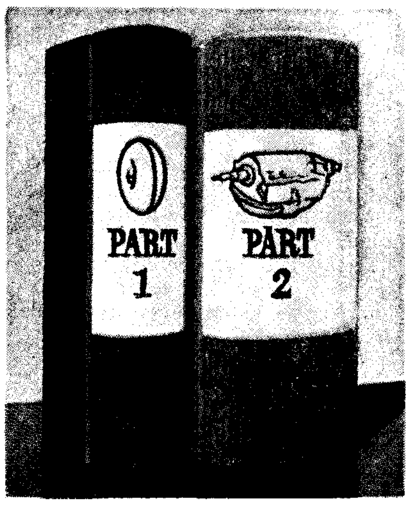

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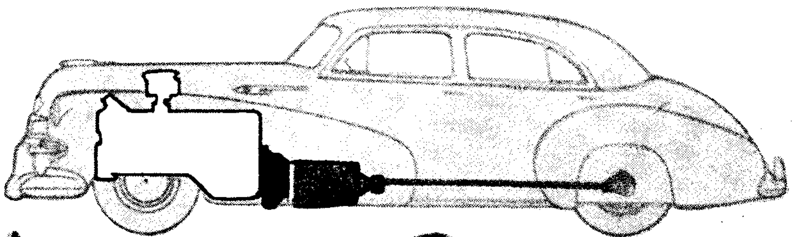

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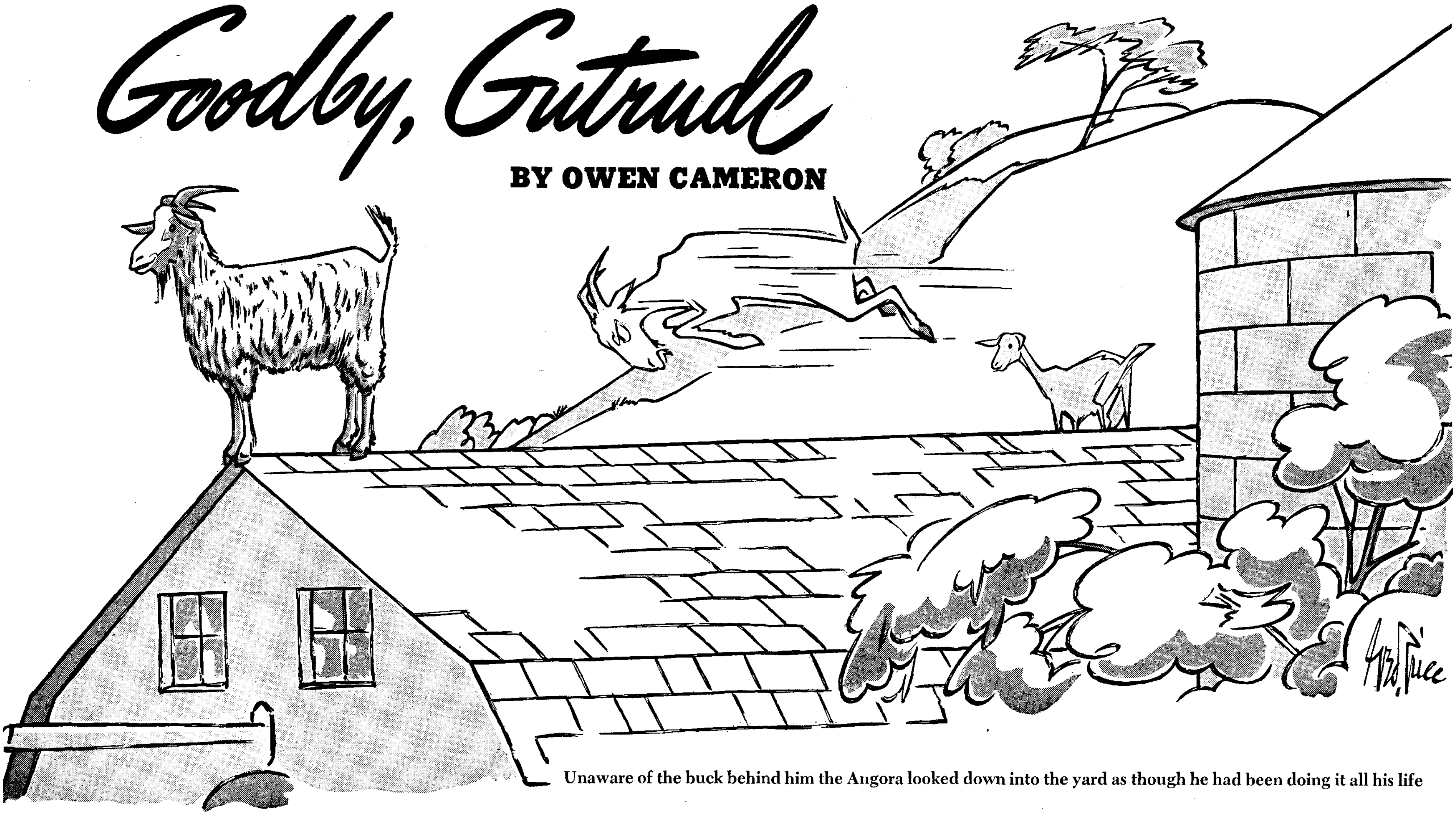
# Goodby, Gutrude

### BY OWEN CAMERON



Unaware of the buck behind him the Angora looked down into the yard as though he had been doing it all his life

**Henry Moller was as smart as the average, when he worked at it. But it took a lot of work to outsmart Gutrude—an educated thoroughbred, with horns**

IF YOU ever hunt the south bank of Horse Creek, above the old sawmill, you might get a glimpse of a wild goat. Not a genuine wild goat, like they have in Switzerland or wherever; just a goat gone wild. She is brown, and has horns, and in a poor light you might take her for a deer, but you won't get a shot at her. That goat is educated about guns.

It was Henry Moller educated her. Henry never was able to find a comfortable pair of teeth after the pup carried his off and buried them, so he has a kind of ingrown expression, like a mean old turtle. Actually there never was a man any more gentle and trusting, and his wife always hated to see him go off alone, for fear he would trust the wrong people. He generally always did, and that was how he came to get the goats in the first place. He took the week's eggs out to the store, and there was egg money coming for a couple of weeks before. He was hours late getting home, and Mrs. Moller was on pins and needles, waiting for him. She said she knew he would get into something, and he didn't disappoint her.

WHEN Mrs. Moller heard his truck coming down the road that evening, she went out quick on the front porch and watched Henry pull into the yard and shut off the motor. The old truck breathed steam and smoke and muttered to itself, and Henry got out and walked around to the back end. He had the tail gate in place, and when he began struggling to get it off, Mrs. Moller called out, "Now what you been up to?"

He kind of cursed to himself without looking at her, and poked around the yard for something to use for a pry. He found an old spring leaf and set to work with it.

Mrs. Moller asked, "What you got in there, Henry?" He paid her no heed and she tried again. "What's the tail gate up for?"

Henry gave her one look. "How else you suppose I'd keep 'em in?"

Mrs. Moller saw he had one of his mulish fits. When Henry had his neck bowed, there was no use trying to reason with him, so she went in the house again, but she watched from a front window.

Henry got the tail gate off finally and stood back. A white goat jumped out and began to sniff around the yard. Frederick, the hound, came out from under the porch, but the goat put him right back. Mrs. Moller opened the window and hollered, "What in the name of time have you bought now?"

Henry climbed into the truck without answering and kicked out two more goats. These were both females; one a dirty white color, the other brown. Henry came over to the porch and sat on the top step, his regular place. He said to himself, but loud enough for her to hear, "There! I guess those are the only goats in this country."

"I should hope so," Mrs. Moller said to his back. "What are they supposed to be good for?"

"There's big money in goats," Henry said. "Storekeeper got 'em from a man going over the mountain, exchange for grub. You know *he's* no fool."

"He always knows where to find a bigger one, anyhow. Did he talk you into taking them things for the egg money?"

"Talk me into your grandmother!" Henry cried, turning to glare at his wife. "Why, I had to argue half the morning 'fore he'd deal." And he added thoughtfully, "Still owe him three dollars."

Mrs. Moller slammed the window and opened it again to ask, "And how do you propose to get nine dollars out of those animals?"

"Goats is the coming animal," Henry said, facing forward to watch the brown goat snatch the tail feathers from a hen. "That brown one is worth both the others. Togglebird, they call her kind. Showed me a picture in the book, only without horns. This one is a special pure Togglebird, with horns."

One of the white goats sniffed at the picket fence around the garden, backed away for a short run and sailed over like a deer. Mrs. Moller screamed and ran out to rescue her green beans.

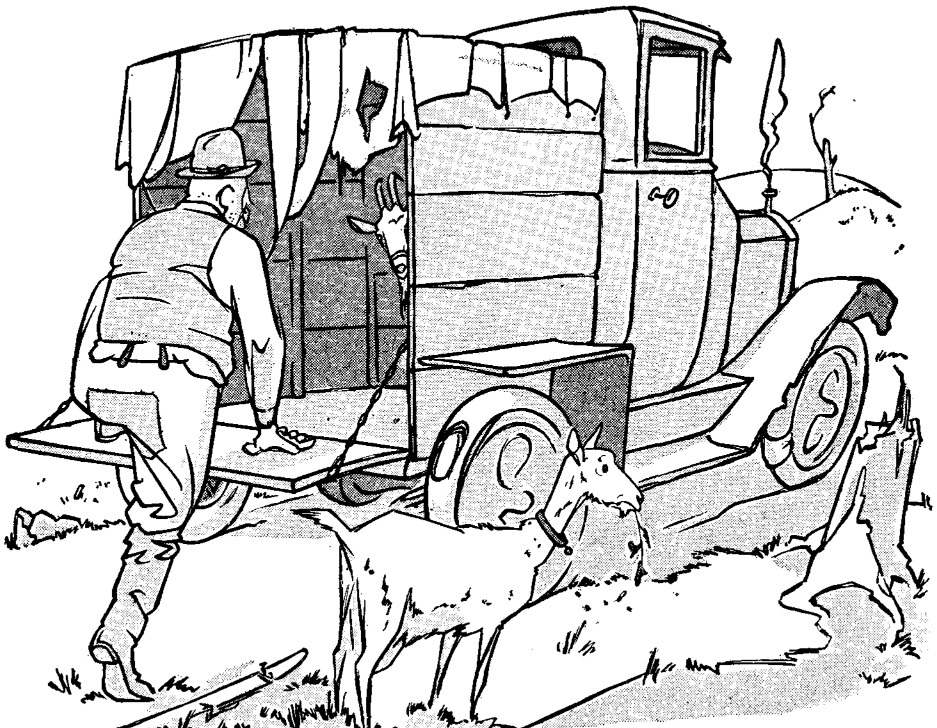
For the next few days she practically lived in the garden. At last she told Henry she couldn't stand it any longer and let go at the brown goat with the 12-gauge. But she hit her big Dominick rooster instead and scattered him all over the woodshed, which made her madder than ever.

HENRY shut the goats in the barn, to keep them safe while he studied what was to be done. He finally hit on an idea that did the business. He wired an old license plate to each goat's horns low enough so the animal couldn't look up, high enough so that it could see to move around and feed. The goats would go up to the fence, back away for a run, and then couldn't see the top of the fence. Henry was mighty proud of himself, because he said it took a good man to outsmart a Togglebird, and even his wife admitted he was smart as the average, when he worked at it.

Henry named the brown goat Gertrude, for his wife, thinking it might please her, but before long he got to calling her Gutrude, because that seemed to fit better, somehow, and Mrs. Moller didn't like that a little bit. Henry tried to explain how it came about, and she put up with it, but she wasn't contented, not by a long shot.

The goats got trained pretty soon, to stay away from the picket fence which they couldn't see to jump, so Henry decided it

*(Continued on page 48)*



**Henry got the tail gate off finally and a goat jumped out of the truck and began to look around the yard. Then Henry climbed back to get the other two**

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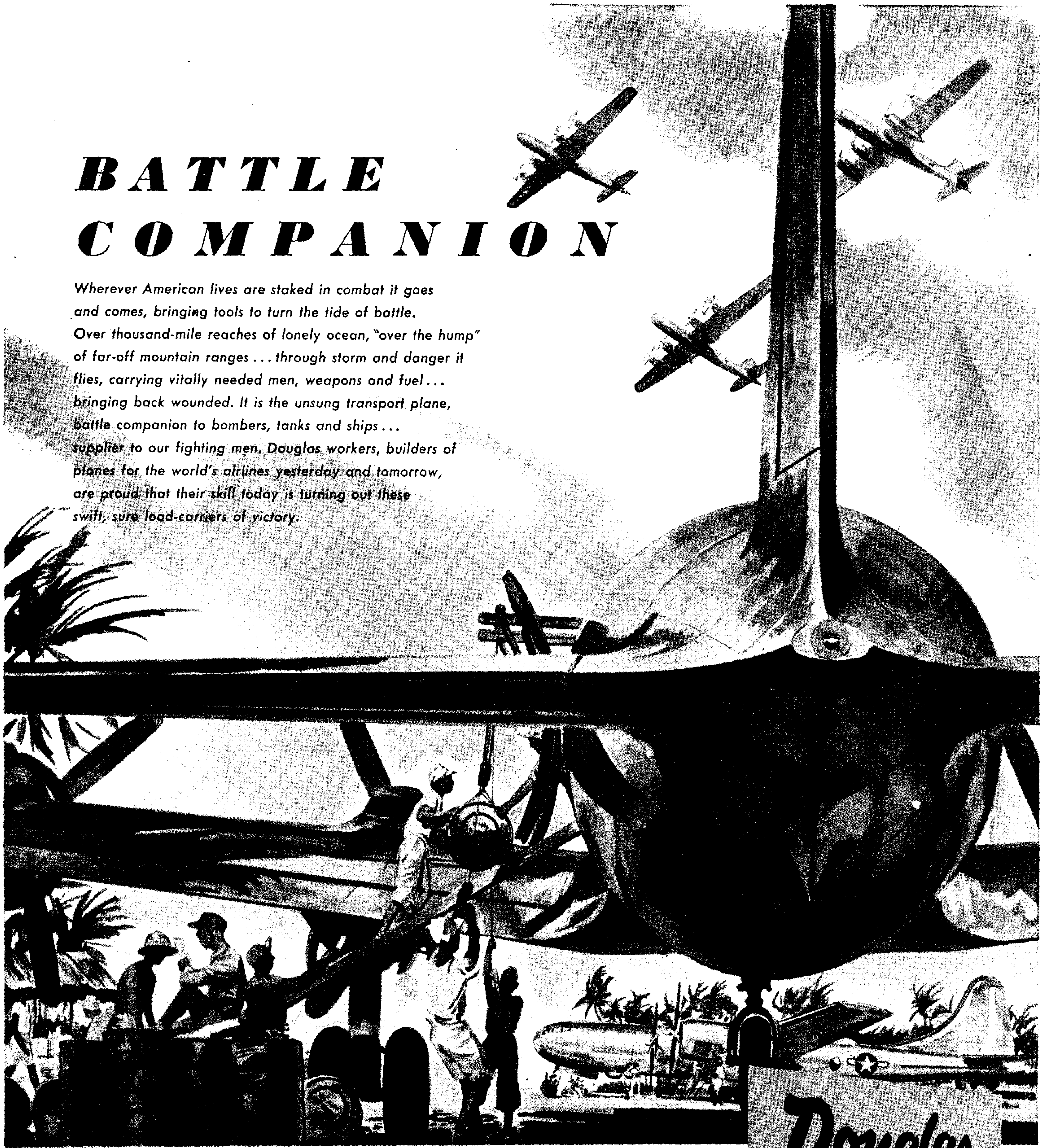

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FIRST AROUND THE WORLD FIRST THE WORLD OVER

## Fan's Daughter

Continued from page 17

got that habit in the backwoods. Punkin." They had given Ned his nickname to describe his hair.

"Sure," Ned said, "dodging Indians, that's where I got that habit." He grinned and looked around him again, off toward the east where the landing barges were still putting men ashore.

"Leave him alone," Dickitaw said. "He's aiming to get back some day to Julie."

Biggs covered the tin from his K ration with moist earth. He stood up and stretched, and looked down at his feet in the mud, and thought of something pertinent to say about war and mud and the Army, but he didn't say it. "You think a girl brought up in the city is goin' to stay holed in on a stinkin' farm till you get back, Punkin?" he demanded earnestly. "Hell, the trouble with you, you're an idealist. Ain't any woman goin' to do that for a man she's been married to on'y two weeks. She'll run out on you."

"No, she won't," Ned said softly. "Not Julie."

JULIE slept, toward morning, and woke to the clear brightness of the day. Granny had been up an hour. The stove was going in the kitchen and there was the smell of wood smoke and coffee and hot cinnamon rolls.

I'll go wash my face in the creek, Julie thought, before I tell her. The creek was wide, and dark green and bright blue, reflecting the trees and the sky; beyond the creek, the cropped meadow still had a few head of red cattle in it, waiting for the trucks to come to move them to winter graze.

Across the wide meadow with its varicolored grasses and its straggling line of lodgepole, lay the tall, sloping cliff of lava that half-circled the meadow protectingly, black and jagged and still and smug. Julie had hated it at first.

It had been there, the lava, thousands and thousands of years, and it would still be here thousands and thousands of years from now, while the trees at its side and the meadow at its feet died and were replaced. It's terrifying, Julie thought; Fan would hate it. The thought of Fan's repugnance colored her own feeling for this black, immobile mass thrust to the very edge of the tender meadow. I don't like relentless permanence, Julie thought; I'm Fan's daughter.

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Yet when Granny came to stand beside her, drying her hands on her faded apron, looking off across the meadow, too, toward the lava, Julie was disturbed by her first words.

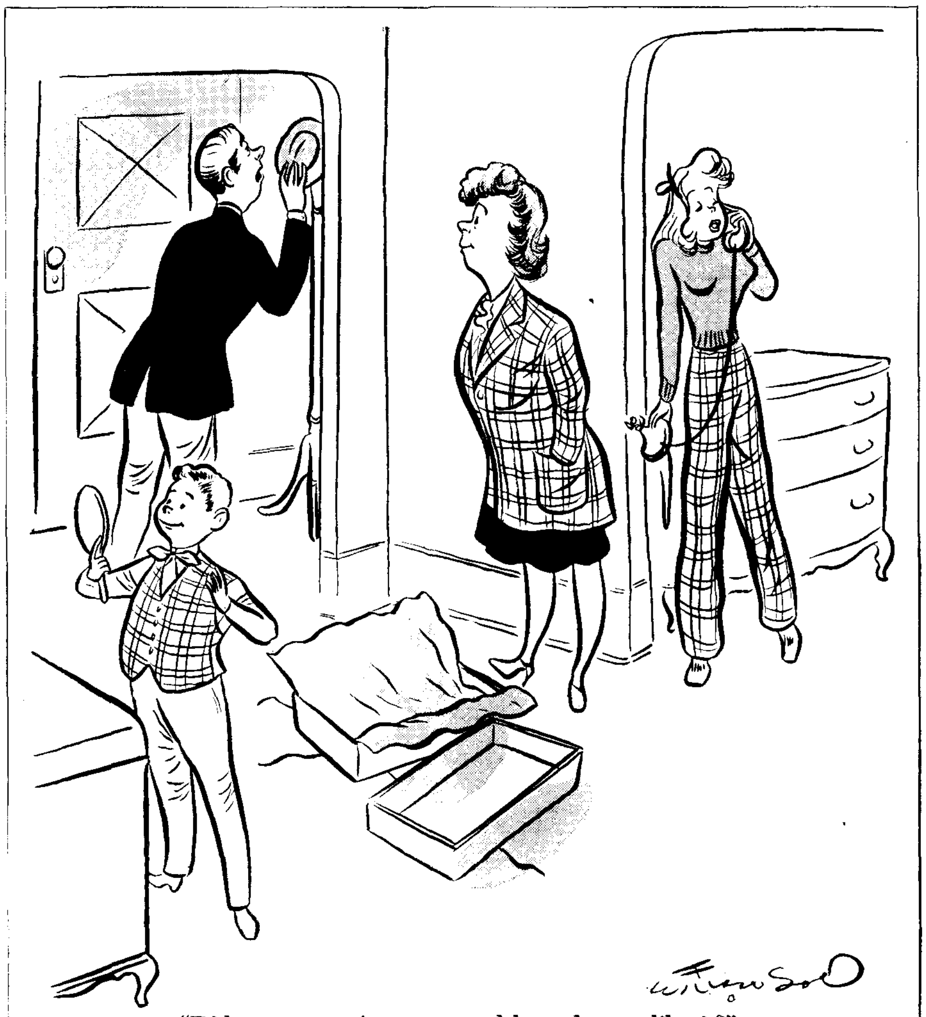
"I declare," Granny said, "they must have been a slide in the night. Look there, on the lava, by that big, old crooked tree. You see it?"

Julie shook her head. "It looks the same to me," she said.

"Well, it ain't," Granny said positively. "Last time they was a slide up there, Ned noticed it first off, but my eyes ain't what they used to be. Still, I know that lava well as I know my own heart."

"I don't see it," Julie repeated stubbornly. "I don't want to see it," she said angrily. "It isn't supposed to change. It's supposed to stay that way. It's the only thing that does stay that way." She could feel hot tears behind her eyelids.

"Now, Julie," Granny said gently, "we wouldn't get nowhere in this world if things always stayed the same. Come in and get your breakfast, child. It'll get cold."



COLLIER'S "Did my new suit come—and how do you like it?" FRITZ WILKINSON

Julie could feel the warm flush of her love for Granny spreading through her. But Fan would think Granny was a museum piece, Julie thought, and I'm Fan's daughter. That was a favorite phrase of Fan's. "You're so much like me, darling," she had said so many times.

Dismayed and confused, Julie turned back toward the cabin with Granny.

"There's no need to hurry so," Granny said presently, at table. "Train don't leave till noon. I'll get you into town on time."

Julie looked up slowly into Granny's bright old eyes. "What makes you say that?" she said. "How did you know?"

"Something's scared you," Granny said directly. "You ain't the kind to stay scared without doing something about it. Ned's like that."

"It's . . ." Julie threw out a hand, "it's just that I can't find Ned any more. He used to be with me all the time. I could close my eyes and see his face. I could put out my hand and his would meet it, and I had nothing in my heart for him but love. Lately—lately, it's as though he'd gone away somewhere, as though he'd stopped loving me."

"You eat your breakfast," Granny said. "You're a good girl, Julie."

Julie found the remark irrelevant but steadying, and as she stood in the clapboard station, waiting for the train, her arms close around Granny, she felt the sudden need to take Granny with her, to keep her close.

"Isn't there anything I can do for you in San Francisco?" Julie pleaded. "Isn't there anything you want?"

The wise old eyes looked up at her. "Yes," Granny said calmly. "Yes, they is. I want a Boston rocker, the kind Pa used to have years ago when I was a girl. It had a bucket seat and black leather upholstery, but you ain't to go looking for it till you've got over bein' scared. You understand me, Julie? I wouldn't set easy in that chair."

Julie laughed and her laughter lifted the burden from her heart. "You're cute as a turnip, Granny," Julie said.

ON THE train, laughter still in her heart, she began to lose her sense of guilt at varying Ned's plan for her, at leaving Granny alone. This is what I needed, she told herself; I needed a change, I needed to get out, to get a fresh perspective.

Fan was resting when Julie reached the apartment that next morning. A maid she didn't recognize answered the bell.

Julie would have time to rest before cocktails, the maid told her; there would be people in for cocktails around five-thirty, and would Mrs. Strange mind being put in the nursery? It seemed that Commander Wayne, Fan's current husband, was home, and that his daughter, Barbee Sidney was occupying the guest room.

The maid took Julie's traveling case, and Julie followed her down the hall, aware that Fan had changed the *décor* of the apartment again. It was amazing enough that she hadn't changed apartments, but even Fan had been circumscribed somewhat by a world at war.

The nursery was an anomalous room in the apartment, a left-over from former residents, its wallpaper bedizened with static Bopeeps and Boy Blues following absurdly unshorn sheep.

Fan had forsworn having the nursery redone during the war. "I feel it would be an extravagance now," she had said gravely. "After all, we must expect to make some sacrifices."

A few of Julie's things had been shunted into this room, and she touched the ivory paper cutter she had brought home from that year in Switzerland, and the decorative wine flask she had picked up in Budapest, things she had once loved and was astonished to discover she had forgotten at the ranch. She touched the things with pleasure but with no feeling of possession; Fan had been at pains to discourage a possessive tendency in Julie.

"She clings to things," Fan had said of Julie, once years ago when the child had been very young, but even now Julie could hear the half-humorous, half-scornful statement.

And she could remember how resolutely she had culled out acquisitive instincts, painfully careful to conceal from Fan the

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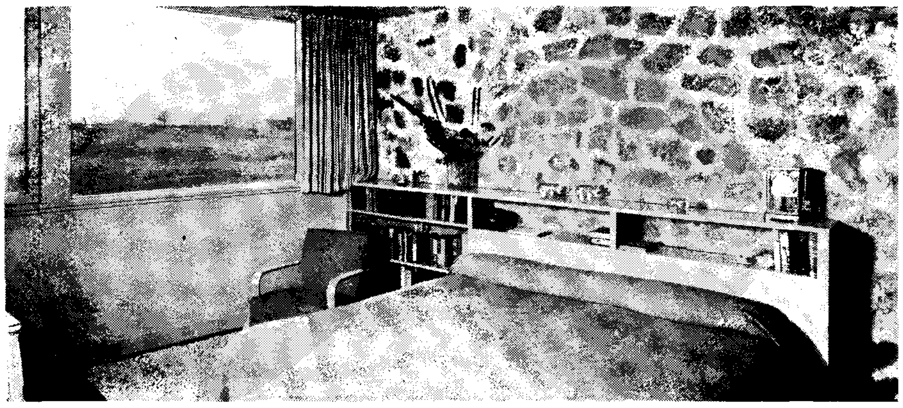
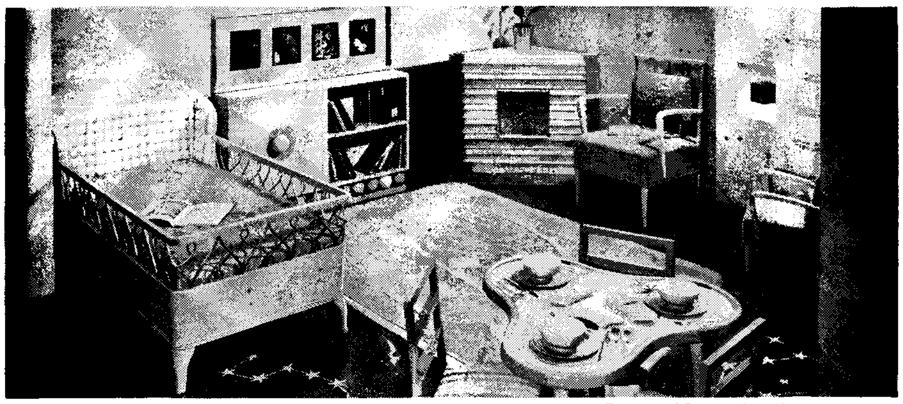


George Fred Keck, Architect

Which room in your home

George Fred Keck, Architect

would you like to have



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few persistent devotions among people and things she had allowed herself.

It was good to take a shower in a tiled bathroom, to feel the deep pile of the impractical baby-blue carpet under her feet, to creep between scented sheets and to find a buzzer near the bed which she need only press to bring service. These things were good, and Julie went to sleep feeling grateful for them, wondering why she had thought it would be wrong to leave the ranch.

SHE wakened to the touch of a cool hand on her cheek. Opening her eyes, she saw that the room was in semidarkness, but she recognized Barbee Sidney, sitting beside her on the bed.

"Well, baby," Barbee said, "so you came home." Barbee, a sleek and lovely creature, only a few years older than Julie, had become a close friend during the four years Fan had been married to Commander Wayne. "Fan's downstairs being younger than she looks," Barbee said, with distaste. "She sent me up to get you. It's six o'clock."

"Oh, no," Julie said, but she lay still, clinging to Barbee's hand.

"You've changed," Barbee said slowly. "You're older, Julie. You're more than a year older." She studied the girl, a finger under the round, brown chin. "You don't look like Fan's daughter any more," she said. "Thank heaven!"

"Barbee!" Julie was shocked.

For answer, Barbee swooped down and collected Julie in her arms and hugged her. "I wish I'd known your father," she said. "He must have been a darling."

"What do you hear from John?"

Barbee got up restlessly and paced up and down beside the bed, her beautiful body tense in its velvet sheath. "He's a heel," she said.

"Oh, no," Julie said. "No, Barbee." They had been so much in love, Barbee and John, three years ago, the bridal couple of the season, skeptical of love in their speech, trusting it with the old, fundamental fervor in their hearts.

"He had a chance to come home a year ago," Barbee said. "He could have been transferred, but he didn't come, so I started going out with other men. Fan has said all along it's silly to be a martyr. So I've been going out, and I'm enjoying myself, and what of it?"

Julie sat up, her dark eyes stricken. "But you had him a year before he went away," she said. "You have a whole year of memories, Barbee. He feels he's needed out there. He feels he has to stay, even if it means not coming back to you for another year or so. It's proof of his love for you, Barbee."

"Funny little Julie with the simple heart," Barbee said, but she looked at Julie with misery in her eyes. There were new, unhappy little lines around her mouth. She dismissed her problems with a gesture. "What brought you in from the sticks, baby?" she said.

The maid came in. "Mrs. Wayne wishes you please to hurry, ma'am," she said to Julie.

There were a great many people moving restlessly about, having cocktails in the black and white room. Julie felt again that old, familiar excitement she had known, coming home from boarding school, from Europe, from college to Fan's world. It had never seemed quite Julie's world, and it didn't now, but the glitter and the chatter, the casual compliments and the callous franknesses stirred some vague, nostalgic anticipation in Julie.

Fan, smaller than Julie, exquisitely preserved in face and figure, came quickly across the room. "My dear," she said, leaning forward swiftly to kiss Julie's cheek, "we must do something about your face. You're burned to a rich mahogany. My little girl," she said to the man attentive at her elbow. It was not Commander Wayne.

"Yes," Fan went on critically, "you have begun to look a little like a farmer. I was sure you would. Such a silly idea of Ned's, sending you up there to a farm."

"Ranch," Julie said, laughing.

"So you've come home to stay with mother for the duration," the man at Fan's elbow said.

"Oh, dear, no," Fan said, not waiting for Julie's response. "She wouldn't be happy with me, and I wouldn't ask such a sacrifice of Julie. I'm going to find her a nice little apartment, and do it over, for her."

Someone thrust a cocktail into Julie's hand, and she looked up to find Commander Jim Wayne looking down at her. He was tall and big, with humorous lines at the corners of his eyes, but there were new lines there now, too, Julie saw. She took his arm affectionately.

"How have you been, Jim?" she asked warmly.

"I've missed you," he said. "You're the best thing I know about Fan."

He would have said more, but Fan claimed Julie. "I called Kip an hour ago to tell him you were here," she said, "and he came straight from the office as soon as he could get away. Do take her off, Kip, and keep her out of sight until I can have something done about her fingernails and her complexion."

"Hello, Julie," Kip Brown said.

He had changed a little, too, in a year, but he still looked too young to be a munitions executive, and one corner of his mouth still turned down a little when he smiled. Julie had been more than half in love with him when Ned had come along, and she responded unwillingly now to the gravity of his glance. She wished, abruptly, that Fan had not moved so fast, bringing Kip into the scene again, too early.

"I know a place," Kip said, and presently they were back again in the nursery, Julie talking eagerly, Kip watching her, drinking steadily.

"You've changed, Julie."

"Everyone keeps saying that," Julie protested.

"You've changed," Kip said, "but I haven't. This year has been hell with you away."

UP AHEAD, the Japs were silent in the darkness, but word had come back to the men, crouched, waiting. There would be a counterattack.

Biggs, working on Ned's leg, swore softly. "How come you weren't watching, Punkin?" he said. "You forgettin' all them Indians you had to dodge back home?"

"Yeah," Ned said wearily. "Will I live?"

"Hell!" Biggs said. "This is on'y a scratch."

"What I want to know," Ned said, fretfully, "is what she's doing in San Francisco. I thought she was going to stay on the ranch. Granny's letter didn't say why she went."

"I tol' you it was too much to ask of a girl, holin' her up in a place like that. She got stinkin' tired of it, that's all. She wanted a change."

"You don't know her," Ned said stoutly. "You don't know Julie."

AFTER Julie had been home a month, she was still having fun. The cook was preparing special meals for her, Barbee planned her time and her diversions, and Kip was sending flowers. Commander Wayne had been called to Washington without having had the talk he had wanted with Julie, and Fan, her hair restyled, was stalking a new man. But Julie put Fan out of her mind as she had put Ned out of her mind. This, she told herself, was a vacation, something she owed herself.

She had met Barbee's new man, and he was nice, not so attractive as Kip, but nice; they made a noticeable foursome entering a club, going to the theater. Yet oddly, as the days went by, Barbee was the one who became uneasy.

"What's in your mind, baby?" she said one morning, perching on the edge of Julie's bed, helping herself to toast from Julie's tray. "What are your plans?"

"Plans?" Julie said vaguely.

"About Ned, I mean. About Kip."

"I haven't any plans," Julie said shortly, "about either of them."

"You should have," Barbee said.

Julie sat up, miffed. "You're a fine one to talk," she said and was astonished by the animosity in her voice.

"I'm exactly the one to talk," Barbee said equably, "before Fan wrecks your marriage as she tried to wreck mine. She might have done it, too, if you hadn't come home. But you did come home, and you brought me to my senses. Do you know why, Julie? Because you're going through exactly what I've been going through here with Fan, and I was about to go under as you're about to go under without even realizing the need to swim."

"You confuse me," Julie said, with hostility.

"Julie, Julie," Barbee said pityingly. "She divorced your father and shunted you from boarding school to relatives, to Switzerland, to college, and still you love her. But why, Julie? You know you aren't like Fan at all, and she can't bear it. . . . Now you're hating me," Barbee said, despairing.

"Yes," Julie said carefully. "I am, a little."

"I don't care," Barbee said passionately. "I don't care, if I've opened your eyes."

They were interrupted. Fan came in, furred and gloved, dainty and beautiful. Julie greeted her with protective, affectionate words.

"Dear me," Fan said. "Emotion so early in the morning?"

Julie, rebuffed, kept her eyes on her mother, not looking at Barbee, and reminded herself, as she had so many times before, that Fan's small cruelties were unintentional.

"Barbee, go away," Fan said pleasantly. "I want to talk to my child."

But when Barbee had gone, she seemed at a loss to begin the conversation. She pulled off her gloves and rearranged Kip's flowers, glanced at Julie's tray and remarked that bacon these days was inedible.

"Julie," she said, at last, "I don't want to seem inhospitable, but how long are you staying?"

Julie put down her napkin and looked up at her mother. The morning sun struck squarely across the carefully made-up face, and it revealed lines Julie had not seen before, haggard, selfish little lines.

Barbee's crazy talk has made me touchy, Julie told herself. "When do you want me to go, Fan?" she said, teasing.

"My dear—" Fan pressed her hand quickly —"I don't want you to go. How could you say such a thing? I adore you, but I've found a good man to do this room over, and I thought, if you were staying, it might be best for you to move into Jim's room. He'll be gone a month or two. He may not come back."

"Fan!"

"Oh, come," Fan smoothed her gloves. "Jim's an ox, really. He has charm, yes, but I can't for the life of me remember why I married him." She looked at Julie with bland, round eyes.

Julie thought, she is utterly ruthless, and I have only just discovered it. "I'll look for an apartment today," she said, her voice constrained.

Fan drew down the corners of her mouth. "Are you so uncomfortable here?" she said. "You need me, Julie, you really do. You've become—well, bucolic."

How clearly I see her now, Julie thought. Quite suddenly I see her and I hate her, and I'm like her. This, she thought, this is what has always frightened me. This is why I am here. I have been afraid that, someday, Ned would discover I am like her.

Fan stood up, pulling on her gloves. "Really, Julie," she said, "you make me seem a beast. You've come back all changed, and I must say I don't like you very much as you are. You remind me of your father. When you're married to Kip, perhaps I can forget this inconsiderate treatment."

"I'm married to Ned," Julie said.

"Now, yes," Fan said, smiling. "But how long will that last? He wanted you to stay at the ranch, yet here you are. I'm not stupid, my dear." She went out, leaving an aura of triumph.

She wants me to go her way, Julie thought, with startling vision, to justify her own behavior. She wants me to divorce Ned, and later Kip, and later someone else.

SHE was distraught when Kip came for her. "Let's hurry," she said. "Let's get out of here."

In the car he turned to her, his dark brows arched in inquiry.

"Kip," Julie said, "don't make love to me today. Promise you won't make love to me today."

"How can I help it?" Kip said reasonably. "I'm in love with you."

"No," Julie said. "No, please." She drew in her breath on a little moan. "Today," she said, "today, for a little while, I'm not Fan's daughter."

"That's odd," Kip said, amused, "when you're so much like her."

"No," Julie cried. "No, I'm not. I won't be." She began to sob, her whole body shaken with terror.

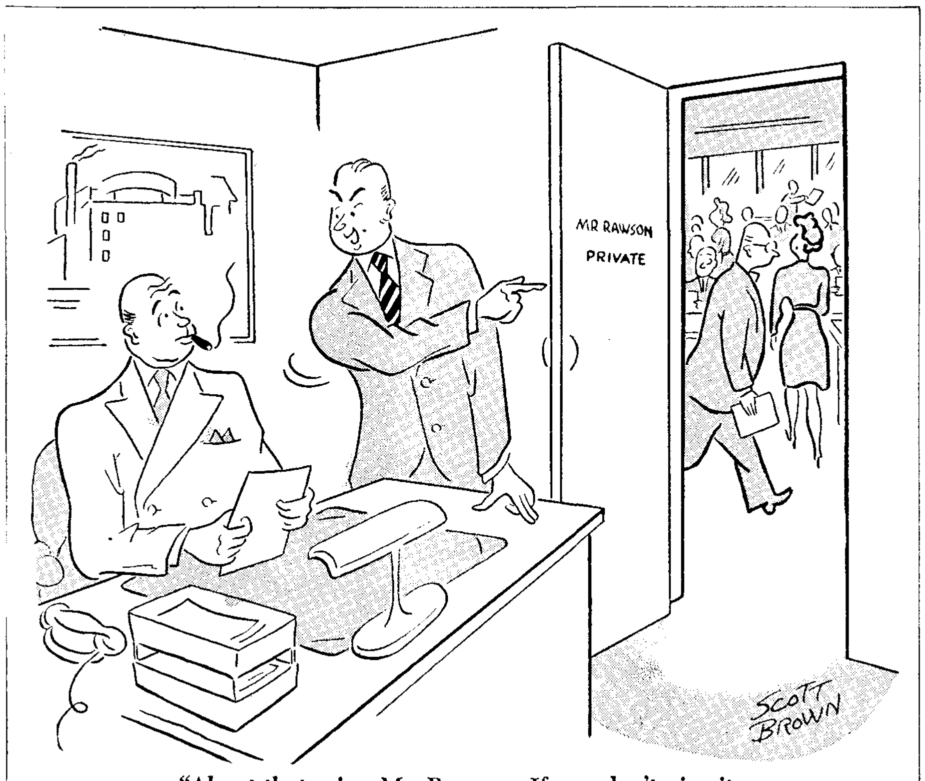
Kip stopped the car and took her by the shoulders with great tenderness. "Have a fight with Fan?" he said. "Don't let it bother you. She fights with everyone in time. She can't bear enduring relationships. They bore her."

"And I'm like her. You said yourself I'm like her. I hate her, Kip. You hate her, too."

Kip looked away swiftly, without answering.

"Say it," Julie urged bitterly, "say I'm like her. Say you hate her."

"Stop it," Kip said harshly. "Stop it." He was silent a long while, staring through the windshield toward the bay. "No, you're not like Fan. You used to try to be, and I've been doing my darnedest, since you came home, to bring out every ounce of Fan there



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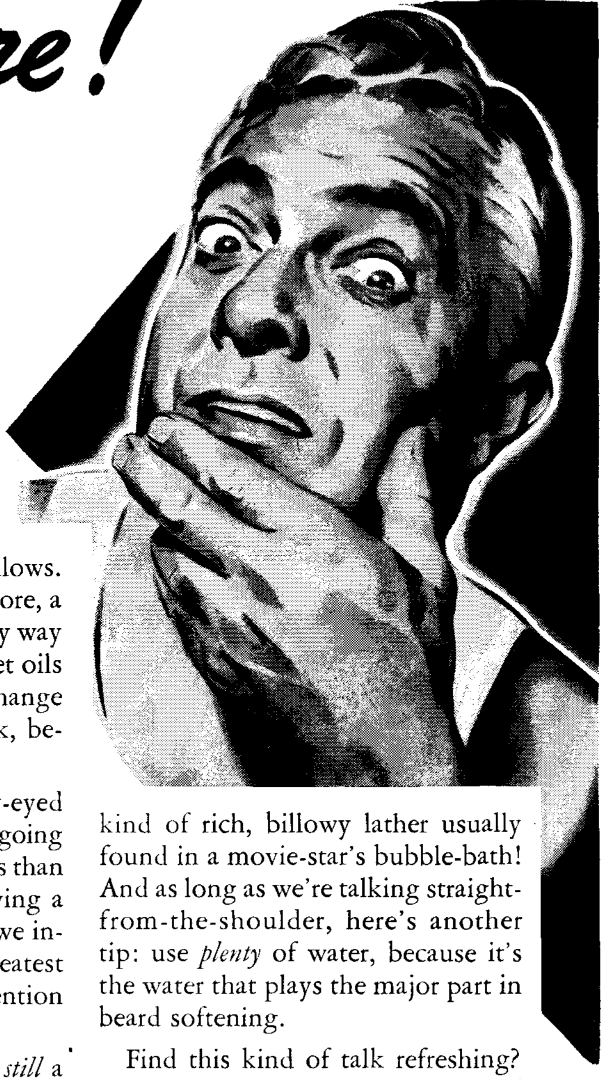

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Let's not fool ourselves, fellows. This business of shaving is a chore, a bore, and a matutinal misery any way you look at it. And all the secret oils of the Orient aren't going to change it! We know whereof we speak, because we learned the *hard* way!

You see, we were pretty starry-eyed when we started out. We weren't going to be satisfied with anything less than a cream that would make shaving a positive joy and delight. Yep, we intended to put into tubes the greatest boon to shavers since the invention of the mustache-cup!

Well, we missed. Shaving is *still* a pain-in-the-chin. But our efforts weren't all in vain—not by any means!

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Find this kind of talk refreshing? Then you're probably the kind of man who will find a change to Listerine Shaving Cream refreshing, too. It's sold at most drug counters. The price is low, the tube lasts long; so it is just as smart to buy as it is smartless to use.

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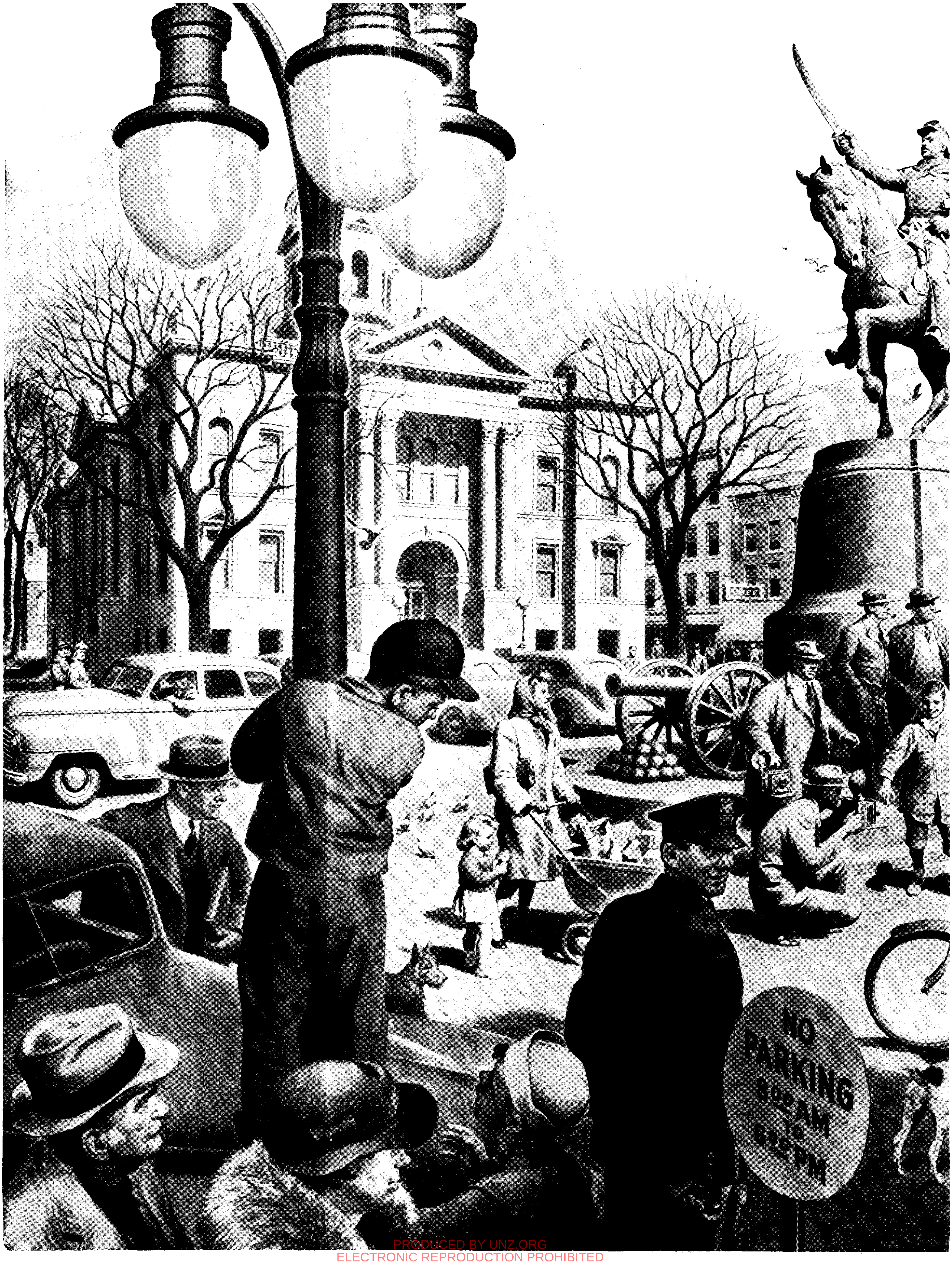
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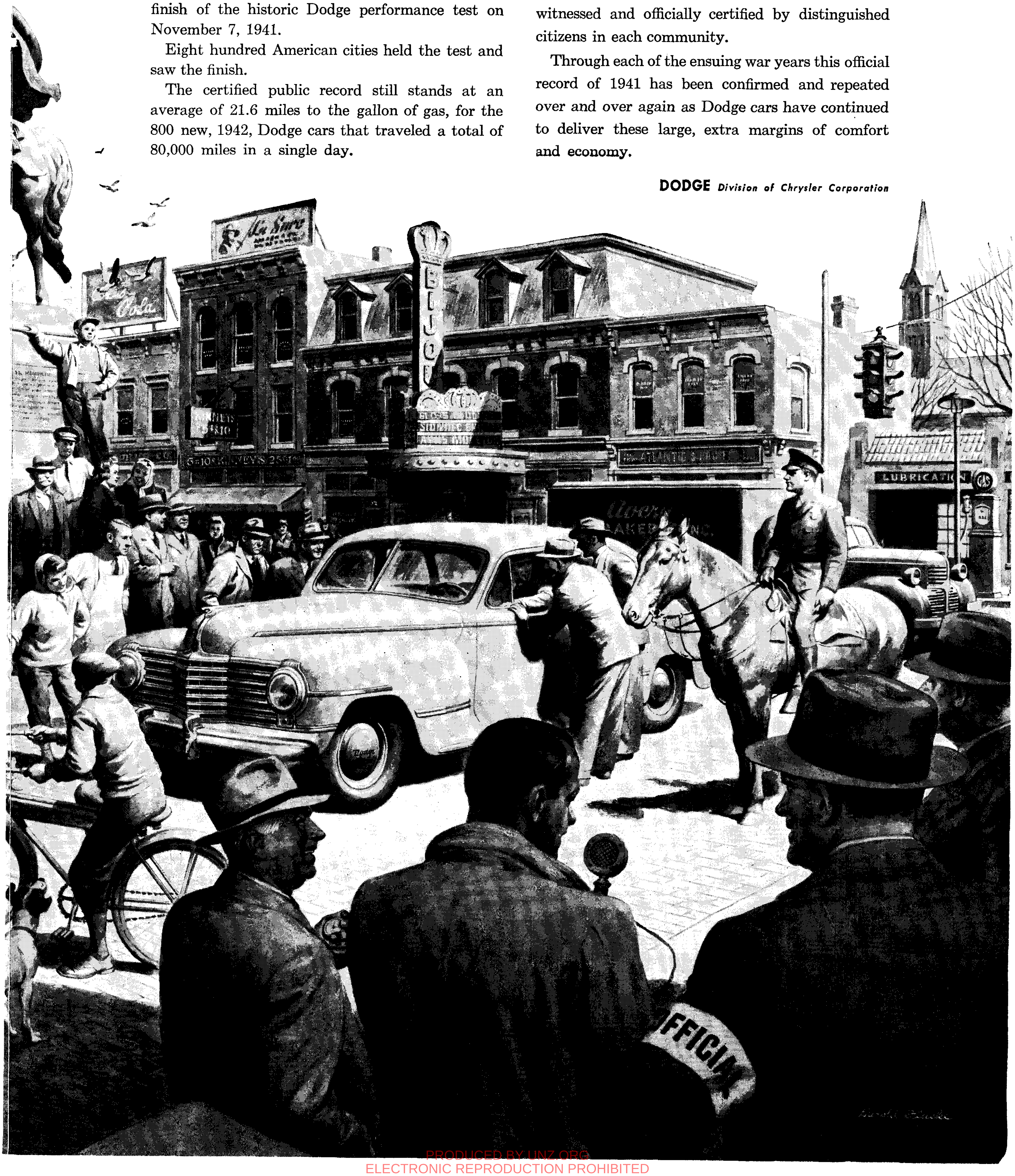

What a Pity!

she doesn't know she has

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is in you. Why? Because for a little while, you'd be mine if you were enough like Fan, and, after that, after the divorce, I would still have something to remember." He looked at her with sullen eyes, and his hands tightened on the wheel until the knuckles showed white. He began to speak again presently and his voice was calm, a little weary.

"You're so little, Julie," he said, "and you look so frail, but you licked us both, didn't you? Fan and me."

"I don't know what you mean," Julie said, pleading.

"I love you," he said. "In my peculiar way, I love you as much as Ned loves you, but he sees you as you are, Julie. He sees you more clearly than you see yourself."

"He sent me to the ranch," Julie said, correcting him, "to keep me out of mischief."

"Ned? Don't be dense. He didn't know you were capable of mischief. He didn't know Fan was capable of mischief. He has a curious, and to me, incredible attribute, Julie. He's pure of heart. And so are you."

"No, I'm not," Julie whispered. "I came back here when I should have stayed at the ranch. I told Ned I would stay at the ranch. It was the lava, Kip," she went on, forcing her words. "I loved it, but it frightened me, so black and still and unchanging."

"Julie," Kip said, his voice compassionate, "you've been in a battle all your life, and you haven't known it. You've been in a battle, and because you've loved your enemy, you've wanted to lose the battle. Only you can't, Julie. Now you never will. You came back here from the ranch, not because you had stopped loving Ned, and not because you thought he had stopped loving you. You came back because you were beginning to doubt your love for Fan."

"I don't know," she said. "I've been afraid."

"You, Julie? Afraid?" He shook his head. "You've been emerging from confusion," he said, "and the new day looked too bright and clear to be believed."

"Yes," Julie said positively. "Yes. Granny and Ned, they're alike inside, and I thought I couldn't love them and Fan, too. But I can now. I'm not the least bit scared. Not any more."

It was as though her heart, remodeled, had been restored to her.

"Where shall we go for lunch?" Kip said. "Lunch?"

She had been remembering back to the ranch with Granny, trying to recall what the words, "I'm not the least bit scared," referred to in relation to Granny.

"Granny said something to me that last day," she told Kip, "just before I got on the train. She wanted me to do something for her, but I wasn't to do it until I'd got over being scared."

"Oh!" she looked up at him, her face alight. "It was a chair," she said. "Could we look for that before we have lunch? Are you starved, Kip?"

"No," Kip said, somewhat grimly. "What kind of a chair?"

"A very special chair," Julie said, laughing. "A black-leather, bucket-bottomed, Boston rocker."

"Sounds like a charade," Kip said.

THEY sat in huddled groups, the fighting men, weary, triumphant, taking their earned rest. "Damnedest war I ever see," Biggs said. "All this popping off at monkeys. Why'n't we just sneak up and tie their tails together? How's your leg, Punkin?"

Ned, his quick glance searching the darkness around them, answered briefly: "I won't even get a medal for the scar, thanks to you."

"So your head's up again," Biggs said to Ned. "So you're lookin' around. So Julie's back on the ranch. What'd she leave for? Ever find out?"

"Darnedest thing," Ned said, chuckling. "She went to San Francisco to get a Boston rocker for Granny."

Biggs opened his mouth to say pertinent things about Ned's gullibility, about women generally. He opened his mouth and closed it, and picked up a handful of dirt and threw it down again in disgusted violence, but when he spoke his voice was under control.

"You never told me, Punkin," he said, "why you sent her to the ranch in the fust place."

Ned looked at him, surprised. "It's her home," he said. "It's my home, and she's married to me, so now it's her home. I knew she wouldn't get lonely. Granny's there."

"The way you talk about it," Biggs said, "it must be some ranch, some project."

"It's home," Ned repeated. "There's a big hunk of lava, and a lot of trees, and a creek running through it, and grass in the meadow. I don't know why those things put together make it heaven, but it is. Like Julie," Ned said, whispering. "Like Julie."

THE END

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

lawyer, and his advice was to go home and stop bothering a man who is busy."

STILL getting postwar plans. The most popular seems to be the one which would get everybody back where they belong and forbid travel of any sort, for any reason and by any means for ten years. This, according to Mr. Amos O. Browen of San Francisco, California, should apply to armies and navies and air forces, too, for one hundred years. And nobody, he thinks, should be permitted to talk by telephone to anybody, for any reason, for more than two minutes. Anything said after two minutes simply starts an argument. Mr. Browen also has a word or two to say about the San Francisco Conference. "Every necessary word to accomplish the good work has been spoken," says he. "The trouble is they weren't spoken in the proper sequence."

WE'VE just heard from a guy who is going to run for Congress on a platform advocating military bonuses and G.I. Bill of Rights privileges for all munitions workers. He'll get a lot of votes. We're not advertising this fellow. We're merely mentioning his racket to tell you that while we're going to great pains to re-establish Europe on a workable basis, we shall go pretty screwy at home. A racket to be known as Home Front Heroes is about to be launched in Los Angeles, we hear. This will advocate the same platform on which the above-mentioned patriot will run for office, and will add the Townsend Plan just to make sure. Then, too, there's the Jeep For Junior outfit, which will ask the government to give all surplus jeeps to high-school boys and girls to keep the military spirit alive in them; nothing about military spirit or any other spirit in the rest of us.

A SOLDIER back from the Pacific, after thirty months, has just left our office. He saw action at Peleliu and Saipan. "Outside of Okinawa," he told us, "things are pretty dull in the Pacific just now. Just sitting around waiting for those fellows in Europe to come over and show us how to lick the Japs."

AS FAR as we know, nobody has promoted a Be Kind To The Defeated Germans Week. But when somebody does, it will be time to launch a Be Kind To Promoters Week. There is, however, a Give Your Sunday Dinner to Europe movement under way. Mrs. Henry Dippley Branders of Buffalo seems to be back of it. We have written to Mrs. Branders asking her who's going to get our Sunday dinner, when we get it to give. We have heard nothing from her, but a Miss C. Nell, who may be Mrs. Branders' secretary for all we know, has sent us a note saying that Mrs. Branders is ill. Stomach trouble.

WE HAVE just received a manuscript with the arresting title The Future. The author, Mr. N. Pacewitz, starts thus: "I shall not tell you what I think of the future. It is awful." . . .

W. D.

# Swamis Beside the Potomac

Continued from page 21

messages coming through from the ether drift are so strenuous that Madame is sorry, but she is just too mentally exhausted to relay any more tidings that afternoon.

I went to Washington recently with three objectives: to have a reading by one much-vaunted seeress, to visit at the White House and to talk with the counselor of the British embassy. By evening of the second day, I had talked with the British embassy official, and had had tea at the White House. But the first moment the seeress could give me was on the 28th of the following month—forty-two days away.

On a return trip, I kept the coveted appointment, for which, in the meantime, I had been offered scalper prices. It was for a spirit ember reading—the specialty of this particular seeress, who, in a loquacious moment once remarked, "I guess I know more about what's going on in the government than anyone else in Washington."

She was white-haired, pseudo motherly, yet brisk and assured as she welcomed me into her library. Would I have the seven-fifty or the ten-dollar reading? I plumped for the five-dollar one. "Oh, no," she told me positively. "You want the ten-dollar reading. You only get the past for the five. The seven-fifty gives you past and present. But for ten you get all three—past, present, and your complete future."

I took the package offer.

We sat opposite each other at a broad and noticeably long desk, with a sooty incense burner between us. The seeress busied herself drawing a circle some four or five inches in diameter on a piece of pink paper, achieving an exact circle by running her pencil around a magnifying glass she had handy. She slid the paper across the desk, cautioning me to shield the circle with one hand so she couldn't possibly see it, and then to write the full name of my father, my mother, the man I loved, and my own. Under these I was to write my occupation, that of my beloved, and three questions about the future. Next I was to fold the paper, once lengthwise, once across.

"Are you going to read this?" I asked.

"Oh, no, I am just the earthly tool through which the spirits speak," she told me in a matter-of-fact voice. "I am going to burn the paper before your eyes. From the embers will come spirit emanations to answer your questions."

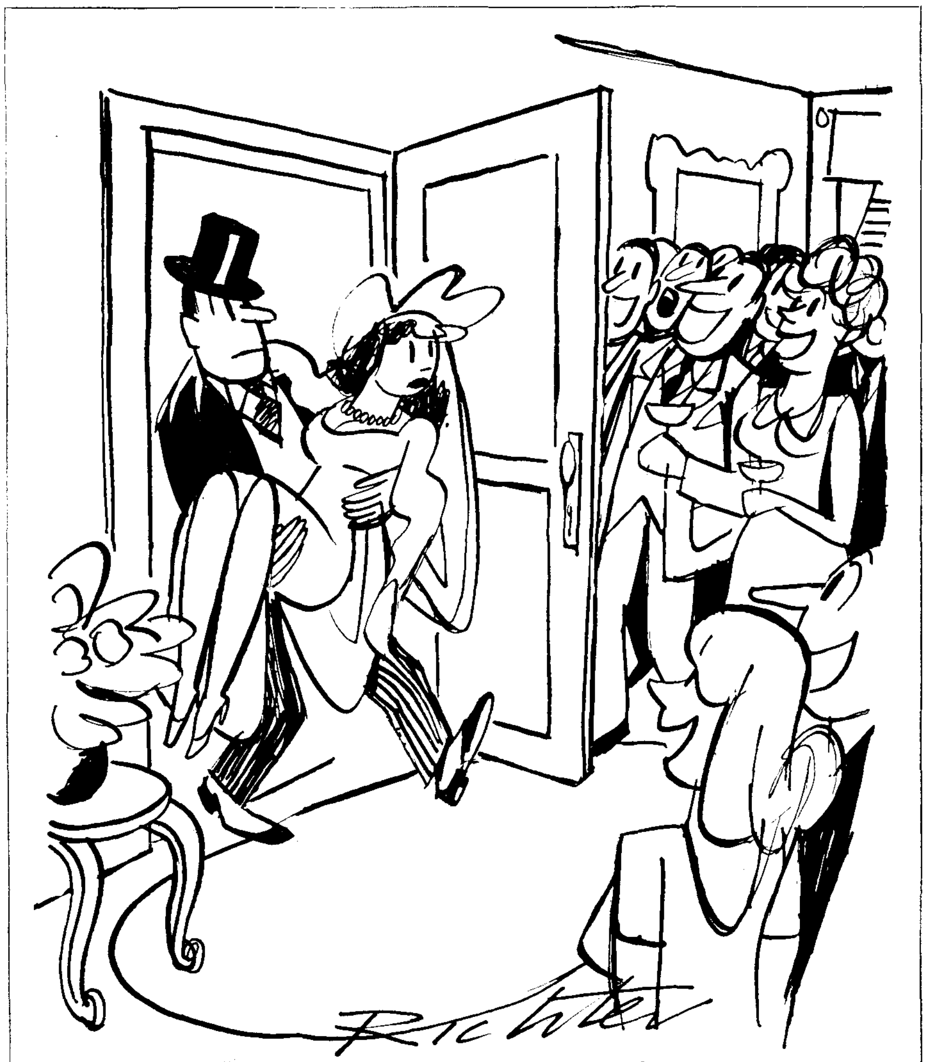
Shuffling two decks of playing cards together, the earthly tool handed me these jumbled cards with instructions to separate them into two piles over a four-leaf clover at the extreme right of the desk, so far to the right that anything happening in the center of the desk would be quite out of my line of vision. Whereupon she took the folded pink paper, held it conspicuously over the incense burner, tearing it apparently into shreds and then into bits. However, by ingenious tearing and quick palming, I suspected, only the outer rim was destroyed, the center circle remaining intact within the medium's palm.

### Where There's Smoke—There's Future

Dropping a lighted match into the bronze vessel, the seeress watched the spiraling smoke from the burning bits of paper and prepared to close her eyes in trance, cautioning me a little sharply: "Focus on your cards! Slower, slower! Concentrate on your wish!"

I concentrated, but out of the corner of my eye I saw her hands go down to her lap, just long enough to spread a paper there. The next time I glanced toward her, I noticed the magnifying glass was no longer lying on the desk. After this, there was only a short wait, and then the spirit emanations began. With head bowed in clasped hands, the picture of trancelike concentration—but also a position affording direct vision to the lap and any paper which happened to be under a magnifying glass there—the earthly tool whispered what undoubtedly could be called uncanny revelations.

She came forth with the exaggeratedly fic-



COLLIER'S

"Happy birthday to you, happy birthday to you, happy birthday, dear George, happy—"

MISCHA RICHTER

How we can have a neater-r-r kitchen

SHELF-CONSCIOUS?
Get yerself some of that fancy-edged shelf paper and hold it down with quick-stickin' "Scotch" Cellulose Tape. (Fer linen closet, too...and kitchen drawers.)

RECIPE FOR REC[illegible]
Clip 'em out of the paper and stick 'em in a scrapbook or on cards with crystal-clear "Scotch" Brand Tape. (Mend torn pages in yer cookin' book, too.)

[illegible]
Junior's school lunch takes a rare beating even before he eats it. "Scotch" Tape seals it tight...helps keep his sandwiches nice and fresh. (G-r-rand fer sealin' icebox leftovers, too.)

Raspberry 1945

DON'T [illegible]
when it's crab-apple instead of raspberry. Stick jam and jelly labels on with firm-holdin' "Scotch" Tape. They'll never fall off and leave you guessing. (Try it on spice boxes, too.)

I could go on and on . . . nobody's ever listed all of "Scotch" Tape's uses. You'll discover new ones every day. Too bad "Scotch" Tape is so hard to find right now, but it'll be back in your favorite store soon . . . ready once again to help you have a happier, neater home.

IT SEALS IT MENDS IT HOLDS

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE

FOR QUALITY ...*look for the* "SCOTCH" *trade-mark. It identifies the more than 100 varieties of adhesive tapes made in U. S. A. by Minnesota Mining & Mfg. Co., Saint Paul 6, Minn.*

SCOTCH Cellulose TAPE
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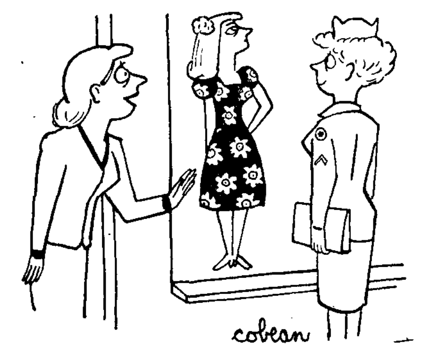


"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

titious names I had written for my father and mother, and then with studied hesitation, told me mine and the boy friend's. Beauty, I soon learned, was all around me. "You live with beauty and on it . . . you are steeped in it all day and every day. But the time has now come for you to try your own wings. I see you owning a shop of your own with money that comes from a white-haired gentleman." Could this have been because I listed my occupation as beauty-parlor operator and had asked what to do with Father's insurance money?

The reading lasted a half-hour. My ego was massaged, flattered and bolstered; I was counseled and cautioned in sweetly vague phrases, and told earnestly, "Come back in three months, honey. Something big is going to happen to you. The vibrations are not clear enough for me to see it now. But oh, it's so big, and I want to help you with it."

Some six or eight of Washington's highest-priced mediums, I found, use the spirit ember method. It was the favorite of one who died recently; she left an estate of $250,000.

### Getting Into Your Vibration

Psychometry is another favorite route to tomorrow. Its devotees define it as "the science of reading the future from personal articles." It draws droves of government clerks. Instead of going to the movies in the evening after work, five or six of them have dinner together and go on to a psychometry "demonstration." As one compiler in the Department of the Interior explains, "It's exciting drama, too, and you never can tell when you might learn something useful."

Tickets are $1. On the hour, you enter the room (a revamped parlor, an inner office, or a dining room), place a ring, a key, a pencil, a watch, or a flower on a center table, sit in a circle with a dozen men and women alternating. At a signal, the lights dim down, all join hands and sing Rockaby Baby. This mellow mingling of emanations evidently is all that is needed to entice the future into the room.

"The Moon is with Saturn," the medium begins, feeling her way through the astral. "And Uranus, restless Uranus, is moving through Jupiter. Mars is transitory in the long sign of Gemini. I have a woman's turquoise ring here. . . . Come to me, spirit. Help me help this woman. Yes, I'm beginning to see now. Thank you, spirit. There is trouble about this woman, mental trouble, great indecision and uncertainty. You don't know what to do. Somebody dear has gone away, with an R, J, or B in the name.

"Letters come to you from across water There's a change in a five. Five days, five weeks, five months. A big change. Wait for it, because Mars is malefic now. But you'll have things your way. New things, new faces, new love. Oh, hallelujah, the vibrations of money around you! There's a man with an S and an E in his name—maybe you don't know him yet, but he's going to influence your life. He's tall and distinguished and oh, so in love with you—when he comes along. There's no stopping your happiness!"

For forty-five minutes these tantalizingly suggestive messages come for each of the twelve. Whereupon the circuit with the infinite is disconnected, the group bowed out, and a new group bowed in. Thus an active psychometry practitioner, in a handy downtown location, has no difficulty at all in making $36 an evening.

Gypsy seers have houses on Massachusetts Avenue, and go in for Gothic tapestries, crystal chandeliers and French furniture. In a little black number that Hattie Carnegie might have run up, one of these Romany women ushered me into her Du Barry drawing room. Hardly had I crossed her palm with five dollars than she fixed her piercing black eyes on me and in hoarse dramatic whispers accused, "You are at your wits' end! You have been walked over! Treated like a doormat!"

I suggested maybe having a bad cold made me look that way.

"No! No!" she stormed. "Don't try to hide the truth from me. Your heart is breaking. People have used you and used you, and then thrown you away like a squeezed lemon. You can't go on any more. I know. I see and feel it. It's all about us in the ether drift. You are a dove in a storm, beating your wings! Can you deny it? Can you raise your right hand and swear you deny it? No, you can't. I knew it. The minute you walked in the door I knew it. I said to myself, 'There's a lamb that needs to get away from the wolves.' "

Her vigor was the spellbinding kind that cowed and silenced. She swept on and on with the same rich mélange of metaphors; she railed against my fate in burning bitter epithets; she urged me to assert myself just once, *just once;* and she interspersed the lengthy diatribe with bits of Scripture, the Psalms, and a gypsy-sounding litany that sounded pure Dorothy Draper. All the while she paced the room in tense strides, puffing contemptuously on a cigarette and then on a second one. She didn't say where she got them.

Just at the point where I was to learn how not to be a squeezed lemon and to fold my wings and stop them beating, a maid, who looked as though she might be a cook, tiptoed into the room and whispered to the quivering gypsy, whose eyebrows went up in puzzled thought. Then almost immediately she had the solution. She strode toward me menacingly.

"Transverse vibrations are engulfing us," she rasped. "We must stop them, quiet them! We must harness them to our will! But I can't do it; you can't do it! We need something of the earth to help us. Something strong. Go out from my door and search the streets of Washington. Go to the stores. . . . Yes, I have it! Go to a grocery store and buy me baking soda. That's of the earth. That has strength inside and out. That will rule out these transverse vibrations. Go quickly now, and come back. Lose no time. Run, run! Or these vibrations will overpower me!"

Baking soda that particular week in Washington, I learned, was one of those mysterious shortages which afflict grocery stores these OPA days, so I bought another product of the earth—washing soda. I hurried back to watch vibrations being put on a leash. One look at the package, and the gypsy dashed it to the floor.

"It's not baking soda!" she screamed. "It won't do. Oh, why didn't you get what I told you to?" She moaned in torment a minute, then turned abruptly and waved me out of the door with: "Come back some other time. Next week, or the week after when the electric fluid is more rhythmic."

As I stepped out on Washington's most fashionable residential street, something—an errant vibration, no doubt—seemed to tell me the baking soda had been intended for a devil's food cake the cook was making.

### Gypsy Sees All—Knows All

A short block took me to another gypsy, who got down to brass tacks immediately. The maid who admitted me collected three dollars and handed me a printed slip of paper. I was to check the subject which troubled me.

It was a little difficult to confine myself to one in such a provocative array as:

How to cast spells
How to read character on sight
How to control your glands
How to enchant your husband
How to act after 10:25 P.M.
How to make any person love you
How to choose your life work

Another Washington gypsy advertises her miraculous powers in the daily newspapers thus:

"For $1, Madame ——— guarantees to read your entire life, past, present and future; tells what part of the country is luckiest for you; tells whom and when you will marry, if the one you love is true or false; makes up lovers' quarrels and family troubles; reunites the separated; causes speedy, happy marriages; overcomes enemies and bad luck, so you can win and hold the one you love."

By no means least in the capital's hierarchy of seers are the astrologers. Washington is national headquarters for the American Federation of Scientific Astrologers, a society of some 10,000 members and locals all over the country, which issues a yearbook following the association's annual national convention.

Telephone their office, and you learn that horoscope-casting, like doctoring, is no longer a matter for the general practitioner, but a field of intense specialization. Predictive astrology, I was told, is now partitioned into some twenty subdivisions, such as Bio-Astrology, Business Astrology, Cosmic Astrology, Esoteric Astrology, Glandular Astrology, Natal Astrology, Radix Astrology, Triangular Astrology, Sexual Astrology, and Vocational Astrology.

Between them, these specialists advise on all human matters from love to the curing of cancer. One Washington Bio-Astrologer is doing a good business wringing from the stars advice on what pet is most suited to your zodiacal personality.

Aspects, I learned, are a very important part of casting horoscopes. Asked to define an aspect, one Washington astrologer told me: "It's the distance between planets and the ecliptic. We get harmony of effects when they are in trine and sextile. Much more than when they are in quadrature and opposition."

Washington's spiritualists are divided into a dozen camps. Some, calling themselves Ministers of Cosmic Science, have set up independent temples in office buildings and hotel rooms; others affiliated with the several national spiritualist organizations have established regular churches and séance halls. But all are busy bringing spirit tidings and "spirit telegrams" for five or six hours daily to something like 10,000 customers a week, according to a conservative estimate by the Metropolitan Police Bureau. One downtown séance auditorium became so packed last winter that one medium couldn't make the rounds in a single séance. Now three mediums deliver messages simultaneously without, apparently, a single wrong astral number.

Mothers who want messages from dead children are the most frequent and tragic customers at these séances, and the most easily deceived with vague phrases. One medium makes a lucrative point of the fact that her son died in battle, which, she claims, gives her a more direct "spirit route" to other dead soldiers. Willing to believe this, a set of service mothers go regularly to her each week, at $1 per visit, for a greeting, a comforting phrase, or a bit of trivial advice which she relays to them from the spirits of their dead sons.

### F.B.I. on the Alert

Such practices are legal anywhere in the United States because they are done under the guise of religion. The Federal Bureau of Investigation steps in only when any of these mystic doings involve draft evasion. There have been several F.B.I. prosecutions recently in the District and in near-by Virginia where herb doctors and hoodoo artists have been selling "magic potions" for $150 or more which, when sprinkled on a selectee's feet before going to the induction center, were guaranteed to bring about his rejection. F.B.I. analysis of the magic potion invariably showed it to be a concoction of common salt and powdered roots of weeds.

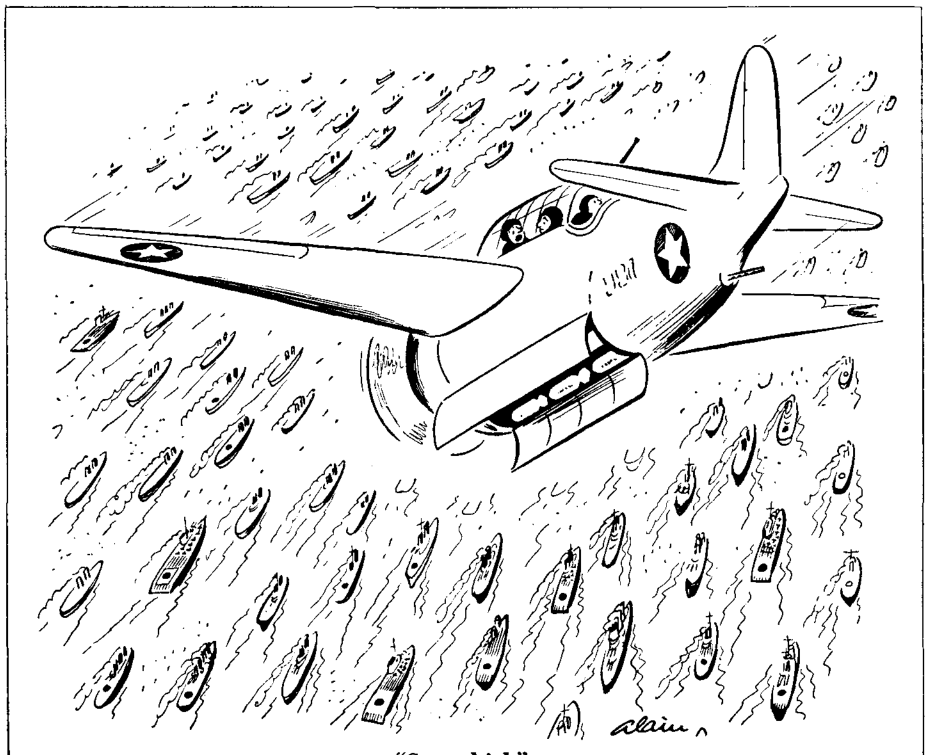
Nation-wide legislation to curb the more resolute malpractors has been attempted several times, but has failed because it has bumped squarely into the "freedom of religion" guarantee. Some eight years ago, Washington slapped a high tax on licenses for all mediums. This was a planned first step in making the District a test case, as a preliminary to sound federal laws.

A House Committee, with an ex-vaudeville magician on it, investigated, accumulated shocking cases of malfeasance, and was drawing up legislation when delegates of some six or seven spiritualistic cults appeared before them and hurled charges of interfering with the practice of religion, claiming a membership of some 17,000,000 Americans. Without an appropriation to check such claims, the House Committee pigeonholed its drafted legislation and has done nothing about it since.

I asked one congressman about it in a Capitol corridor. "If it's like it is here in Washington," he said ruefully, "you can depend it's the same straight across the country. Last year emotionally immature Americans spent close to four million dollars on fortunetelling. The question is: Do people of that kind really want to be protected or do they prefer being duped?"

As he spoke, he stepped aside to let a little white-haired lady pass. She went on along the corridor to offices four or five doors beyond. There was no mistaking her face. She was the regular medium come to hold a séance over a bill to be presented before the House that day.

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Say which"

D. ALAIN

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Maud Tousey Fangel

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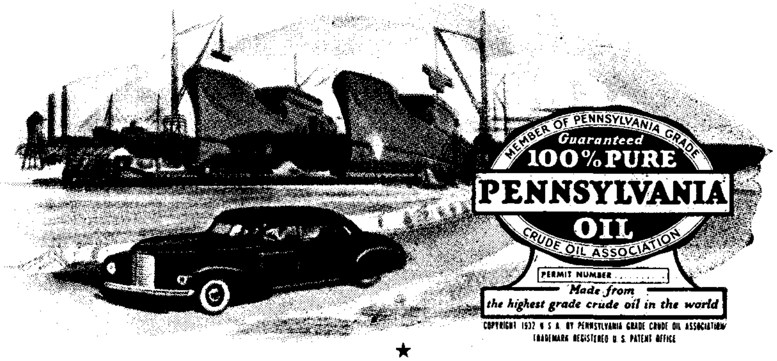
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Makes your old car look like new

Don't put off the job any longer. It is easy to make that old dull finish sparkle like new—and it takes very little time. Try No. 7 Polish—there's nothing quicker or easier to use. A good polishing now will give swell results and make the finish last longer.

Clean rust and scale out of your radiator

The older the car, the more important it is to clean out the cooling system regularly. Avoid radiator troubles and expensive repairs by using Du Pont's Cleanser now. It removes rust, scale and grease thoroughly and quickly without harming the hose, packing or metal parts.

DU PONT AUTO COOLING SYSTEM CLEANSER Dissolves rust. Does not require reverse flushing

DU PONT
Cooling System Cleanser

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING ...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

DU PONT REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

## Goodby, Gutrude

Continued from page 36

was safe to remove the license plates. It worked all right. They didn't go near the fence but seemed now to like to play on the hillside behind the barn, a hundred yards or so from the front porch of the house. The top step of the porch was Henry's favorite sitting place, so the goats were under his eye most of the afternoon. The brown one, as he often told Mrs. Moller, was smart as a man—maybe smarter. The way she figured out what a gun was, proved it, for one thing.

Henry's barn was built against the sheer hillside; the back wall was solid rock. The goats played and browsed on the hill, and often ran out on the barn roof. The ridgepole rested on a rock and the goats would run nimbly the full length of the roof and pose at the very edge, looking down on the farmyard and Henry. The fifty-foot drop did not seem to worry them, but at first it made Henry nervous to watch them there, right over his head, as you might say.

It was while playing on the barn roof and the hillside behind it that Gutrude learned about the rifle. Henry kept it handy on the porch beside him, and often got a shot at a rabbit or squirrel on the hill, or at a hawk. Five times in thirty years he had killed deer from his seat on the top step, and once a bobcat, but digger squirrels and gray squirrels were his regular targets.

AT FIRST the crack of the gun would send the goats scattering in all directions, but before long, the brown goat connected the shooting with Henry's trips to the hillside, and then with the bloody animals. She got so that when she heard the rifle, she would go over and sniff at whatever he shot, and if the hound was there, she ran him off. Henry thought some of teaching her to retrieve, but she didn't take to it. It was just that she didn't want to, Henry said. She was smart enough.

Only the white goat was milking, though Henry insisted that Gutrude would come in any day. Mrs. Moller refused to have anything to do with the animals, and Henry milked the white goat himself, twice a day. There was not very much milk, and Henry did not particularly like what there was, but the storekeeper told him that it was mostly used by invalids and people like that.

"Same as medicine," Henry told his wife. "Only better for you."

Mrs. Moller retorted, "Any doctor tries to give *me* such a medicine, better get ready to heal himself in a hurry. That's all I got to say."

Henry skimmed and saved the top of the milk and soured it, and one day he put it in the churn and made butter. He proudly brought it into the kitchen.

"There," he said. "How do you like that?"

Mrs. Moller sniffed suspiciously. "What is it? Another worthless patent remedy for your rheumatism? I told you a thousand times, if you wasn't such an out-and-out coward, you'd take and let a bee sting you, and—"

"It's butter," Henry said.

"Butter? Go on! Not from none of our cows."

"It's goat's butter, the best there is!"

Mrs. Moller said, "Well, that's a part with the rest of it. White butter! If that isn't the most miserable-looking stuff *I* ever saw! Why, I wouldn't rub that on my chest, if it had turpentine in it."

"Now, listen here," Henry told her. "Goat's butter is the best there is, ten times as rich as cow butter. There's people won't use any other kind, and pay a fancy price for it, too."

"Are you out of your mind?" Mrs. Moller asked, beginning to get mad. "Look at it—just look at it! None so blind as them that's bullheaded! Anybody knows that the richer the butter, the yellower it is."

"Cow's butter is different," Henry said, trying to reason with her. "This is goat's butter. It's *supposed* to be white."

"I'll stick to real butter," his wife said.

"You could put a little yellow coloring in it," Henry argued.

Mrs. Moller gave him a push toward the door. "Go on, get out of here with that stuff! I don't want it in *my* kitchen. Why, I'll bet the dog won't eat it."

"The pigs like the milk," Henry said.

"You can't faze a pig," retorted Mrs. Moller, pushing him out of the kitchen. "Color it! It's bad enough to be fooled, but anybody who goes out of his way to fool himself is plain crazy, if you ask me."

Henry saw there was no use reasoning with her and he went out, yelling, "Nobody asked you! And I bet the dog *will* eat it."

He went into the yard, calling Frederick. But the hound thought Henry had discovered the shell of the egg he had found near the woodshed and pretended he was deaf, and moved away. Henry walked to the barn, whistling and calling, the butter melting in the sun. He looked into the corral and stopped, staring, then let out a whoop that brought his wife on the run.

"What is it?" she panted. "Henry, what's happened?"

"Look at there! She done it," Henry said, pointing into the corral. Gutrude was gently trying to nudge a damp brown kid up from its knees, and two white kids stood shakily beside her.

"Three of them," Henry crowed. "Don't that prove she's a pure Togglebird?"

"I thought you'd been fool enough to eat some of that white stuff, when I heard you holler," his wife said. "Six goats—two more will put us on the county."

"No such thing! You wait and see," Henry told her. "If one's a female, and she ought to be, I'll keep her for breeding stock, and sell the others for what I give for the big ones. Then we'll see who was smart to get into the goat business! Maybe you'll sing a different tune when the money starts rolling in."

Mrs. Moller gave him a look and went back to her kitchen, but Henry stayed where he was and watched the kids until she called him for supper. He spent the evening beside the lamp, figuring profits, and before he went to bed, he walked outside with the lantern for a last look at Gutrude and her triplets.

IN a few days, the three kids were scrambling over the steep hillside and running out along the ridgepole of the barn with the other goats. When Henry judged they were old enough to wean, he loaded the two white ones into his truck and went to town. He was gay and cheerful when he left, but he returned in a different mood.

When he unloaded the kids, and Gutrude came running to greet them, he kicked her. He ate supper without speaking a word, but he sat mumbling to himself long after his wife had gone to bed. She did not ask any questions, knowing that when Henry had simmered long enough, he would boil over and spill everything.

No one in town had wanted any goats, Henry finally told her. Everyone laughed at him except a coyote trapper, who offered to take the kids and experiment with them as bait. He wasn't willing to pay anything for the kids, but if the experiment was a success he would spread the word around, he said, and then Henry would have a market for his goats.

Late in the afternoon when he was about to give up, Henry got his one and only cash offer, from the Greek janitor in the Hark Rock Bar and Grill. He was willing to pay Henry fifty cents each for the two kids.

"A dollar!" Henry cried, when he told his wife about that. "That's the trouble with this country, behind the times—always behind the times. Why, I bet you couldn't sell them people down there a diamond. No, they wouldn't know what it was good for. You couldn't *give* it away. They are the most backward, ignorant—well, I should have known better, that's all."

"Bosh," Mrs. Moller said. "The long and short of it is: a goat ain't worth killing. They know it and so do you, only you won't admit it. Storekeeper put one over on you, that's all."

"He did not! Why, he showed it to me right there in a book, how there was big money in goats. Is it right to blame me if the people in this country are too ignorant to know it?"

Henry didn't sound convincing, even to himself, but a few days later he was cheerful again. That was after the next trip to the store with eggs. Mrs. Moller went along, to see that he kept out of mischief, but while she was doing her buying, she noticed that he and Joe Fish were whispering together, and it made her uneasy.

She moved close enough to overhear Henry say, "Yes, sir! If I'd stopped to think a minute, I'd knowed without being told, but I'm obliged just the same. Only this morning I said to myself, I says, 'Henry, what's the whole trouble with them goats of yours?' Then quick as a flash I—"

He glanced around and saw his wife. "Well, Joe," he said quick like, "glad to've seen you. Well, got to be moving. Work to do—you know how that is. See you in a day or two, Joe."

Joe said, "But wait a minute. I didn't give you the address of that man who—"

"See you in a day or two," Henry repeated hoarsely.

Mrs. Moller asked no questions on the ride home, or later. She was waiting for Henry to boil over.

NEXT morning at breakfast he said, "Know what's wrong with them goats?"

"Ain't I been telling you right along?"

"I'm not talking about the smell. They're the wrong kind of goat, is all," Henry said. "I knew it right along, but I didn't like to say so, for fear storekeeper would want them back."

"Likely!"

"Well, I don't like a man to think I stung him too bad. See, a Togglebird, like Gutrude, is a milk goat, which is all right if you're an invalid or a backward child, or like that. But the money is in wool goats. Ungorreys, they call 'em."

"Angoras," Mrs. Moller said, sliding three fresh hotcakes on his plate.

"Something like that," Henry agreed, reaching for the butter. "Now what I need is—" He loaded his mouth and as he chewed, his expression slowly changed, and he talked no more about Angora goats.

Mrs. Moller worried about those Angora goats bottled up inside of him, especially as she planned to go over the mountain to visit their married daughter. She felt that it was a bad time to leave Henry to himself. Henry was still being stubborn about the goats, and once he had his neck bowed, nothing would stop him but a stone wall. But she had been looking forward to this trip all summer, and it would only be for three days. Henry could not get into much in three days.

She might have known better. When she got home, the first thing she noticed, even before she took her hat off, or her shoes, which were killing her, was that there were only three cows in the pasture lot.

She turned on Henry and demanded, "Where's the other two cows, Henry?"

"Well, it was like this," Henry said, too loudly; "Joe Fish knew of a man who raised Ungorrey goats. This man has a big place, and he's got a thousand goats or more, and makes twice what any cattleman in this—"

"Henry—will you tell me where the cows are?"

"Can't you give a man a chance? He don't fool with nothing but pure Ungorreys, and—"

"Will you stop beating around the bush?"

Henry howled, "I'm trying to tell you I sold 'em!"

Mrs. Moller sat down with a thump. "Which ones, Henry?"

"The Jerseys."

Mrs. Moller said sadly, "You never did forgive poor Brownie for stepping on your foot, even though it was an accident. That cow had no more meanness in her than a baby!"

"That didn't have nothing to do with it. But I got a hundred and fifteen for the two of them, and the others—"

His wife interrupted again, anxiously, "Where's the money, Henry?"

"Don't you start worrying about the money. It's safe," Henry said. "You must be pretty tired after your trip. Here, let me help you off with your coat. What're you figuring on for dinner?"

"You let me alone till I get to the bottom of this. I want to know where's the money for the cows. Safe where? In the bank?"

"Same as in the bank. I invested it."

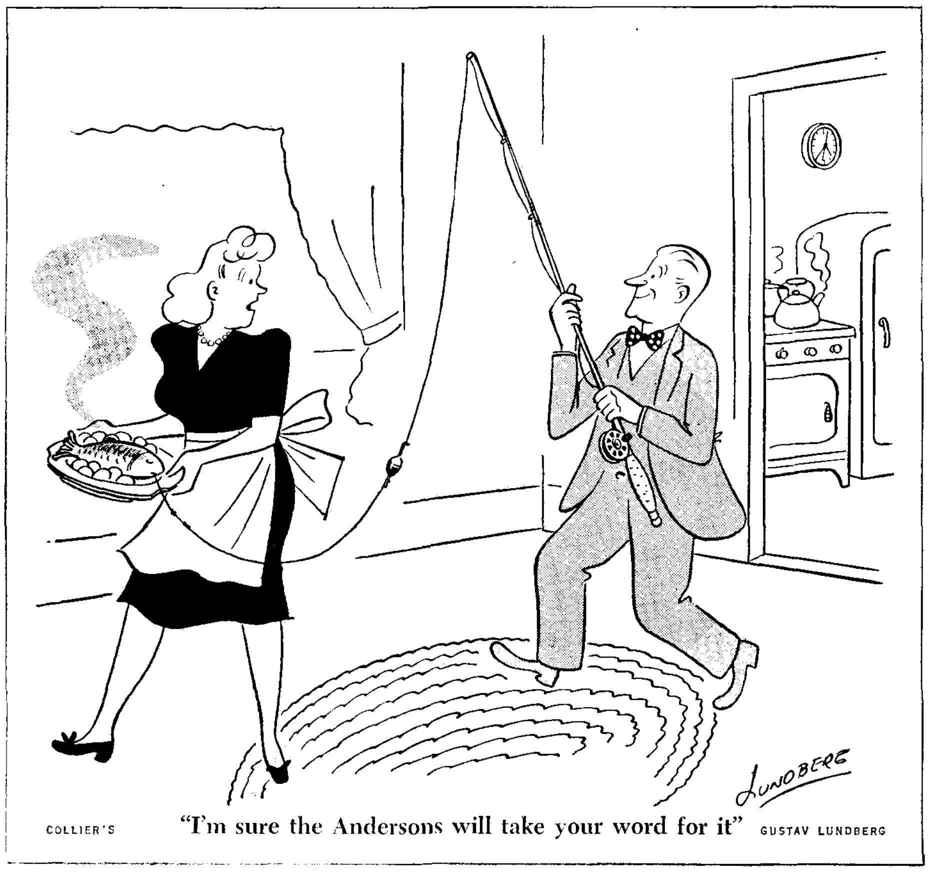
Mrs. Moller began to fan herself with her hat. "Henry, you didn't—nobody could spend all that money for goats. Could they?"

"Trouble with women," Henry said, "they lack business sense. A pure Ungorrey has been known to sell as high as four hundred dollars. When you can sell a goat for four hundred, where does your cows come in at?"

"Henry—all of it? The whole hundred and fifteen?"

"He wanted a hundred and twenty-five," Henry said. "Now, don't take on about it. Just stop and think a minute. I got four does, counting the kids. I got a pure Ungorrey buck. That makes my next kids half pure, don't it? Hundred and fifteen . . . let's say fifty dollars, to make it round numbers, and play safe. Three kids from each goat, call it two, so we're sure of not overestimating, and what have you got? Four hundred dollars—look, I got it figured out here on this paper in black and white. See for yourself."

Mrs. Moller got up without a word and



COLLIER'S "I'm sure the Andersons will take your word for it" GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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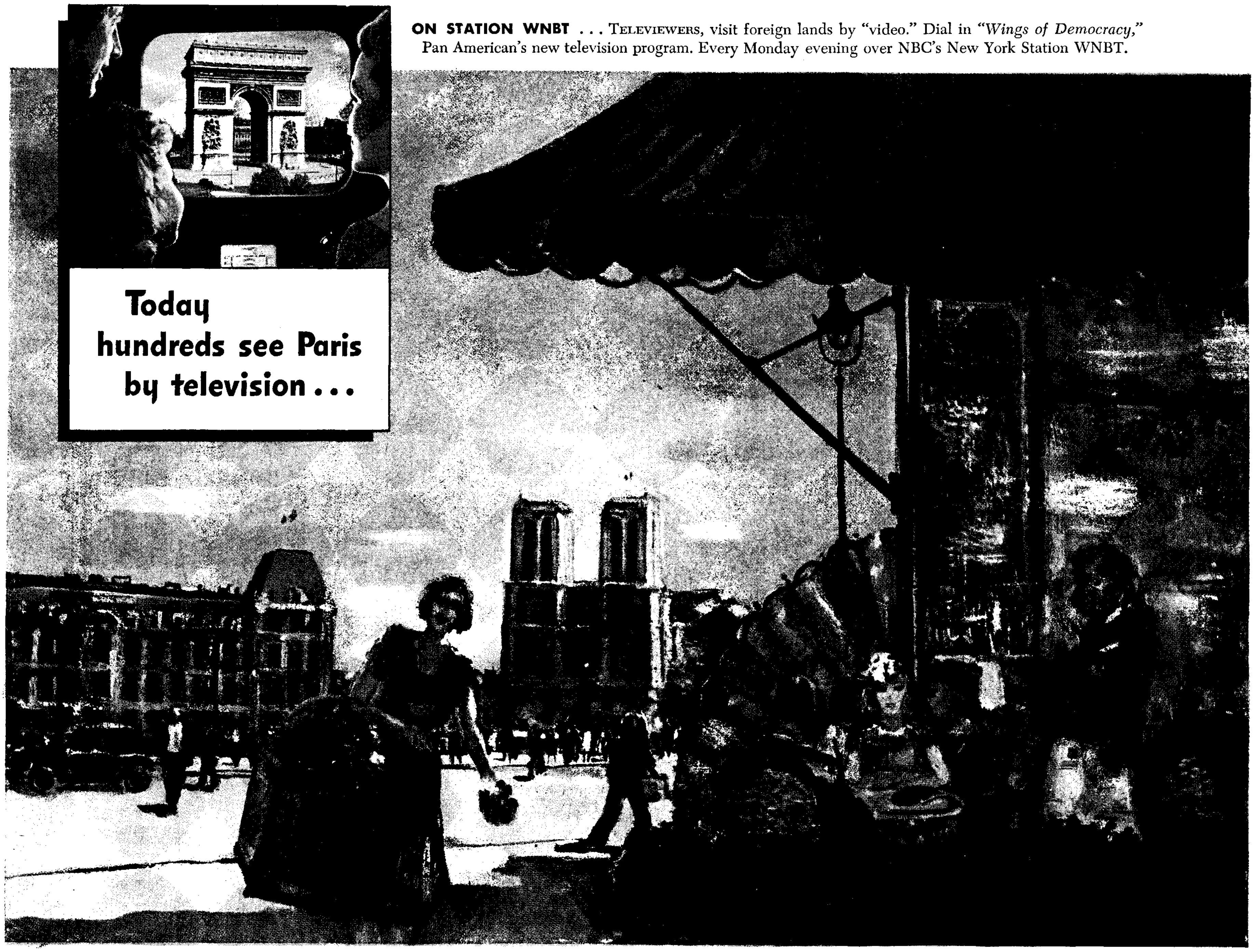

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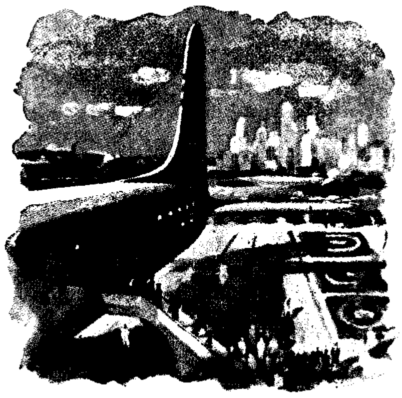

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went into the bedroom, slamming the door behind her. . . .

Chew Baker brought the buck up from the freight office in town, a couple of days later, and Henry hauled him to the ranch before opening the crate. He was a little disappointed. He had expected the goat to be black.

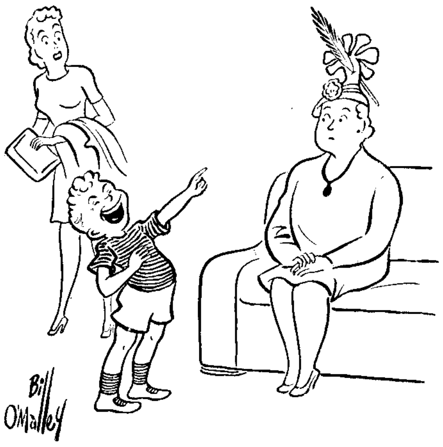
"Just had it in my mind that it would be," Henry told his wife, who by now had realized she could do nothing but resign herself to his plan. "I guess it was Scripture put that into my head. It says the sheep shall be separated from the goats, and you always think of the bad ones as black sheep. I guess that must have been why."

"He don't look like a hundred and fifteen dollars worth of animal to me, Henry."

"That's because he's been clipped. That wool grows so long he can't walk. You wait and see."

THE other goats were on the barn roof, Gutrude at the very end, peering down at the truck.

Henry looked up at her and said. "She'll show him the ropes. One thing about Togglebirds, they're the smartest. Crossing her with this pure Ungorrey, I might even get an entirely new brand of goat."



Henry knocked the end out of the crate, and he and Mrs. Moller went to the porch and sat down to watch. Mrs. Moller said she was curious to see how a hundred and fifteen dollars worth of goat would behave, and she muttered, "Miserable critter ought to talk, for that."

Henry did not hear. He was trying to think of a name for the new goat. The Angora buck put his head out and looked around haughtily. From the top of the barn Gutrude bleated.

"How about the Duke of Buckminister?" Henry said. "That's English, and high and mighty."

Gutrude, her two companions, and the three kids ran along the barn roof to the hillside and came bounding down. Gutrude was the first to arrive in the yard. She and the Angora touched noses.

"Look at him kiss her," Henry cried.

The stranger put his head down and ran at the white buck. The white buck turned and ran back to the hillside, the Angora after him. The others kicked and pranced along behind them. The Angora stopped to nibble an oak leaf, and the white buck watched from a safe distance.

"Ramusees, that's what I'll call him." Henry said. He watched the goats working up the hillside and went on, dreaming out loud: "I'm going to get a new car, first thing. Say a couple of hundred dollars. Then—well, I expect you want a new dress or something."

"I'll get a washing machine like your sister's, but I'll wait till I see the money."

"You'll see it, all right," Henry said. "Thought I got fooled on them goats, didn't you? Never got a new car from the cows, did you?"

The goats moved higher on the hill and Henry watched them, feeling rich and allover good. The kids ran out on the barn ridgepole, crowding one after the other. The white buck came out to join them, and the brown kid trotted to the edge of the roof and looked down at Henry on the porch.

The Angora had been keeping one eye on the white buck, but when he moved toward the ridgepole, the white buck swung nimbly about and pushed past him, back onto the hillside. The kids followed in a rush, but the Angora only lowered his head and let them go by. Then he sniffed at the ridgepole and stepped on it confidently. He walked out and looked down into the yard as though he had been doing it all his life.

"Look at him. Right at home, ain't he?" Henry said.

The white buck started back out on the roof followed by the white doe and the three kids. Gutrude came along next. The white buck halted at the far end of the ridgepole, lifted his head and sniffed in the direction of the Angora, and then he put his head down and charged. The Angora fell like a rock, headfirst, and never so much as kicked after he landed.

"Oh, my goodness!" cried Mrs. Moller. "Won't that hurt them, Henry?"

Henry looked, she afterward said, as though the buck had lit on *his* head. His eyes popped out and his underlip trembled, but he didn't say a word. Mrs. Moller ran across the yard and bent over the Angora. The white buck blatted in a cheerful way.

"I'll fix you!" Mrs. Moller heard Henry say, as she turned to tell him the Angora's neck was broken.

Henry's right hand was reaching for the rifle that always stood handy on the porch.

His wife cried, "Henry! What're you doing?"

Henry didn't hear her. He looked over the sights, and the rifle cracked. Mrs. Moller had to run to get out from under the white buck, who tumbled down on top of the Angora. Henry said, "Hah!" and the rifle whanged again, and a kid came down. Henry said, "Hah!" again, and Mrs. Moller saw that he was smiling. He fired again.

Mrs. Moller looked up and saw the brown kid standing curiously at the end of the ridgepole, looking down, and she shut her eyes and put her hands over her ears, but she couldn't shut out the crack of the gun.

Gutrude had been looking at the hillside to see what all the shooting was about. She glanced over her shoulder in time to see the brown kid go, and the white doe take its place. She heard the shot, she saw the white doe rear and pitch over the edge of the roof. Gutrude didn't wait for any more. She went off the roof and across the hillside like a rocket.

BILL O'MALLEY

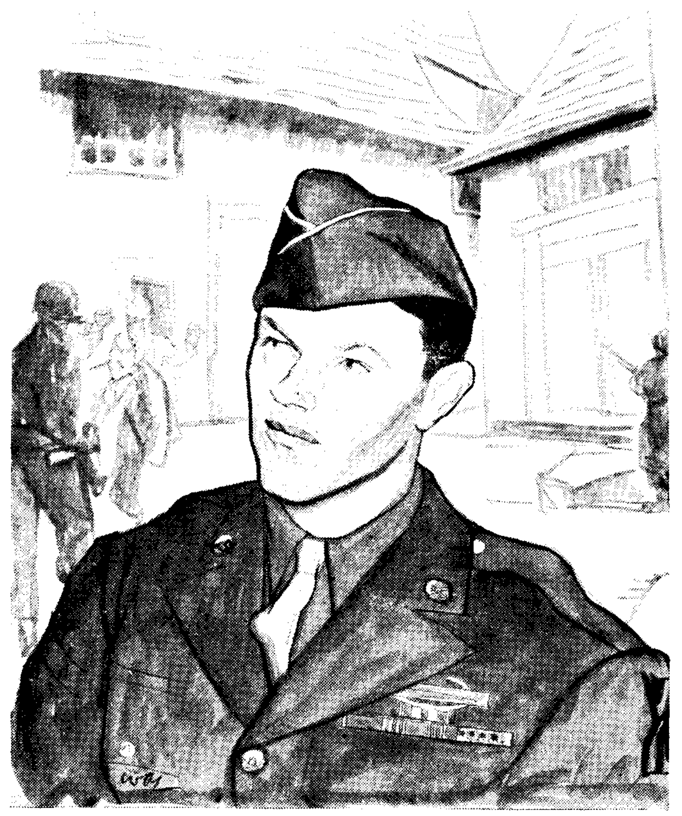
Henry had two shots left, but he missed both times, and she kept right on traveling until she was over the hill.

AFTER he got over being so mad, Henry said he was sorry he shot the other goats. He says he wishes he had waited and set fire to them.

Mrs. Moller says he is just talking, because Henry really is a kindhearted man, even if his bald head and no teeth makes him look like a mean old turtle. He goes out in the woods every now and then, trying to coax Gutrude back home, but he never gets within a mile of her.

Hunters glimpse her once in a while, but no man alive is fast enough to put his sights on her. Henry educated her, and she stayed educated. He says you can't really blame her for mistrusting him, though a smart Togglebird should know he wouldn't have missed those last two shots if he had been trying his best.

THE END



# THE Heroes

## Technician Fifth Grade
## ROBERT D. MAXWELL

### XXXV

COURAGE, like everything else, has its kinds and degrees. No one would detract a hair's weight from the bravery of the firing line, but in battle there is the heartening touch of a comrade's shoulder, the excitement of the charge, and the 50-50 chance of coming out alive. All these aids are lacking in those epic instances where men make death a deliberate choice, well knowing in the split second of decision that they are saying goodby to life.

Take for example the men who stay at their posts below deck, fighting to keep a blazing ship afloat, electing to die in the flames so that their fellows may escape; or the wounded submarine commander, who knows that his rescue may mean the loss of boat and crew, and gives the order, "Take her down," while he himself stays topside. The records of the armed forces are thick with such cases of devoted sacrifice.

Of the many, however, one that stands out for sheer drama and sustained fortitude is that of Technician Fifth Grade Robert D. Maxwell, who covered a German hand grenade with his body, smothering the explosion that would have killed every member of his group. Three states have a right to claim this heroic youngster, for while born in Boise, Idaho, he made his home with a grandmother near Cottage Grove, Oregon, and at the time of his induction into the Army, was a timber worker in Larimer County, Colorado.

A communications platoon lineman with the 7th Regiment of the Third Infantry Division, 24-year-old Bob Maxwell first showed the stuff of which he was made in the Italian campaign. Once he stayed on a vital job of wire repairing for three hours under heavy shellfire, refusing to quit even when shrapnel tore great gashes in both legs. For this he was awarded the Silver Star and the Purple Heart, the citation praising him for "conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity at risk of life above and beyond the call of duty."

What happened in France, therefore, came as no surprise either to his officers or his comrades. The scene was on the outskirts of Besançon, and the time, September, 1944. With the Third Infantry Division advancing on the town, the battalion commander and his staff occupied a suburban villa as an observation post, while young Maxwell and three others had their station in a small front courtyard, watching the wires. Suddenly a German platoon, having managed to infiltrate through the battalion's forward companies, popped up out of a draw some fifteen yards away and let loose with a hail of machine-gun fire.

Bob Maxwell and his three buddies were armed only with .45-caliber automatic pistols, but all agreed that the thing to do was to stand off the Germans until the observation post could be evacuated. A low wall, topped with chicken wire, afforded a measure of protection, and from behind this barricade the quartet started to fight a delaying action. At that, every shot meant that a head had to be raised up above the shelter of the wall, a target for the Germans. By some miracle, however, the four went unwounded, and their unerring marksmanship picked off the enemy in such numbers that they did not dare risk a charge. Greatest luck of all, the blessed chicken wire caught the rain of hand grenades and bounced them back.

"Maxwell's courage was what held us together," reports Technician Fourth Grade Cyril F. McColl of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. "The machine-gun fire was just clearing his head, but he sat there taking pot shots at everything that moved. Our wall was beginning to crumble, and I was thinking how nice it would be to get out of there, when a grenade came over the chicken wire, and hit the cement floor right at our feet.

"We were all jammed together in a bunch, and it sure looked as though our numbers were up. And then Maxwell, quick as lightning, made a lunge, throwing himself right on top of the grenade. A second later came the explosion, but Bob's body smothered it, and while the rest of us were blown off our feet, we got up without a scratch. We started to pick him up and beat it, but he made us leave him and keep on fighting. Only when the battalion commander and his staff had moved out of the house would he let us hustle him back to an aid station."

The surgeons saved his life, although still wondering how they did it, and at this writing Technician Fifth Grade Robert D. Maxwell is back in the United States, undergoing treatment that may save him from being permanently maimed. And when his tortured body mends sufficiently, representatives of the War Department will present him with the Medal of Honor to place beside his Silver Star and Purple Heart. There was no waiting, however, on the part of the Third Infantry Division for, as it swept on across France into Germany, each successive victory was dedicated to Bob Maxwell. . . . GEORGE CREEL

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# Woman at Bay

Continued from page 20

he did not know what else to do, he gingerly began to search the man's pockets.

He replaced the things in each pocket as he inspected them, but there was not much to see. Matches and cigarettes and a handkerchief, some change, a knife, keys.

Of these latter, four were on a ring and one was separate. It looked like an ordinary house key but a little paper tag was attached to it and on the tag was the number 6.

MacKinnon stood up, gray eyes narrowed and remote, and a hardness at the angles of his jaw, knowing now that if this was the key to Manuel Zayas' rooms, they were certainly worth a search.

His mind made up, he went to the bureau and took out the gun he had borrowed from Tom Lanning that afternoon. When he had taken another glance about the room, he went out. . . .

Paul MacKinnon parked his little sedan just off Aquila, in about the same place he had stood that afternoon with Leon Vidal. It was very dark here, very quiet with the motor off, and though he had no trouble identifying the house Zayas had entered, he took time to do a little reconnoitering while his mind checked certain things.

The knife and sheath were gone, thrown into the canal from the wall along San Pedro Street. He had not, so far as he knew, been followed and now, with his lights off, there was no movement on this street. There were some parked cars, a dozen or so in the block, but none directly in front of the house which interested him.

He got out of the car and started down the street.

The house MacKinnon stopped in front of was like this: There were four wide windows, two on each floor, and above the top two were two other smaller windows at a slightly higher level. Light glowed behind the curtains of the lower left-hand window, and somewhere inside another light burned, for MacKinnon could see dimly the lower hall and stairs through the main arched entryway, the door of which stood open.

He hesitated while a car drummed past on Aquila. Then he looked up and down the street and, seeing nothing else, stepped through the doorway into a wide paved hall.

On the immediate right and left were doors, and a stairway lay against the left wall, mounting straight to the second floor. MacKinnon walked quietly past the stairway. There were two other doors beyond, and at the end an arched opening gave on a rear court.

IT WAS much darker here, and he went all the way back to look closely at the numbers on the doors and to glance into the court, finding it enclosed on two sides by adjacent buildings, with a six-foot stone wall at the rear.

The second story was a duplicate of the first except that the hall was floored with rough planks instead of stone, and it was here, dangling from the ceiling just back of the stairs, that the single bulb burned dimly.

A board creaked loudly under MacKinnon's weight, startling him. He stopped and listened and then went on, moving quickly along the hall until he came to Number Six.

"Okay," he said, and tried the key. When he found that it fitted, he turned the lock as quietly as he could, palmed the knob and released the catch.

The door swung open. He hesitated, half in and half out of the room but leaning in, listening hard. When he heard no sound but the steady pumping of his heart, he slipped inside and shut the door after him.

After a moment he struck a match. He had a shadowed glimpse of a bare-looking room before he found the switch on his left; then light blazed beneath a green tin shade and he could see where he was.

The room was squarish, poorly furnished. There was a window in one wall, a door on the left. The floor was partially covered by a fiber rug, stained and worn threadbare. There was an ancient table, a couple of chairs, a dirty couch, a high chest of drawers, an alcove across which was a curtain.

MacKinnon walked to this, pulled the curtain back. Three suits hung here and there was a metal-bound trunk, now locked.

Oh, great! MacKinnon thought. Some detective! You couldn't have thought to bring the rest of the keys.

He backed out of the alcove, muttering, and went through the open door to a room which, with the light on, proved to be a combination kitchen, dining room and bedroom.

The shaded lamp still swung slightly when he returned to the other room, making the shadows move. He reached up and steadied the shade. He turned and the shadows still moved, so sharply now that he stopped and wheeled, and then he saw his own shadow against the wall and knew it was this which had moved. He told himself he was being ridiculous; no one was here now.

He argued this way and it made sense, but it did not comfort him, and when he could no longer shake the feeling that someone was outside waiting, he turned angrily and reached for the doorknob.

He yanked the gun from his belt as he opened the door. He stopped, seeing nothing, and leaned out. The hall was empty and still.

For a moment he felt better. He felt sheepish and ashamed, but he was no longer coldly tense. He put the gun back and closed the door and started across the room to the alcove.

He yanked the curtain aside and tried to open the trunk, tugging at the lid and twisting at the lock. Then, in spite of himself, he stopped.

The conviction that someone was close was now too strong to ignore. Someone had moved, not in the hall, but in this room.

Abruptly he stiffened; then he spun about, knowing at last why the conviction had been so powerful.

The door was open and two men stood watching him.

One was the slim, hard-eyed Rodriguez. The other was his round-faced assistant—Tomas Garay. Garay wasn't smiling now. In his right hand was a heavy, short-barreled revolver.

Rodriguez came in slowly, his quick dark eyes prying at the shadowed corners. Tomas Garay closed the door. MacKinnon knew now there was nothing he could do but talk, and he said with more irony than anger:

"My luck can't be that bad. You just didn't *happen* to be passing by."

Rodriguez shook his head. "Watch him, Tomas," he said, and started to circle behind MacKinnon. "You won't mind if I take the usual precaution."

MacKinnon said, "Help yourself," and stood still while Rodriguez came up behind and slapped his hands expertly here and there until he found the gun. He took it.

"H'mm," he said, stepping back and examining it. "You do not seem to have much trouble arming yourself."

"My trouble," MacKinnon said, "is that it never does me any good."

Rodriguez pocketed the gun, moving about the room, peering into the alcove and into the kitchen.

"No," he said, answering MacKinnon's first question. "We did not just *happen* to be passing by."

"You were waiting outside in a car."

"For Manuel Zayas."

"Oh?"

"You have a key to this door." It was a statement rather than a question.

"Have I?"

"It was locked when we came up. That was fifteen or twenty minutes before you arrived. I would like the key, please."

MacKinnon hesitated only a moment. He pulled out the key and tossed it to the lieutenant.

Rodriguez caught it, glanced at it. "Thank you. Now if you will tell me where you got it . . ."

MacKinnon knew he couldn't win but he wanted to try, and he might have offered one of a couple of stories had not Rodriguez said, "Did you cut yourself, Mr. MacKinnon?"

AS HE spoke, Rodriguez stepped up and took MacKinnon's arm. He lifted it and in the reflected light the bloodstain on the cuff of the sleeve seemed very bright and red.

MacKinnon sighed. "No," he said, and now he knew it was no good stalling.

He could say what he liked, but the next step would be a visit to the Habana Hotel, accompanied by Rodriguez and Garay. Most likely his room would be the first stop, and after that, still not knowing what the score was, would come a trip to the local pokey.

"I'll tell you what I'll do." He took out a cigarette and waved it in simulated unconcern. "I'll tell you where I got the key if you'll tell why you were waiting here and who this guy Zayas is."

Rodriguez's lips moved in a wry smile. "It occurs to me that you are in no position to bargain, Mr. MacKinnon. I think you will want to explain—"

"Sure," MacKinnon cut in. "But not now. That makes a difference."

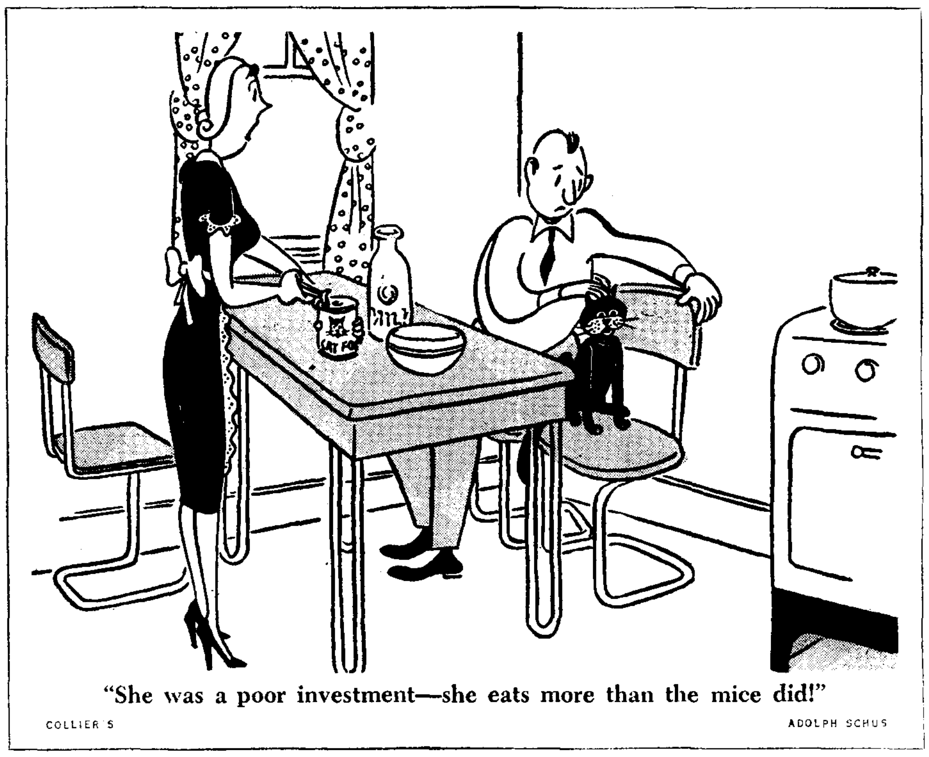
Rodriguez glanced about, found a chair and shoved it toward MacKinnon. "Sit down," he said. "We will talk it over."

MacKinnon took the chair, and that left him within the cone of light while Rodriguez sat outside on the couch. "Swell," MacKinnon said. "Now about Zayas."

"He worked for me."

"What?" MacKinnon stared. "He was a cop?"

"No. He was—shall we say, an amateur," Rodriguez explained. "Like the waiter at the Paris who proved so helpful. Manuel was a steward and so in a position to give much information. . . . This trip was more important than some," he added after a pause. "We



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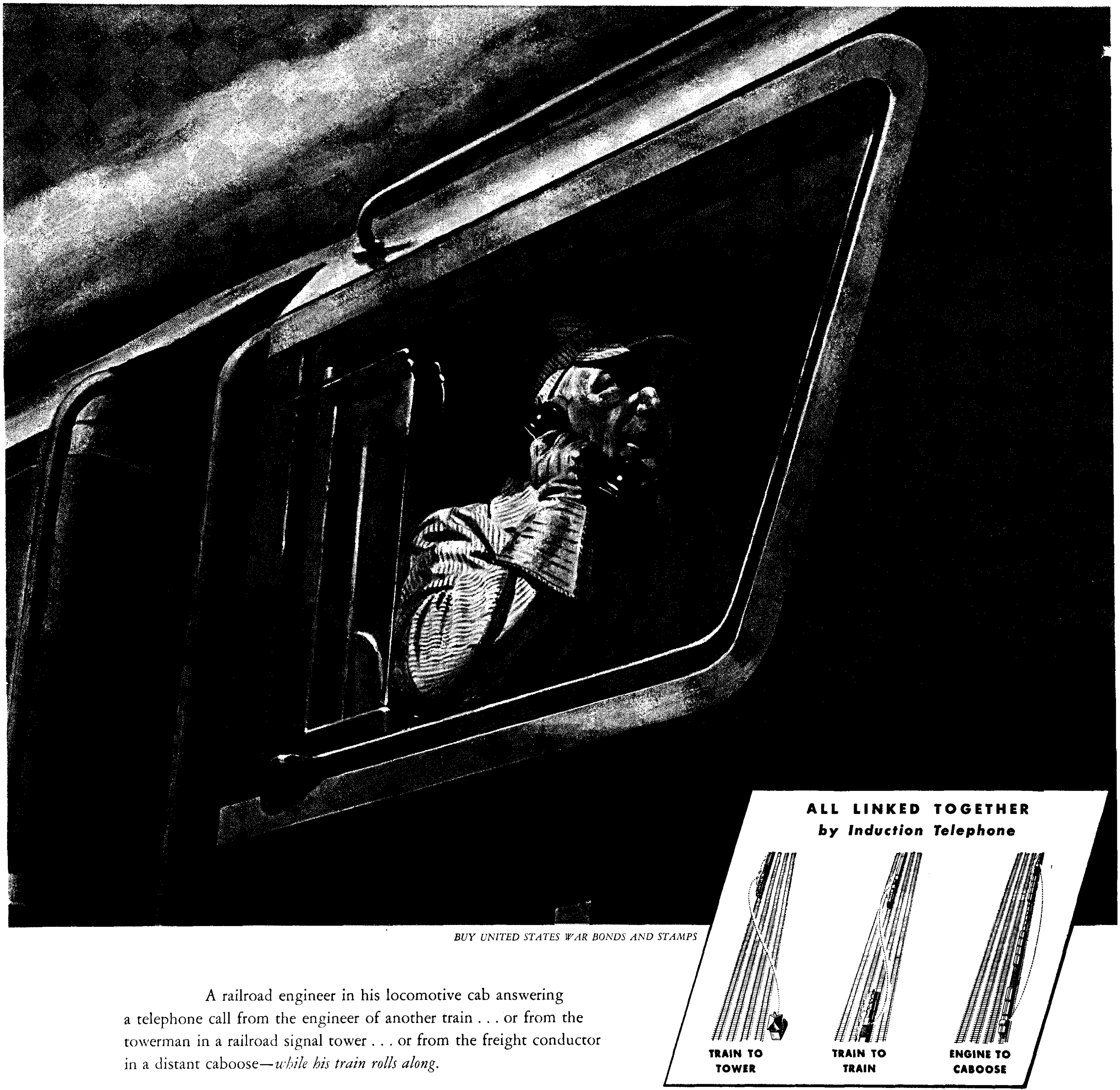

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"Zayas searched their rooms," MacKinnon said, aware that Rodriguez was not telling all the story. "But what was he bothering me for, pulling a gun on me and all?"

"Possibly you could answer this better than I. You have not been very frank with me, Mr. MacKinnon. It is enough now to tell you he was interested in you. Zayas was not very frank with me, either. It was one of his faults. He had an idea that he was able to handle any assignment. You have a word for this—Zayas was too cocky. It was demonstrated to you the night you found him searching your car."

"Yes," MacKinnon said.

"I COULD tell you more about what Zayas was doing," Rodriguez went on, "if he had kept his appointment with me tonight." He took an envelope from his pocket, removed a sheet of paper and glanced at it. "I have this note from him," he said, and MacKinnon, thinking back, guessed that this must be the note Zayas had written in the telegraph office that afternoon.

"It says that Zayas has important information about the murder at the Palm Hotel," Rodriguez continued. "It says he tried to reach me by telephone—business took me out of town most of the day—and that if I would come here tonight, he would give it to me."

So that's it, MacKinnon thought, and now the murder had an understandable pattern. Zayas had been suspicious of him and Norma Travers; he had been hanging around the Palm Hotel the afternoon that Victor Molina was murdered and today he had—

MacKinnon realized the lieutenant had asked a question. "I beg your pardon?"

"I said that now I would like to hear what you have to say about the key. And Manuel Zayas."

"Zayas is dead."

If Rodriguez was surprised, he did not show it.

"You searched him and found the key. This gun you carried you took from him?"

"No. He didn't have a gun."

"Where is he?"

"In my room. I think he was stabbed."

The statement seemed to worry Rodriguez. He paused, sighed, and his voice carried tones of regret and resignation. "I am sorry," he said, and modified this in his expert slang. "I am a lousy teacher. I thought I had convinced him never to take chances." He stood up. "You did not do this?"

"I found him on the floor when I opened the door," MacKinnon said.

"At what time?"

"About five after twelve."

"You can prove this?"

"Certainly." And MacKinnon then told of his own interest in Zayas. He did not tell why, but he explained that he had had Zayas followed.

"I don't know what he wanted with me," he said, "but I was with Adrienne Brissard from eleven until twelve, and I know Zayas did not get to the hotel until about three minutes after eleven, and when I went back to my room, there he was on the floor."

"Yes," Rodriguez said, and nodded to Tomas Garay, who stopped being a statue and turned the doorknob. "Well, it will help if you can prove this, but I am not sure it will help enough, Mr. MacKinnon. I will know better when we have examined your room."

MacKinnon went over to the door. Garay had stepped into the hall, and Rodriguez turned off the light and stopped to lock the room. As he waited, MacKinnon glanced toward the open doorway at the rear. That is when the idea took root in the back of his mind, and when they started along the hall, he nourished it into more sturdy growth.

It was not hard to figure how he stood. To one as clever and experienced as Rodriguez, it would soon become evident that the body of Manuel Zayas had been moved, and having established this, it would only be a matter of time before he learned from where.

The stain on the rug in Norma's room would fix everything up, and then not only would Norma be charged with murder but he, MacKinnon, would be a red-hot accessory after the fact. He would be tossed into jail forthwith, and by the time he got out, there would be no manuscript.

The bitterness inside him began to fester when he thought about his job. Thinking about Norma made it worse, and suddenly he knew what he had to do.

They were going down the stairs now, Garay on one side and Rodriguez on the other. There were ten steps to go and then ten feet of hall and then the open front door. As nearly as a man might do two things at once, he rammed his elbow backward into Garay's stomach and stuck his foot between Rodriguez's long legs and pushed hard with his free hand.

Garay's breath went "Whoosh," and he sat down. Rodriguez tripped and would have tumbled headlong had he not saved himself by grabbing the banister. As he dangled there, MacKinnon put one hand on the banister and vaulted over it.

He was running toward the back door as he struck, and it was a lot farther than he thought. But he kept on going, and was a step away from the arched doorway and the blessed blackness beyond when he heard Rodriguez call out in Spanish. He took the step, swerving, his muscles tensing for the physical shock that was to come. Behind him a gun hammered and a slug slapped into the stone arch a foot and a half above his head. Then he was through it, wheeling into the night blackness to his right.

The wall of the adjacent house loomed up before him, and he swung left along it, hitting the six-foot wall at the rear of the patio on a dead run, leaping high and catching the top with his hands and lifting himself until one foot caught the upper edge. He hauled the other up, twisting, and pushed; then he was falling, glancing back, seeing Rodriguez and Garay silhouetted against the arch as they came pounding after him.

He ran left, since he was faced that way when he caught his balance, and he was hemmed in now by other buildings and other walls which formed the alley. He kept on, looking for gates and doorways, but there were none that he could see, so he tried the first wall that looked scalable and scrambled up and over it.

Once he had his balance he stood perfectly still, his back against the wall. He could see, vaguely, the outlines of this courtyard and he thought there was a small pool in the center, and in the house beyond there was a closed door between two sets of blackened windows.

HE COULD hear Rodriguez and Garay now, the slap of their feet on the alley floor, their low, panting words. They were arguing about something but presently their steps continued on. When he could no longer hear them, MacKinnon crossed the court to the lower wall on the left.

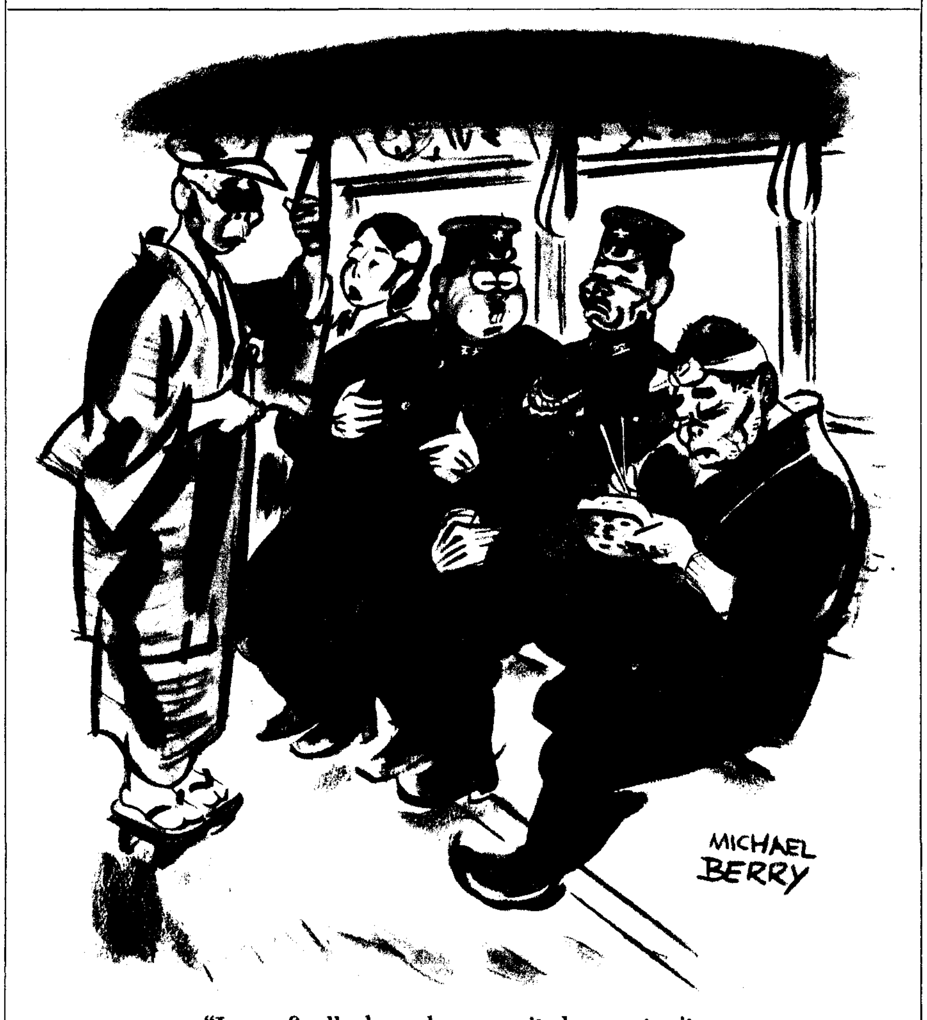
He could see over this, and there was another house much like the one he had left, with an open arch in the center which he knew would lead to the street. He put his hands on the top of the wall, and then a dog barked. On the other side of the alley, another dog took up the cry, and somewhere in the next house a window slammed open. A man's voice phrased a Spanish challenge, and that told MacKinnon it was time to move on. He walked around the pool and over to the door. It was unlocked.

He opened it and was in a tunneled hall, narrow enough so that by spreading his arms he could touch each side. He went ahead, hands still spread. Presently he caught one hand in the spindles of a banister, and then the hall widened out, and he found the front door. It was locked but it had a big key in it, and he turned it just as another door opened upstairs; then he was out on the street, crossing it, starting to run again. . . .

MacKinnon walked quite a while before he knew where he was. But presently he stopped in the radius of the arc light long enough to see that he was again on Aquila, though many blocks from where he had started. The next intersection said he was at Barcelona, and just off the corner he saw a small restaurant that he knew.

He went in, ordering a beer and then eggs and rolls and Cuban coffee. The coffee was strong enough to loosen the fillings in your teeth and it woke him up a little and let him

**TOKYO TALKING** by **MICHAEL BERRY**



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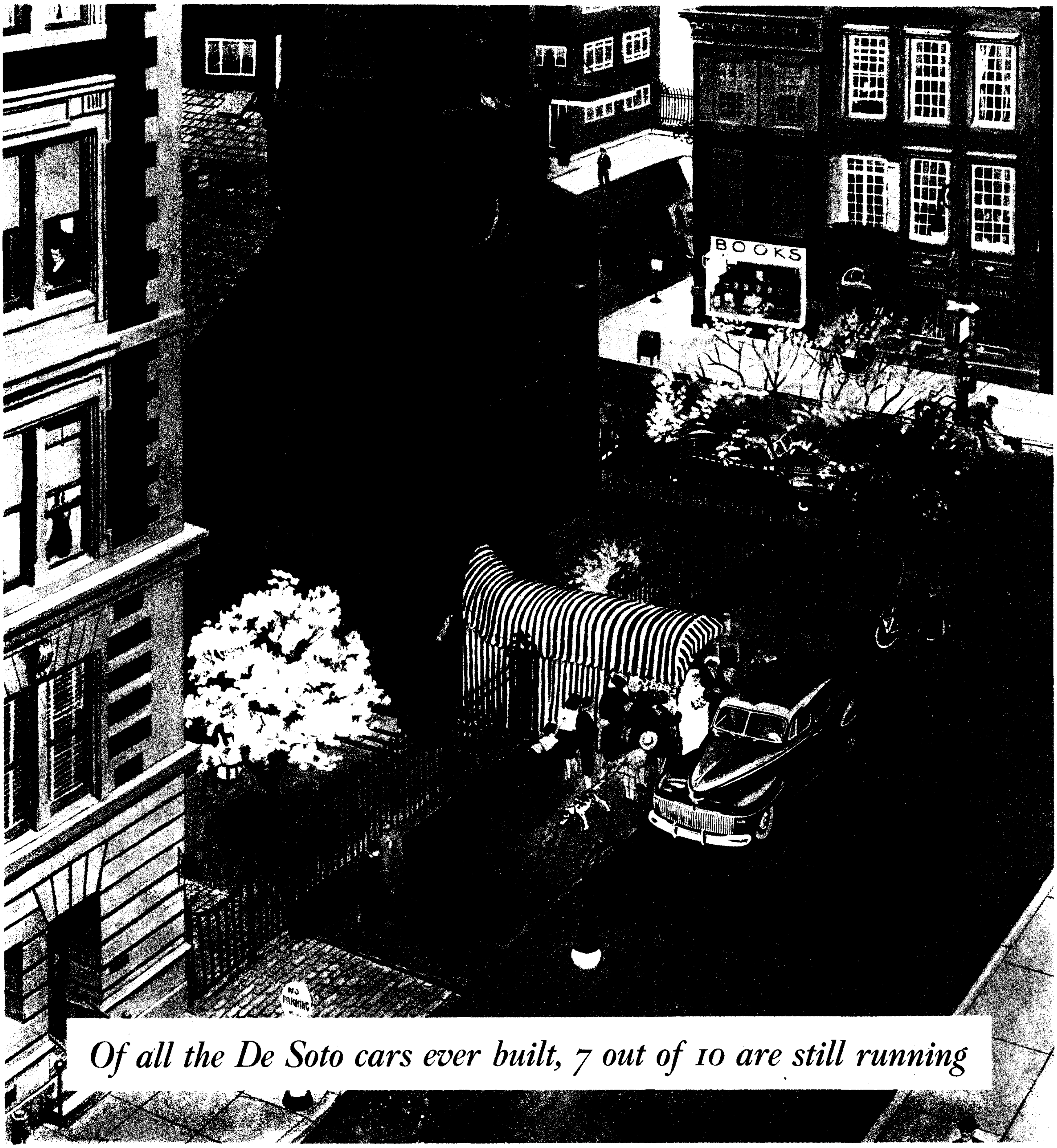

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**BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS THAN BEFORE**

see just how hopeless his position was. He thought of a lot of things, all of them discouraging, wasting a half hour at this before he reached into his pocket for some change.

He took out two keys, similar but not identical, along with the change. Then, remembering how he had tried to use the wrong one to open his door a while back, he knew where he was going to sleep—if his luck held.

He was only three blocks from the Palm Hotel and he walked them rapidly and stepped into the now deserted lobby without hesitation. The night clerk yawned at him but took no further interest in his presence; neither did the elevator boy.

MacKinnon rode to the fourth, walked down to the third and fitted the key of room 319 into the lock. He crossed his fingers and walked in. When he turned on the light and found the room still unoccupied, he undressed and climbed into bed.

CONSIDERING what he had on his mind, Paul MacKinnon's sleep was sound and untroubled. When he awoke shortly after nine, he lay staring at the ceiling while various patterns formed in his mind, and the scattered pieces of the puzzle were rearranged and tested. After a few minutes of this he took his problem under the shower with him, rinsed his mouth and looked with no enthusiasm at his stubbled chin.

It surprised him a little that he should not feel more worried. Presently he would have to go out and the odds were good that some eagle-eyed minion of the law would presently recognize him and put the arm on him. Yet even so, he had a feeling that this might be his day.

It would definitely be his last unless he crashed through with something, but he had done some neat thinking last night before falling asleep and now at least he had a plan.

He glanced at the telephone and decided against using it. He went downstairs and walked two fast blocks to the Sevilla Biltmore and stepped into the telephone booth, giving the number of the Habana Hotel.

"Room 516, please," he said.

There was a short ring and the click of a lifted receiver. Then a man's voice answered and the foundations of MacKinnon's spirits began to crumble.

"Miss Travers, please," he said.

"Who's calling?"

MacKinnon hung up and dejection settled heavily upon him. The police had evidently taken over. He stood miserably in the hot and stuffy booth, aware now that there was only one person he could turn to. He called *El Sol* and luck was with him. Leon Vidal was there. "There was some trouble at the Habana last night," he said when he had identified himself.

"I have heard of it," Leon said, his voice unnaturally quiet.

"The police are there now?"

"Yes. I have only just come from there."

"Have they arrested Miss Travers?"

"Not yet. Miss Travers has not been found."

MacKinnon swallowed, while his stomach tightened and became a sudden vacuum.

"Not been found," he said woodenly.

"She was last seen about seven last night," Vidal said, still quiet. "Rodriguez thinks that Manuel Zayas was killed in her room. That is why the police now look for her."

"Rodriguez was a cinch to figure that," MacKinnon said, half aloud. "And how do I stand?" he asked.

"Rodriguez did not say."

"What do you think, Leon? About me, I mean?"

"It is hard to know. Something tells me you are here for an important reason, but—" He let the sentence dangle and tried again, "I do not think you have killed Zayas," he said.

"Thanks." MacKinnon leaned against the wall of the booth with the sweat pouring down his face. It took him a few seconds to put into words what he had in his mind: "I want to ask you something. I need a little help, Leon. I don't want to talk over the phone too long, but I can meet you somewhere if you want to take the chance."

He waited, and when Vidal was silent, he said, "I don't think it will put you on a spot but it might. I'm going to hang up now. I'm going to call you back in fifteen minutes. Think it over. If the answer is no, just leave word that you've gone out."

"I will wait for your call," Vidal said.

The air felt good on MacKinnon's hot body as he went down the street looking for a place to eat. He found one presently, a grubby little hole with a telephone on the wall, and ordered fruit juice, rolls and coffee.

For a while he ate automatically, unable to think beyond the reason for Norma's disappearance. He could understand that now. Yesterday afternoon she had listened to Rodriguez and had made up her mind that MacKinnon had double-crossed her, and she was not one to sit back and accept defeat without a battle. The most important thing in her life was at stake and she had the necessary courage and determination to keep trying.

That she had walked into something she could not handle seemed obvious. She must have been grabbed, either because she got in over her depth and became a menace to someone, or because Bruce Aitchison had made good on his threat of the previous day. . . .

MacKinnon went to the wall telephone, deposited his coin, and asked for the number of *El Sol*. He asked the operator for Leon Vidal, and the reporter answered almost at once.

"Thanks for answering," MacKinnon said.

"It is nothing," Vidal said. "I can come at once."

MacKinnon gave him the address and hung up. He paid his check and went out on the street and then he did something he was ashamed of. Diagonally across the pavement was an open-front store that had groceries and cold meats, bottled goods and bakery products for sale. He went in here and ordered a beer he did not want and stood back in the shadows sipping it until Leon Vidal hurried down the street.

When MacKinnon was sure the reporter had not been followed and that no one was watching the restaurant, he went in and sat down at Leon's table. Because he still felt guilty, he got it off his chest.

"I want to apologize," he said, and explained what he had just been doing.

Leon shrugged. "It is unimportant."

"I asked you to trust me and then I didn't quite trust you."

"Perhaps your risk was greater," Leon said.

HE SAT back while MacKinnon ordered coffee and, while they waited to be served, MacKinnon went over the things he had straightened out in his mind since he had run out on Rodriguez. There was no longer much doubt in his mind that Aitchison was behind the plot to get the manuscript, but there was one important factor in this setup that he had neglected to consider properly before. It was this which had given him hope that morning.

*As of yesterday noon, Aitchison did not have the manuscript,* and unless he had located it since that time, he still did not have it. So whom did that leave?

With little more than a hunch and his judgment of human nature to go on, MacKinnon had the idea that Denny Clarke was the dark horse in the setup. Suppose he had left Lisbon under orders to cross on the same boat with Norma Travers, to get her confidence and possibly examine her baggage?

But Denny Clarke did not get the manuscript from Norma because she did not have it. If he had killed Victor Molina and stolen the manuscript, he had not turned it over to Aitchison, otherwise there would have been no $25,000 offer. So what did that leave?

It leaves this, MacKinnon thought: It leaves Denny Clarke right where he wants to be. . . .

"Okay," he said to the waiter, when the coffee came; then added to Leon: "Give me a couple of minutes and I'll be ready to talk."

If Denny Clarke did have the manuscript, it would be a simple matter to deny it to

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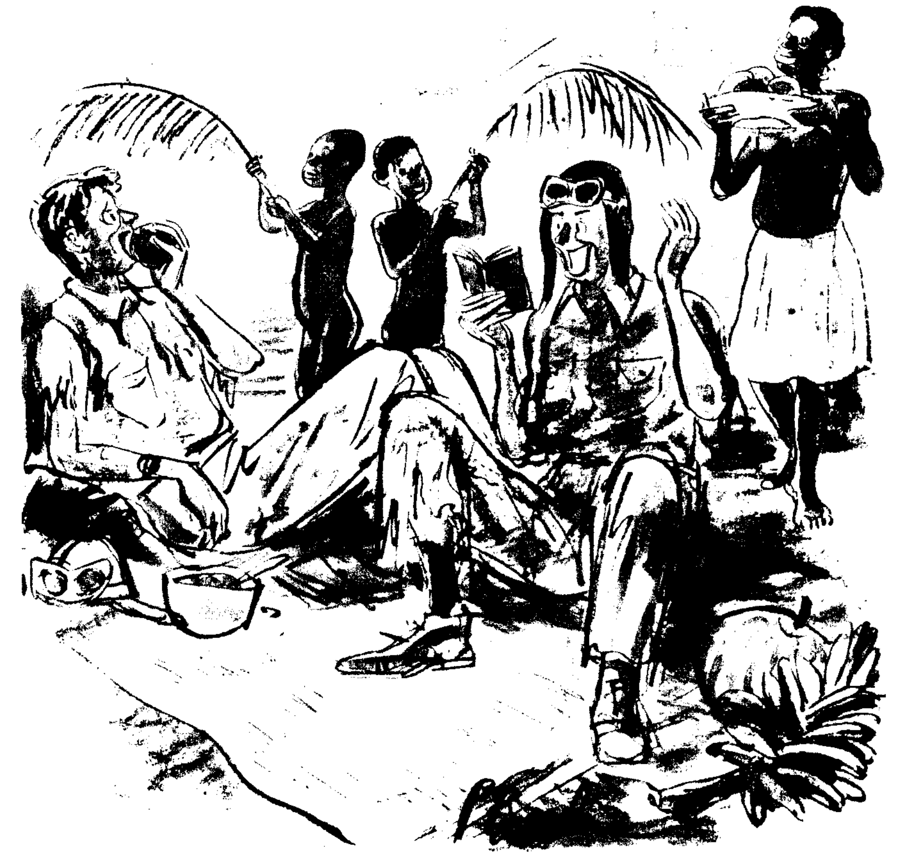
"This is good, Mac! It says if you are lost in the jungle there are many edible roots, and you can get water from the stems of plants!"

COLLIER'S PERRY BARLOW

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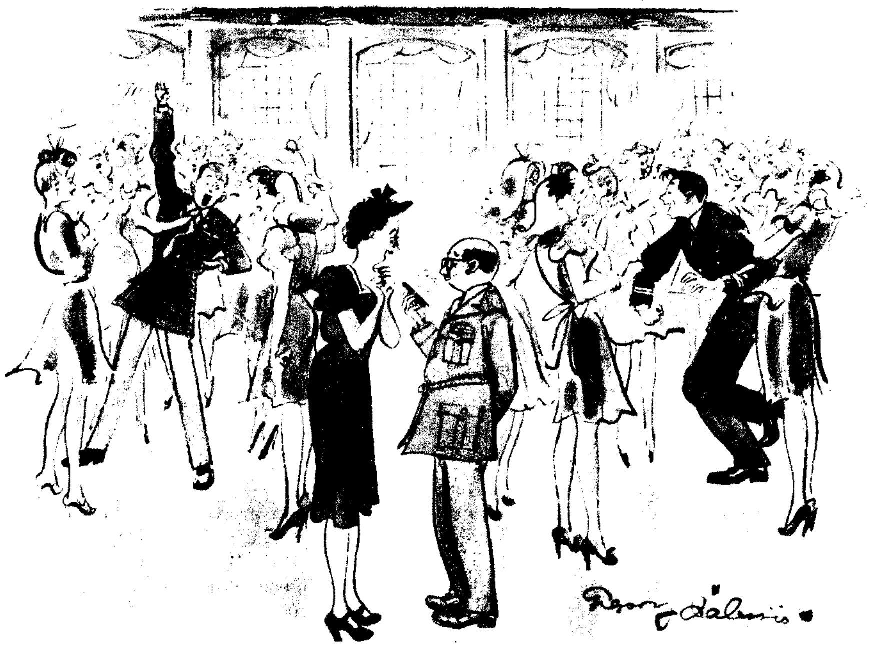
**WELCOME HOME!** by **GREGORY D'ALESSIO**



"Major, how did you deal with that stubborn gas and water supply problem in Nuremburg?"

COLLIER'S

Aitchison. He could then sit back, and at the proper time, when he was sure no murder charge in connection with Molina would be filed against him, he could produce the manuscript and get whatever price the market would stand.

MacKinnon found that he liked this theory. It was still a hunch but it held together and made sense, all things considered. The fact that Clarke did not have the manuscript in his room did not detract from the theory. Clarke would be a fool to have the manuscript in his possession or allow it to be traced to him until the police had a murder suspect in jail. So where *was* the manuscript now? What had Clarke done with it immediately after he had killed Victor Molina?

MacKinnon had an idea about that, too. I'd mail it to myself, MacKinnon thought. I'd get a piece of paper as quick as I could, wrap it and address it to a phony name, care of the general post office.

Now, with Norma and MacKinnon being hunted by the police for the murder of Manuel Zayas, it would be safe to pick up the manuscript and finish the job. There was just one other little possibility that stuck in MacKinnon's head, and he considered it again.

Mrs. Gerand had been friendly with Clarke in Lisbon. She had rented a room in the Palm Hotel for him. In case Clarke did not want to risk it, why wouldn't she be a good one to ask for the manuscript—if it had been mailed care of general delivery?

MacKINNON made up his mind. He was going to keep an eye on the post office. With Leon Vidal's help, he could also keep an eye, by proxy, on Mrs. Gerand.

"Do you know Mrs. Gerand?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Know where she lives?" MacKinnon took out a twenty-dollar bill while Vidal nodded. He pushed it across the table. "I want you to do one more thing for me. Take this and rent yourself a car for the day; drive out to Mrs. Gerand's place and park where you can watch the entrance. Wherever she goes today, you follow her."

Vidal puckered up his chubby face. "But, Mr. MacKinnon, what is it I am supposed to learn?" he asked, in growing dismay.

MacKinnon nearly gave up then. For a moment he could find no words for anything so flimsy and indefinite; then he took a breath and went on doggedly:

"I'm looking for a package of some kind, around nine inches by twelve and maybe a couple of inches thick—a package, or a briefcase. If you should see Mrs. Gerand handle anything like that, follow her to the next stop and then let me know."

"Where will you be?"

"I'll be somewhere around the post office."

Vidal sighed. It was obvious he liked no part of this assignment.

"Sounds crazy, huh?" MacKinnon asked.

"It is not for me to say," Vidal said sadly. "You will be at the post office?"

"I will be watching it. If you look around you'll find me."

Vidal finished his coffee and picked up the twenty-dollar bill. "I will do my best," he said and stood up.

MacKINNON found a certain irony in the task he had set for himself. He soon gave up worrying about the wisdom of the idea, since he had committed himself and there was nothing else to do; but he could not help comparing this vigil with the one he had kept the day Norma Travers had arrived.

He had thought it uncomfortable the other morning but this was worse. This could last until the office closed, and there was more than one entrance, and always he seemed to be looking over his shoulder for a policeman who would instantly take him in charge.

By noon his body was thoroughly damp with perspiration and his feet began to hurt. He kept to the shaded areas when he could, but he did not dare remain too long in one place lest he rouse suspicion, so he made a regular beat, from one corner to another, from this building to that. He had thought to order a sandwich before he came, and after devouring it, he wished he had brought two. Then the thirst began to get him.

There was a bar two blocks down San Pedro. It looked cool and nice inside, and finally at four o'clock he loped down there and had a glass of beer. It was the quickest drink he'd ever had and the most satisfying, and he hurried so in getting back to the post office that within a few minutes he was thirsty all over again.

He looked at his watch and it was four o'clock. He was ashamed of himself now for deserting his post even for those three or four minutes. He was worried, too, watching the shadows lengthen, and at five he forgot about the ache in his legs.

The almost continuous flow in and out of the doorways began to lessen. There were fewer people now. Girls from offices came with great stacks of letters and went away empty-handed and presently there were no more girls bringing office mail. Finally, despair, which was now a physical, sickening force, drove him close so that he could look inside, and then he realized that the windows were closed.

He went back to the corner and lighted a cigarette, not caring what happened now or what he could do next, feeling only an almost frantic desire to get away now, to go anywhere so long as he did not have to look at this scene any longer. Once he started to leave and then he knew he couldn't; if he did, Vidal would be unable to find him.

He heard the horn three times before he glanced around. A large but ancient coupé had stopped halfway across the intersection, and leaning from the lowered window was a plump, familiar face. MacKinnon came to with a start. He ran out to the car and suddenly, seeing Vidal's expression, new hope rose within him.

"I have seen such a package," the reporter said, the old breathlessness back in his voice. "Mrs. Gerand came here—"

"Around four?" MacKinnon said, with sudden guilt.

"No. Just a short while ago."

MacKinnon started to say this was not possible and then he told himself to stop arguing. "Where'd she take it?"

"To the residence of Mr. Bruce Aitchison."

MacKinnon ran around the car and opened the door. "Let's go," he said.

"To Mr. Aitchison's?"

"And quick." He waited until Vidal had the car under way. "Now what about Mrs. Gerand? How could she get a package from the post office without me seeing her?"

"She herself did not get it." Vidal said. When MacKinnon saw he was not going to elaborate, he said impatiently: "Then who did?"

"Less than an hour ago, Mr. Aitchison's car came for Mrs. Gerand. I know this is Mr. Aitchison's car because I recognize the man who drives it, an unpleasant individual, by name—"

"Alfredo."

"Alfredo," Vidal said calmly. "With Mrs. Gerand is a girl who I think is a maid. They drive here, and the car is parked a block away, and this girl walks to the post office. When she returns to the car, she has in her hand the package."

"Ah—"

"As you have directed me I have parked behind Mr. Aitchison's car and now I follow this until it goes to his residence."

"Then what?"

"Mrs. Gerand enters carrying the package. She is there ten minutes—I check this with my watch—and comes back without it, and Alfredo drives her and the girl away."

Vidal kept his eyes on the traffic, handling the wheel with loving care. "This package has great importance?"

"Great importance—I hope." MacKinnon sat back, his excitement controlled now, figuring, sorting things out in his mind. "You don't happen to have a gun on you, do you?"

"Me? Oh, no. I do not even own one."

MacKINNON'S question had been the result of wishful thinking. He knew what he had to do. Aitchison had the manuscript. He had paid off and it had been delivered. If, as MacKinnon suspected, he represented other parties, he would not destroy the manuscript but would keep it for future delivery. . . .

"It is only a short distance now," Leon Vidal said. "You have some plan?"

MacKinnon visualized the layout of Aitchison's house and grounds. There was a high hedge out front, broken only where the driveway entered. There was a big lawn, the house sitting well back, with a garden on one side adjoining the drawing room, and at the rear, opening from the center hall, was a study.

"Park just before you get to his place."

Leon Vidal made a turn and they were in Aitchison's block. The house was next to the last one, and MacKinnon noticed that there was only one car in the street, a light delivery truck of the van type which was parked about halfway down the block. Leon pulled into the curb just short of the hedge.

"Wait here," MacKinnon said. "Give me ten minutes. If I'm not back, find a phone and get Lieutenant Rodriguez. Tell him I'm in Aitchison's place and tell him to get out here in a hurry."

Vidal examined him soberly. He seemed about to question his orders but decided against it. He watched MacKinnon get out of the car.

"I will do as you say," he said.

MacKinnon glanced about. Dusk was thickening under the trees, and he knew that in another twenty minutes it would be dark. He wished it was dark now but he did not dare wait. He turned and started across the lawn outside Aitchison's hedge.

He walked quickly, boldly, his mind set on his course of action. He passed the side of the adjacent house, and there was no challenge. He continued along the hedge until he was between the back of Aitchison's house and the garage and service quarters. With a glance about, he pried into the hedge, forced his way through. Still not seeing anyone, he moved along the back of the house to a French window which stood partly open.

Noiselessly he eased up to the edge of the glass, his hands on the wall, his head angling for a quick look. The corner of the study slid into view and, his weight on one foot, he leaned a little more. Then his heart leaped and began to pound.

Bruce Aitchison, wearing horn-rimmed glasses, sat at a heavy, flat-topped desk, hunched over, his back half-turned from the window. Brown wrapping paper was spread before him and on it was a thick stack of papers in a leather binder. Aitchison had it open and was leafing through it.

MacKINNON stood stock-still, his nerves cold and tightly wound. The manuscript was five feet away. If he had a gun, it was his for the taking. He could barge in and use his fists, but that way there would be noise, and he didn't like the odds. He thought again of Leon Vidal. Then he knew how to play it.

Even if he got caught, he'd be with the manuscript. He could keep Aitchison talking long enough for Rodriguez to get there. A thin smile tugged at the corners of his mouth and went away. He put his right hand in his jacket pocket, sticking the forefinger out and looking at the bulge in the fabric. It could look like a gun—if you were nervous. He opened the window wider and slipped through.

"Sit still, Bruce!" he said.

Aitchison's head came up and he sat still. His broad, muscular face looked startled, then incredulous; finally the color came flooding back, and his gaze was ugly behind the glasses.

MacKinnon moved around the side of the desk until he faced the man. "Where's Norma?" he asked.

Aitchison's gaze remained ugly. "Who?" he said.

"Norma Travers." MacKinnon waited and found nothing in Aitchison's face to give him any clue. "You told me yesterday if you didn't get the manuscript last night, you'd get tough—either with me or with her. She's been missing since seven last night."

He paused again and then he knew he was wasting time. It was better to get out and come back than not to get out at all. He reached out and closed the leather binder so he could pick it up with one hand.

"Wait a minute," Aitchison said. He straightened in the chair but he kept his hands in sight. "Don't be a fool," he said. "You can't get away with it."

"I can try."

MacKinnon had the manuscript now. He backed away, watching Aitchison come slowly to his feet. When he saw Aitchison start around the desk, he jerked his pocket.

"Take it easy," he said. "This thing might go off."

Aitchison's eyes were bright, metallic slits. "I don't think it will," he said. "I don't think you've got a gun." He stopped abruptly, his glance darting to something behind MacKinnon's shoulder. Then an odd thing happened to his face. He smiled and showed his teeth.

MacKinnon started to take another backward step—and that started the voice. It was sharp, high and excited. It came from behind with such suddenness that MacKinnon froze, not understanding the rapid Spanish, but hearing Aitchison yell some order with an inflection so urgent that a cold shiver raced up his spine.

He glanced nervously over his shoulder, and it was not Alfredo he saw, but the thin one who had carried the tray of drinks at the cocktail party—Carlos.

He stood in the open doorway, the gun he

PEPSI-COLA
O. SOGLOW

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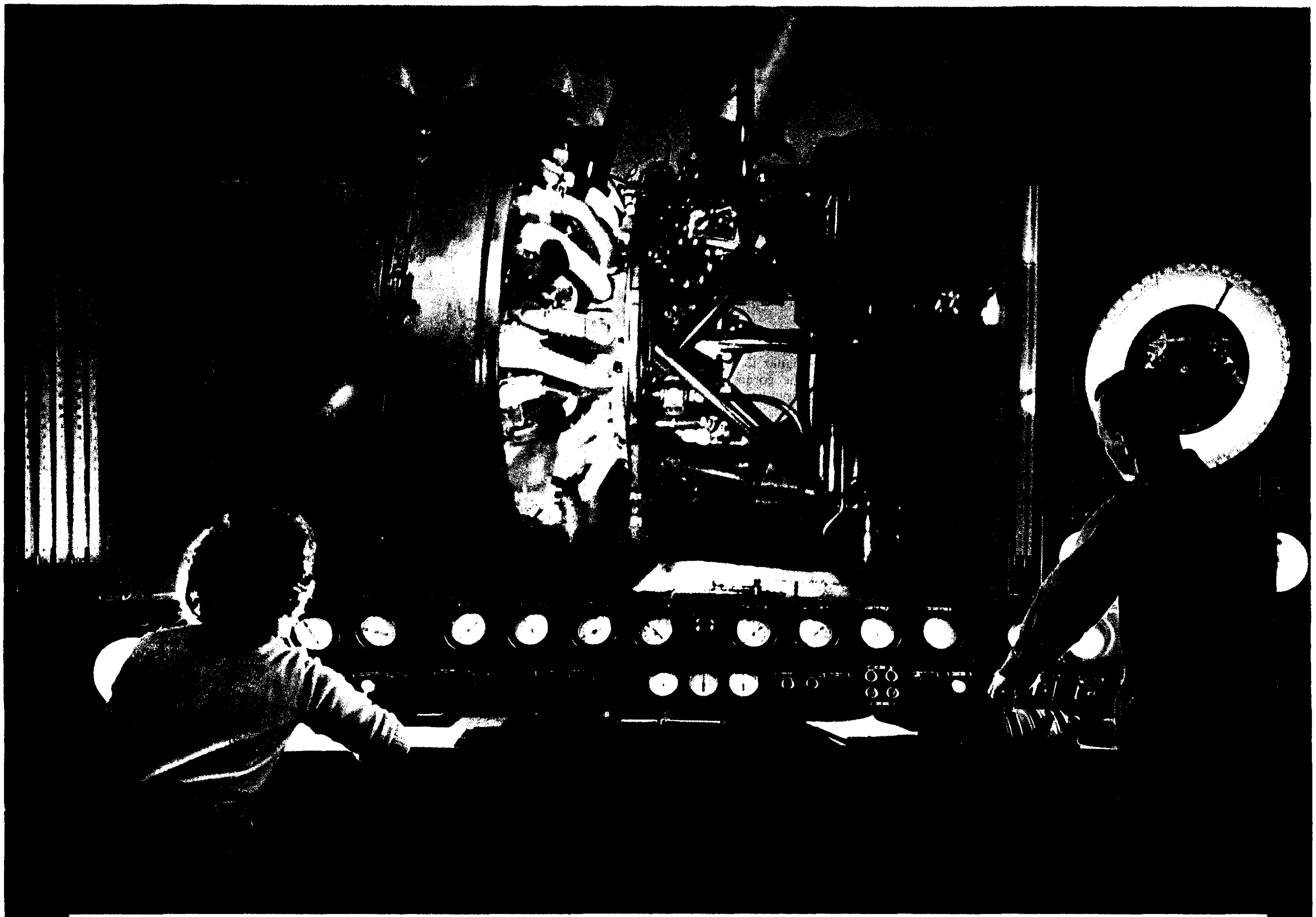

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YOU'LL ENJOY "THE MUSIC OF MORTON GOULD" THURSDAYS, CBS, 9:00 P.M., EWT carried centered right on MacKinnon's back.

"Carlos always speaks Spanish when he is excited." Aitchison sounded relieved. "I was afraid he might be too excited. He says for you to take your hand out of your pocket and be sure it is empty."

"Okay," MacKinnon said and was deeply thankful that he still had Leon Vidal working for him. He felt Carlos prod him in the spine with the gun. Carlos searched him from behind, then stepped back.

Bruce Aitchison said, "Ah—" and flexed his shoulders to settle his coat more comfortably. He smiled and stepped forward to slip the leather binder from MacKinnon's hand.

"I'll take that," he said.

Aitchison took off his glasses and put them on the desk. His temporary amiability slipped away and he pushed his jaw out thoughtfully. "I'd like to know a little more about this. How did you know I had the manuscript?"

"Mrs. Gerand got it from the post office."

Aitchison remained thoughtful. "Why should you think it was there at all?"

"Call it a hunch."

Aitchison bunched his lips and looked at Carlos and then at MacKinnon. He seemed to have difficulty in understanding this.

"Why didn't you get it yourself? Or why didn't Clarke?" MacKinnon said, aware that the second question brought a sudden flicker in the amber eyes. "Why did Mrs. Gerand send the maid in?"

He reached down and turned the wrapping paper over. The name and address was boldly written in ink and said: Miss Julia Taylor.

"It is customary to send a maid for packages," Aitchison said. He was about to add something to this when there was a sound in the hall, and he turned just as Alfredo came in.

ALFREDO focused his opaque black eyes on MacKinnon, then stopped short and began to talk to Aitchison.

MacKinnon understood none of it until he heard the name, Leon Vidal; then he felt a sudden thrust of anxiety which expanded steadily as Aitchison began to question Alfredo. When Aitchison finally looked at him, he could tell that the news was bad.

Aitchison wanted to know if he knew a Leon Vidal. He said that Alfredo had noticed the fellow waiting in a car outside when he came back from taking Mrs. Gerand home.

"Alfredo has a suspicious nature." Aitchison said. "He recalled having seen a similar car behind him when he drove away from the post office, so he questioned the man." He gestured idly. "There was a little trouble when Vidal attempted to—"

"Where is he?" MacKinnon said.

"He is in the garage. He has a lump on his head but he'll be all right. Alfredo will see to that." Aitchison spoke again to Alfredo, and the squat man went away.

Aitchison walked with him to the door. When he turned, he put the manuscript on a small table just inside the room and walked over to MacKinnon.

"Sit down, Mr. MacKinnon. Right there in the desk chair. You'll notice there is a button there in the kneehole. When you press it as I did when you held me up, someone comes." He found the idea amusing for a moment and then his face sobered. "There are a few little things I'd like to know."

MacKinnon knew it would do no good to worry about Leon Vidal and he tried to figure out something he could do, now that he could no longer count on Rodriguez.

"You never did have the manuscript, did you?" Aitchison was saying. "That business at the Paris was just bluff."

"I'll bet you paid more for it than you offered me."

"The point is: I have it now."

"And you can sell it all over again, huh?" MacKinnon's voice was flat and contemptuous. He kept talking, not knowing why or what he said. Whatever it was, Aitchison and Carlos stood in front of him and listened, while MacKinnon was facing the right way, and that's how he happened to see the hand.

It was a woman's hand, brown, and so was the arm, and at first he simply did not believe it. He tried to keep on looking at Aitchison, yet somehow in the softer focus of his vision, he saw the hand snake around the edge of the hall doorway and grope for the leather binder. He saw the fingers close about it and carefully lift it from the little table.

Then the manuscript was out of sight. MacKinnon kept Aitchison's attention for perhaps thirty seconds; then, faintly, he heard a clicking sound, like a door being opened.

Aitchison heard it, too, and turned abruptly.

He glanced at the door and then at the table. He stared, his head outthrust. Finally he found his voice. "It's gone," he yelled and leaped toward the table.

Carlos glanced round. MacKinnon came to his feet, his eyes on the gun, but Aitchison got hold of himself before it was too late.

"Watch him, Carlos!" he ordered and then he was racing through the doorway and down the hall.

Carlos planted himself six feet away and the gun was steady, his little eyes dangerous. Ten seconds of silence ticked, in which neither Carlos nor MacKinnon moved; then, approaching from a distance, came the sound of voices, Aitchison's and another which said, "How the hell do I know? I saw her running across the lawn, and I grabbed her. She's one of your servants, isn't she?"

MacKinnon recognized that voice and hope died within him.

Aitchison said, "We'll take a look at her," and then he and Denny Clarke walked in with a dusky-skinned girl in servant's garb.

She had her head bowed, and her legs were bare and brown, and there was a scarf wrapped tightly round her hair. Aitchison put the manuscript down again and put his hand under her chin to tip the head up.

"Who are you?" he demanded. "You're not—"

Clarke interrupted him. "Say," the big man said. "Well, I'll be—"

He took hold of the scarf, struggled a moment and unwound it. That let the blond hair tumble out; that made the girl Norma Travers.

FOR a long moment after that, no one spoke, no one moved; MacKinnon could only stare and battle his amazement. He saw Norma pull her arms away from Clarke. She shook out her hair, and her chin came up defiantly, and when he saw that, the old lump rose in MacKinnon's throat.

"Well," Clarke said finally, "if it isn't little Norma!"

"How long have you been here?" Aitchison demanded. "How did you get in?"

Norma did not bother to answer. She looked right at MacKinnon, her green eyes tired but unafraid. "I'm sorry, Paul," she said. "If it hadn't been for Denny—"

"Yeah," he said thickly.

Aitchison's voice got harsh. "I want to know—" he began.

Norma turned on him. "Oh, what difference does it make? You have the manuscript, haven't you?"

Aitchison glanced at it, then he shrugged. He stepped to the desk, folding the wrapping paper and tossed it into the wastebasket; he centered the leather binder on the desk. Then he glanced up again.

"You complicate things. Sit down, Miss Travers. You too, MacKinnon."

Norma moved to a leather chair in the corner, and MacKinnon walked over and perched on the arm. Carlos, gun dangling now, moved to the French doors, and Clarke leaned against the doorway to the hall.

MacKinnon squeezed Norma's shoulder. When she glanced up, he smiled and tried to make his voice sound casual.

"What's that stuff?" he asked, touching her bare forearm.

"Liquid stocking."

"You did a job on yourself," MacKinnon said, remembering now the empty carton he had found when he looked over her room last night.

"I had to," Norma said. "I had to do something."

"We're wasting time." Aitchison rapped the desk and sounded like a schoolteacher. "You two will have to be taken care of."

"Oh, naturally," MacKinnon said, easily.

"If I wanted this for myself"—Aitchison tapped the manuscript—"it would be simple. I could destroy it right now and you could go. There is no charge you could bring against me. But the point is: I need time. I will have to get in touch with my—my principals. I'll need a week or ten days at least."

"And we'll be your guests?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes. I'm not equipped to put you up here, but—" He let the sentence hang and opened a desk drawer. He took out a pearl-handled automatic, inspected it and offered it to Denny Clarke.

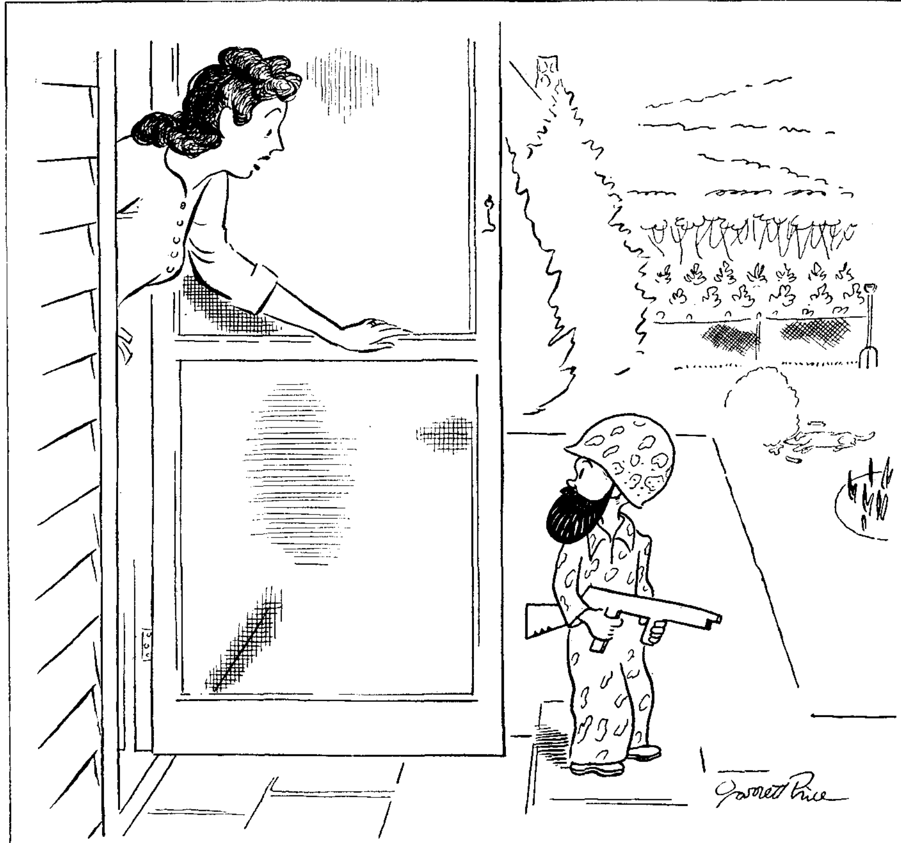
MacKinnon decided to try a little needling. "I think you're working too cheap, Denny."

Clarke reached for the gun and screwed up one blond brow. "You break me up, Mac," he said.

"Aitchison's getting a million," MacKinnon said. "How much did you collect for doing the hard part?"

"Shut up!" said Aitchison. "Carlos! Bring Alfredo here!"

When Carlos left, MacKinnon said, "What



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was the original price? I mean what were you going to pay Clarke for following Norma here from Lisbon?" He watched Aitchison's lips flatten out. "You had to pay more in the end, didn't you?"

"You talk too much," Aitchison said.

"Denny double-crossed you a little, didn't he? I mean the manuscript was swiped three days ago, but you just got it."

Clarke's handsome face darkened and he took a step forward. "How would you like a slap in the mouth?"

Aitchison rapped the desk. Clarke stopped. MacKinnon's hand was still on Norma's shoulder, and her hand came up to cover his.

"I have a schooner sailing before dawn," Aitchison said. "There may be room aboard for both of you. You'll sail along the north coast for a couple of weeks. After that, if you behave—" He stopped as Alfredo and Carlos came in. "Excuse me," he said and stepped into the hall with Alfredo.

"Alfredo will arrange it," he said, when he came back. "If you'll excuse me, I'll fix a place for you to wait. . . . Watch them," he said to Clarke. "Don't use the gun unless you have to. But if there's any doubt . . ."

He started out, stopped at the door. He came back to the desk, picked up the manuscript and went out, with Carlos following.

CLARKE shut the door. He came back to slide a thigh over the corner of the desk. "Little Norma," he said, grinning. "Well, well."

MacKinnon stood up and stretched, measuring the room and finding small encouragement from what he saw. He started to pace up and down, two steps one way, two steps the other. "Watch it," Clarke said. "Stay away from the door and the window and stay away from me."

MacKinnon talked to Norma. He did not tell her about the murder in her room the night before, but he did ask how she got here. They talked back and forth, as if Clarke were not there.

The way she explained it, she had laid her groundwork the afternoon of the cocktail party. It had already occurred to her that Aitchison might be the man behind the disappearance of the manuscript and she knew that if there were only some way to get in the house and watch what went on, she might be able to find out where it was. With this in mind, though not really believing she would be able to bring it off, she had talked with one of the maids out in the garden.

With some story that she made up as she went along, she dropped the hint that she was working for the *Policia Secreta,* that someone in the household was under suspicion and that she needed the maid's co-operation. She had spread it on pretty thick, frightening the impressionable girl a little and getting a promise of secrecy. Handing over ten dollars as an advance for the girl's help, she told her she might come back dressed as a servant with a story that the girl's mother was sick and that she was a cousin of the girl's who had come to take her place for a day or two.

Then, yesterday afternoon, believing that MacKinnon had double-crossed her and that Aitchison was trying to buy the manuscript, she had rushed downtown to get make-up and clothes. She had browned her legs, arms, face and neck, wrapped up her hair in the scarf and, looking like any servant, had left the hotel by the service entrance. Arriving here just after dark, she had gone to the servants' rooms and called the girl outside.

"There was no trouble at all," she said. "I gave the girl more money and told her what to tell the other servants. I speak Spanish well enough and I slept here last night—when I wasn't watching the house—and I saw you go into the study. . . ."

Clarke, who had been listening attentively while MacKinnon stretched his pacing to three steps each way, chuckled sardonically. "Very clever," he said, and turned his head slightly to watch Norma. "No wonder the servant believed you. You fooled the experts long enough."

MacKinnon stared, and deep in his mind the seed of an idea began to take root. What started it was the way Clarke had turned his head. MacKinnon, remembering the injured eye that had no side vision, felt a sudden tingling along his spine. He spoke quickly, indulgently, a little afraid that Clarke might read his thoughts.

"You're a fool, Clarke," he said. "You did all the dirty work and what did you get?"

"A hundred thousand bucks, that's all." Clarke waved the gun. He was feeling pretty good again; he seemed to enjoy his role.

"A hundred thousand?" MacKinnon whistled softly and sounded impressed, his eyes and mind busy now with his idea.

He talked on, at random. He took out cigarettes and gave one to Norma. He lighted them and walked back to drop the match in an ash tray on the desk, seeing Clarke swivel on his thigh slightly to keep the gun pointed in the right direction.

The left eye, MacKinnon thought.

He resumed his pacing on that side, being careful to stay well away from Clarke but extending the range slightly, so that presently the big man became the apex of an increasingly wider angle. Clarke did not seem to realize it yet, but he had begun to move his head a little as MacKinnon talked, like a man watching a game of table tennis.

"What I want to know," MacKinnon said, "is how Mrs. Gerand got into the picture? Were you afraid to rent room 322 yourself?" He winked at Norma as he spoke and nodded surreptitiously toward Clarke.

Then, silently, he blessed her. He saw the quick gleam of understanding in her eyes and then, as though she read his mind, she tapped ashes into the small ash tray she held in her lap, tapping too hard and dropping the cigarette, not in the tray but on her dress.

Her reactions were immediate and quite perfect. She jumped up with a startled "Oh!" and grabbed for the cigarette. Clarke slid off the desk, equally startled in that first instant; then he remembered what he was there for.

Turning his head, he swung the gun toward MacKinnon. He tried to back up to get room for himself, but the desk blocked him off, and anyway MacKinnon had already taken his first lunging step unseen.

MacKinnon heard himself laugh. He said, "I always had an idea you weren't very bright," as he moved, and then the side of his hand slashed down on Clarke's wrist, and the gun went spinning.

He saw the hate in Clarke's eyes and found the same feeling in himself. He moved as Clarke swung, stepping inside the looping right, slamming his left into the other's stomach, then hooking hard with his right as Clarke sagged a little in the middle and his head came down. It was a good punch, crisp and well timed, and Clarke slid off the desk and dropped. But the blow was a little high, and Clarke bounded up, still full of fight and white with rage.

Then a voice, high and unrecognizable, said, "Stop it!"

THAT voice went right through MacKinnon, knifing into his consciousness, dissipating his anger. He stepped back; Clarke, always a little slow, started to follow him.

"Stop or I'll shoot!" Norma said, and she had her arm straight out, pointing the gun at Clarke, her hand white-knuckled from the pressure of her grip.

MacKinnon circled quickly to her side. "All right, darling," he said, and took the gun. "You were wonderful. . . . Up against the wall," he said to Clarke, "and keep your hands high!"

Denny Clarke took a look at the hard line of MacKinnon's mouth and obeyed.

"Wh—what do we do now?" Norma's voice shook a little with excitement and delayed alarm.

MacKinnon told her to get over in the corner out of the way. He said they'd wait, and he felt so good, so positive that this was what he had waited for, that he was impatient for the next step. It came about two minutes later.

Aitchison and Carlos walked in together, and the manuscript was still under Aitchison's arm. They were in the room before they knew anything was wrong, and when they looked at MacKinnon's face, they obeyed, too, Aitchison putting the manuscript on the desk before he joined Clarke and Carlos at the wall.

"Get it, honey," MacKinnon said, "and let's shove off."

He watched Norma step to the desk. She lifted the leather binder carefully, as if it were fragile, then held it to her breast. Her eyes were full as she turned back to MacKinnon, and then, as he watched her, he saw the lashes go wide and heard her cry out. There was no time to think, only an instant for instinct to warn him that something was horribly wrong.

Then a low, flat voice with a snap to it said, "Drop that gun!"

MacKinnon recoiled, every muscle rigid. In that first second, he could not have dropped the gun had he wanted to.

"Paul!" Norma's voice was tense with fear, jarring him instantly.

He lowered the gun and glanced over his shoulder toward the French window. The man outside was partly in shadow, his face a blur beneath the hatbrim, but the gun in his hand was real, gleaming darkly in reflected light.

In that long second of shocked silence, MacKinnon let his fingers relax. He started to drop the gun and then he heard the hall door open. As he focused on it, two men walked in and one of them was Lieutenant Rodriguez. . . .

WHEN MacKinnon found he could move, he put the gun on the desk and his breath whistled out. The man behind him stepped through the window. It was Tomas Garay. He moved to cover the three men along the wall, and Rodriguez reached for the manuscript in Norma's arms.

"I will take that," he said.

MacKinnon sighed. "For once," he said, "I'm glad to see you. How did you know?"

"We have watched this house for some time. You may have noticed the delivery van outside when you drove up with Leon Vidal. My man reported immediately you arrived, but unfortunately I was out. I was delayed in getting here." . . .

Within a very few minutes, Rodriguez had things under control. Carlos was on his way to jail, the order was out to pick up Alfredo, and Leon Vidal had been taken to a doctor to have his head patched up. Now, with the immediate details attended to, Rodriguez heard MacKinnon's account of how he spent the day and learned about Norma's masquerade.

"I am not sure I know the meaning of this," he said now, looking through the manuscript, "but I should like to know where it has been. It is yours, Miss Travers? And Victor Molina brought it in for you because you did not dare carry it?"

Norma told him briefly about the manuscript and her part in getting it here.

"You say it was stolen from Molina after he was killed and before you saw him?"

"It has to be that way," MacKinnon said. He explained how he had learned that Clarke, through Mrs. Gerand, had rented a room across the hall from 319 at the Palm Hotel. "Clarke was hired by Aitchison, or the crowd he represented, to come here with Miss Travers."

Rodriguez turned to Clarke. "When you got it," he said, "why didn't you give it to Mr. Aitchison?"

Clarke's voice was surly when he replied. "That," he said, "is none of your business."

"Because he double-crossed Aitchison," MacKinnon said. "Either because he wanted more money or because he knew the possession of the manuscript might convict him of murder, he played it cozy. He pretended he didn't have it, and Aitchison believed him."

"Certainly I believed him," Aitchison said. "Furthermore," he added frostily to Rodriguez, "I resent this sort of treatment. You have no charge against me that will stand up in court and you know it. If you think so, let me get my lawyer and—"

"In due time," Rodriguez said. "I am not making any charges, Mr. Aitchison. Your idea," he added to MacKinnon, "is that Clarke got his price today?"

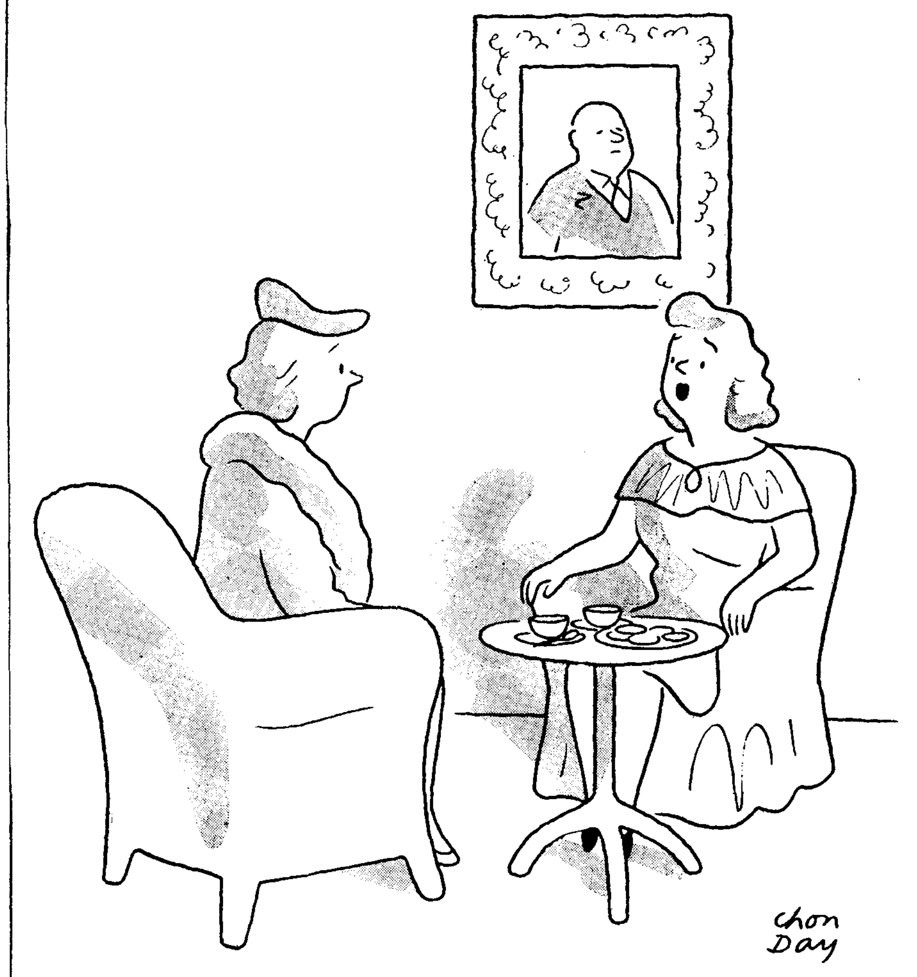
"He got a hundred thousand bucks," MacKinnon said. "He still has it as far as I know."

Rodriguez wasn't satisfied. "Why didn't Clarke deliver the manuscript in person?"

"I don't know," MacKinnon said, "but I can think of reasons." He explained his theory that the killer had mailed the manuscript to a fictitious name at the post office as a precautionary measure.

"I think the money was passed before Clarke told Aitchison where to go for the manuscript," he said. "Either he or Aitchison sent Mrs. Gerand and her maid to pick it up."

He glanced at Norma and found her watching him. Her eyes met his and tried to smile, and the effort stirred him deeply. He spoke to Rodriguez. "Look," he said, "Miss Trav-



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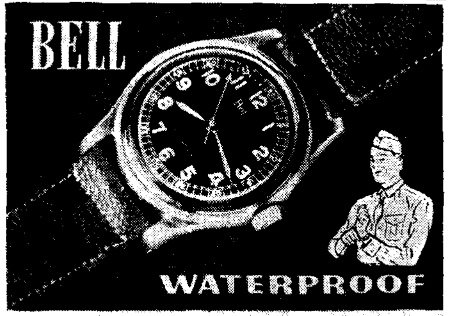

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ers isn't under suspicion of murder any more, is she?"

"If she can prove she was here last night, she has an alibi."

"Last night?" Norma looked puzzled and then dismayed when Rodriguez told her about the murder of Manuel Zayas.

MacKinnon got back on the track that interested him. "What about me? Did you check with Adrienne Brissard?"

"We did," Rodriguez said. "You are no longer under suspicion."

"Then how about letting us have the manuscript? We want to take it to the American Embassy."

"Why?"

"That's what we came to Havana for."

Rodriguez looked puzzled. "We?" he said politely.

"She came all the way from Lisbon. I came from New York." MacKinnon felt Norma staring at him but he kept looking at Rodriguez.

"I wondered," the lieutenant said. "I wondered about that, Mr. MacKinnon. I had an idea it might be something like that. They know you at your state department?"

MacKinnon grinned. "Not officially."

"Umm." Rodriguez said, "Do you think of any other reason why I should hand over this manuscript?"

"I can think of one," MacKinnon said. "We could make a deal—in line with our mutual good-neighbor policy."

"Oh?"

"An important guy who worked for one of your neighbors was murdered. Last night there was a second murder. Have you made any arrests?"

"No."

"But it's still your job. That's the general idea, isn't it?" MacKinnon paused, seeing something in the other's thin face that told him he was making progress. "You need a killer. I need the manuscript—we need it. You could get a hundred manuscripts, but down at police headquarters you'd still be—"

"You mean I'd still be out in right field," Rodriguez said. "Yes . . . And you believe you can help?"

"I think so," MacKinnon said. "I think if we go to the hotel—"

IT HAPPENED as he spoke, and with a suddenness that for once fooled even Rodriguez. Bruce Aitchison had been leaning forward, sitting on the edge of his chair. Now, without warning, he bounced up and leaped toward the open door to the hall.

He was gone before Tomas Garay could turn and swing his gun, and Rodriguez, diving past the little man, yelled at him. Garay instantly turned back, covering the others in the room. Rodriguez yelled again and went through the doorway.

Norma started to rise, and MacKinnon held her shoulder, keeping her in the chair. He heard the pounding footsteps in the hall as Rodriguez disappeared. There was another command in Spanish, more distant now, followed by a small, slapping sound, barely audible among the other larger sounds. The footsteps stopped. Then there was a heavy, thudding sound and the floor shook.

Rodriguez came back shortly. He spread his hands. "It was a foolish thing to do," he said, a note of apology in his voice. "He might easily have been shot."

"Somebody slugged him," MacKinnon said.

The detective nodded. "The man at the side door. I think Mr. Aitchison will have to go to the hospital. If you will excuse me, I will arrange it."

He spoke simply, without regret, and when he went away, MacKinnon remembered his earlier estimate of the man and knew he had been right. There *was* something quietly sinister about Rodriguez. Where his work was concerned, he would act first and apologize later.

As he thought about this, he remembered something, and he moved casually over to the wastebasket and retrieved the brown paper in which the manuscript had been wrapped. He folded it, not looking at Garay, and slipped it into his pocket. As he turned away, Rodriguez came back.

"Now," he said, "you were saying something about the hotel, Mr. MacKinnon."

"Oh, yes." MacKinnon nodded. "It was an idea I had, and what Aitchison just did confirms it. Why should he risk his life like that when there was no charge against him? A man might make a break like that if his life were in danger. Or maybe for money. That's why I think we might go to the hotel. You might also have Mrs. Gerand picked up," he added, "in case we need her."

DENNY CLARKE leaned against the wall of his room, his arms folded and his gaze disdainful as he watched Tomas Garay open the overnight case in which MacKinnon had found the letters, the photographs and the gun. The gun was still there, tucked under stacks of fifty- and hundred-dollar bills neatly bound with paper bands.

Rodriguez accepted the gun, inspected it, shoved it into his pocket. "You do not deny you sold the manuscript to Mr. Aitchison?" he said to Clarke.

"How the hell could I now?" Clarke said.

Norma Travers, still in her servant's garb and brown make-up, sat in the chair by the window, and MacKinnon was again perched on the arm. Presently Clarke straightened up and touched his mustache with his thumbnail.

"Those two," he said to Rodriguez, indicating MacKinnon and Norma, "may have alibis for last night, but ask them if they've got one for the time Molina was murdered. I think," he added when no one answered, "that I can prove one of them did it."

MacKinnon felt Norma sit up. "That's ridiculous," she said.

"Is it?"

"You followed me to the Palm Hotel that first morning," MacKinnon said. "You looked through the windows and saw me talking to the clerk and getting the key and that was something you had to find out about. When I went back to the car to wait for you, you went in and found out what room it was. Then I guess you had to know why," he said.

"You suspected me because I knew Norma." He touched her shoulder and let his hand remain. "You might even have known that I was her ex-husband. You knew why she was here, and when I rented that room, you knew you had to watch it."

"When do we get to the murder?" Clarke drawled.

"You had a date with Mrs. Gerand," MacKinnon said, "and you talked her into going in and engaging a room across the hall."

"So what?"

Someone knocked at the door before MacKinnon could answer.

Rodriguez went over to open it and then spoke to a man in the hall. "Mrs. Gerand is not at home," he said when he came back.

MacKinnon took his time. He thought ahead and chose his words carefully. "Were you working with her, Denny?" he asked. "Or was it Adrienne?"

"I thought you knew everything," Clarke said.

"Adrienne, I think," MacKinnon said slowly.

"Pardon me," Rodriguez said. "You refer to Mrs. Brissard? Perhaps we should have her down here," he added, and went to the door and spoke to someone outside.

Adrienne came a minute or two later and only in the first instant did she falter. She stepped inside as the man who brought her opened the door and stopped, her dark eyes taking in the room in a glance and then focusing upon the stacks of bills on the bed.

Her half-smile froze then, and the color drained from her cheeks, but it was all over in a moment. She straightened her shoulders and tightened her mouth.

"We ran into a little trouble, baby," Denny Clarke said.

"I see we did." Adrienne's voice was scornful. "I was afraid you'd bungle it some way."

"Not me," Clarke said.

"Perhaps I'd better explain," Rodriguez said, and told her briefly what had happened. "It was Mr. MacKinnon's idea that you did not keep your bargain with Mr. Aitchison," he said when he finished. "Is that correct?"

Adrienne looked at MacKinnon. "If it is Mr. MacKinnon's idea," she said, speaking to Rodriguez, "why not let him explain?"

"Okay," MacKinnon said. "You and Denny worked together, but you were the one who did the double-crossing. You're the one who held up Aitchison for the hundred thousand. You split with Denny when you got it." He turned to Tomas Garay. "How much is there?"

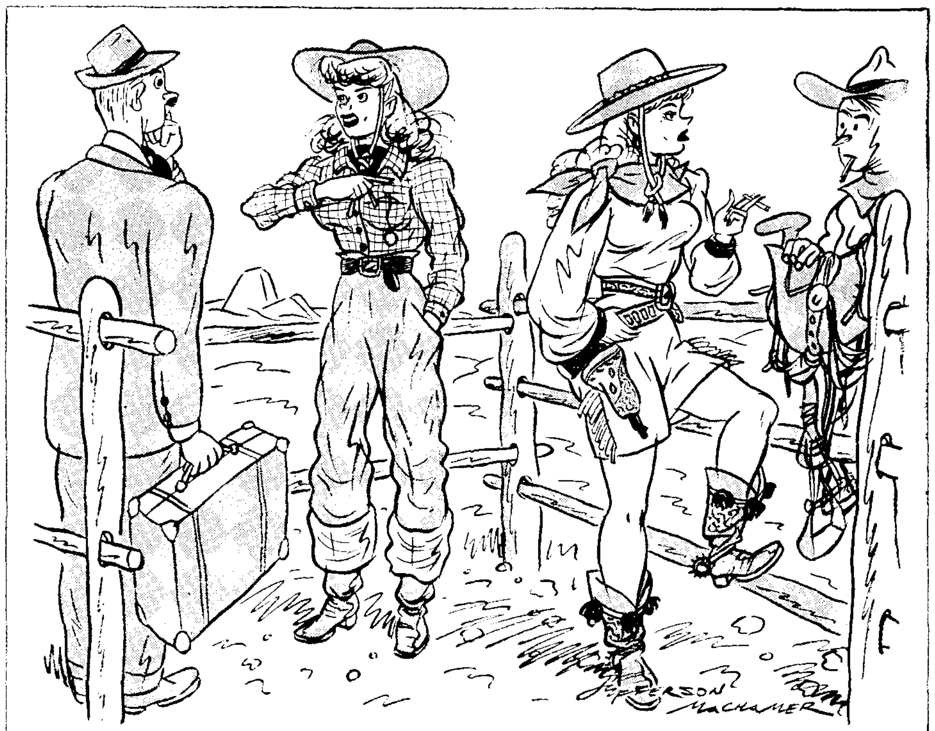
Garay touched the bills on the bed. "Here," he said, "is fifty thousand."

"YOU split with Denny," MacKinnon went on to Adrienne, "but you made the play yourself. Aitchison did not suspect Denny or he wouldn't have let Denny make the pay-off today. That's what happened, wasn't it? You were afraid to deliver and collect yourself. You said you'd tell Aitchison where the manuscript was when you had the money. He sent Denny here with it. Then you phoned Aitchison and told him what name to ask for at the post office. He sent Mrs. Gerand, and I got there right after she delivered it. A little later, Denny came."

"I thought you were going to tell us about the murder," Clarke said.

"I am." MacKinnon took a breath. He refused to be hurried. "After you rented the room across from 319, someone had to stick around and do the watching. That meant working in shifts." He looked back at Adrienne. She had taken the other chair and was leaning back watching him lazily. "You

*(Continued on page 66)*



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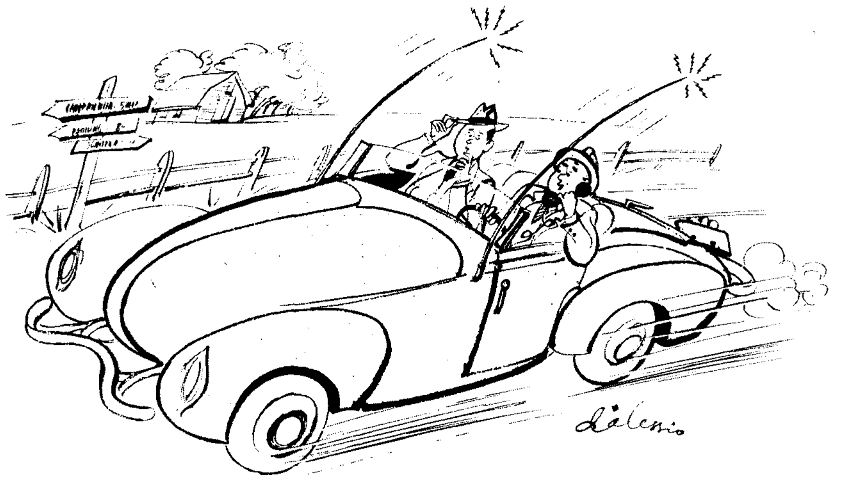
### BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



## Hello on Wheels

Not often does the telephone startle us with a totally new kind of service, bringing in thousands, perhaps millions, of new subscribers. The intricate life of telephony is one long, quiet history of slow improvement and quality, the reach to greater distances, the gradual whittling away of the cost of the everyday user. But now comes word of a really spectacular advance: telephone service on rubber tires, for truck drivers, bus and taxi operators and private car owners. This is not merely a broadcast to a vehicle from a single station. It is a radio connection with any wire telephone in the world.

The mobile telephone will give the driver on the road exactly the same performance that his business or home phone does. Rolling along city streets or speeding down a country highway, you will simply lift the instrument off its hook on your dashboard, hear the familiar, "Number, please," and get your connection. In town the call will go through almost as fast as the present-day local call. In some cases you may even be able to dial it yourself. In the country you will be making what amounts to a toll call, with the usual waits for connections.

The trick will be accomplished by a combination of short-wave radio and standard land-line systems. Behind the dashboard will be located a compact low-power transmitter and receiver unit much like that used in Army jeeps and trucks. It will be fed by your car battery and will be entirely automatic.

When you make a call, your voice will be broadcast ten to thirty miles. Somewhere in this area the telephone company will have a radio pickup station, on the air all the time to receive your signal. These stations will be spotted along the highways closely enough to insure good transmission; in cities they will be so located that steel buildings can't cast radio shadows and so cause fading or echoes. In any area where the service is given, you can be sure of being heard. Frequency modulation will be used to cut down static.

From the pickup station onward, the system will work as a part of the regular telephone network. The operator will signal the exchange you ask for and have your party rung.

But the service is to be two-way. You can be called while driving along, just as reliably as you can be reached in your house. Suppose you are the driver of an express delivery truck or a refrigerator repairman, and your boss wants to give you quick instructions. He simply picks up his desk phone and asks for the "vehicular operator."

As soon as she comes on the line he gives her your rolling telephone number. She connects the circuit to one or more radio transmitters in your area and puts your call on the air. The signal goes out in code that works a gadget in your receiver but does not call any other car. A bell rings or a light glows on your dashboard; you pick up the instrument and say, "Hello," and in three or four minutes from the start, the boss is telling you to call at so-and-so's for a package or to stop at Mrs. Kelley's and fix her icebox.

This is no dream, but one of the first big improvements that will come with the war's end. Telephone experts are making countrywide surveys today to find out just how many trucking companies and fleet owners will want the service. They expect the demand to be enormous.

The technical problems have long been solved for marine radio links connecting harbor and coastal traffic to the land telephone system. Tugboats and fishermen have had phones for fifteen years, and in New York and Boston one or two special automobile installations have been working during the war for public utilities.

Mobile telephones will come first in big cities, where large groups of subscribers can be concentrated in a small area. As the advantages are understood, telephone pickup stations will be added on main highways until communication with moving cars will be commonplace.

The sets to be used in trucks and cars are highly developed and reliable. They will be furnished either by the telephone companies on rental or you can purchase your own. Servicing will be done by company electricians or perhaps by special garage mechanics if you own your set.

The cost of all this will not be great. To car owners, having a telephone may be a luxury for a time. But to commercial trucking companies, the cost will be nothing compared to the savings made in operating expenses and time. Drivers who now have to return to headquarters for orders or go ahead entirely on their own will be in touch with the home office wherever they are.

In the city, practically every type of commercial vehicle can be operated more effectively with telephone aboard. Ambulances, taxis, armored cars, service trucks, delivery wagons—all can save time and extra miles and give better service, too. The mobile telephone will be especially valuable to doctors and will protect a community better than stationary telephones in an emergency.

When the radio network reaches main highways, busses, trains and even transport planes can hook in for passenger calls back to home or office.

One great advantage on the open road will be that if you are in any kind of trouble, you can get through a speedy call for help that may save a life. ★★★

## Woman at Bay

**Continued from page 64**

were in the room when Molina came," he said. "You were the only one to use the room."

"How do you know this?" Rodriguez said.

"Because she had the key to that room," MacKinnon explained. "Room 322. Denny got it from Mrs. Gerand and gave it to Adrienne, and she still had it late that same night. Last night, when I moved Zayas, I got caught in the hall trying to fit the wrong key into my lock. The keys to the Palm Hotel rooms are almost identical with the keys here and it took me a minute to realize that my key wouldn't work because it was the wrong one. The same thing happened to Adrienne the night we were held up by Aitchison's men. I was with her when we went to her rooms. She tried to unlock her door the same way I did. The key looked right, but wasn't. I wouldn't be surprised if she still has it."

Rodriguez smoothed his hair down. "You are saying that she killed Victor Molina?"

"Right."

"You're nuts." Denny Clarke snorted disgustedly. "You killed him. You or Norma—and you know it. Adrienne was in room 322 all right, but—"

"Shut up!" Adrienne snapped; then disciplined her voice: "This is Paul's story, Denny."

MacKinnon stared at Clarke a moment. Then he said to him, "I think I get it now: Adrienne told you she saw Molina go into room 319 and Norma go in right after; that then I came, and after a while, we came out with the package. She cooked up some story about following us and later getting hold of the manuscript and mailing it to a phony name. She made you believe it, too, didn't she? *That one of us killed him.*"

He saw the growing incredulity in Clarke's gaze and stood up. "I'll tell you what really happened: Adrienne saw Molina go in with the manuscript, and she ran in after him with a gun. She tried to hold him up, but Victor Molina wouldn't quit. He tried to get his gun—did get it out, in fact—and she shot him."

MacKinnon stopped, and his words hung in the quiet room. Clarke was still staring at Adrienne, but nothing changed in her face.

"She ran out," MacKinnon said. "Norma was a minute or so late, and Molina was a little early, and Adrienne got out the back way. Then she knew what the score was. She wasn't going to turn the manuscript over to Aitchison because now the manuscript meant murder. The price agreed on wasn't enough, and to turn it over like that would be to admit the killing.

"But she didn't dare keep the manuscript either," he continued. "So she got the idea of mailing it to herself under another name. At the end of the alley in back of the Palm Hotel is a bookstore, and that's where she went. She had a package and she got some paper and wrapped it. She wrote out an address and took it out and mailed it."

MacKINNON took out the wrapping paper, unfolded it and passed it to Rodriguez. "That's it," he added, and explained where he got it. "That's her handwriting. Manuel Zayas found out about it, too. I don't know what Zayas knew, but he learned that much because Leon Vidal and I watched him go in that bookstore and—"

"One moment." Rodriguez glanced up from the wrapping. "You agree then that the same person killed both Molina and Zayas?"

"Certainly. Adrienne did."

"But she has an alibi for last night. You yourself said so. And if she has none, you have none."

"You're close," MacKinnon said. "I've got sort of an alibi. A small one. Wait a minute," he said and picked up the telephone. "I want to get Leon Vidal," he told the operator. "He works for *El Sol* and he probably isn't there now because he was hurt, but if you can get his home number . . ."

The operator interrupted him: "Mr. Vidal is here now, sir. He has been trying to reach you."

"Put him on," MacKinnon said. "Leon? That watch of yours . . . when you set it yesterday morning, you said it varied many minutes daily. . . . Well, which way?"

"It is slow," Leon replied. "Sometimes as many as five minutes in one day, but with things as they are in these times—"

MacKinnon cut him off. He asked other questions and told Leon to wait. When he hung up, a new exultancy soothed the growing tightness in his chest, and suddenly he felt loosely poised and ready to go. He explained what Leon Vidal said, what he had said the night before.

"Leon said Zayas arrived downstairs at three minutes after eleven and I gave him another couple of minutes to get to Norma's room. That made it five after eleven—*but only by Vidal's watch, which was slow.* Actually Zayas arrived up here about eleven, and at five after Adrienne opened her bedroom door enough to tell me to get some music on the radio instead of the news broadcast. From five after, she had an alibi because I could hear her in the bedroom. From eleven until five after, she had none. I heard nothing but the broadcast. And how long do you think it would take her to go from her bedroom to Norma's and take care of Zayas?"

It was a rhetorical question, and he went on, his voice brusque, impatient and hard: "She knew exactly what she had to do. Zayas told her enough to know she had to take care of him. He wouldn't know who was in Norma's room, or care. He had a date for eleven o'clock with Adrienne and he came expecting to get the manuscript."

MacKinnon turned to Norma who sat perfectly still, watching him: "Adrienne came upstairs with you when you said you had a headache. Did she come into your room? Sure, she did. She either picked up the key when you put it down after unlocking the door, or she pushed the catch so the bolt would not lock when you closed it.

"Was that it?" he said to Adrienne. "Was it unlocked on purpose so that anyone trying the door could walk in and find the body?"

ADRIENNE'S eyes were still sleepy, but her lips were thin, her cheekbones pale. She kept looking at him but saying nothing, and MacKinnon went on in the same crisp tones.

"You timed it beautifully," he said. "When I first asked you to break up your date early, you didn't give me any encouragement. But when you came downstairs after you'd gone up with Norma, it was different. You asked if I'd be waiting around eleven, because you'd changed your mind. When you found out Norma was going to take some sleeping tablets, when you saw what a wonderful alibi you'd have if you planned right, you *wanted* me around at eleven."

He paused and continued, "We went upstairs at about two or three minutes of eleven, and you wouldn't let me phone for ice and soda. You said I could do it from your room. So I fooled with the radio that

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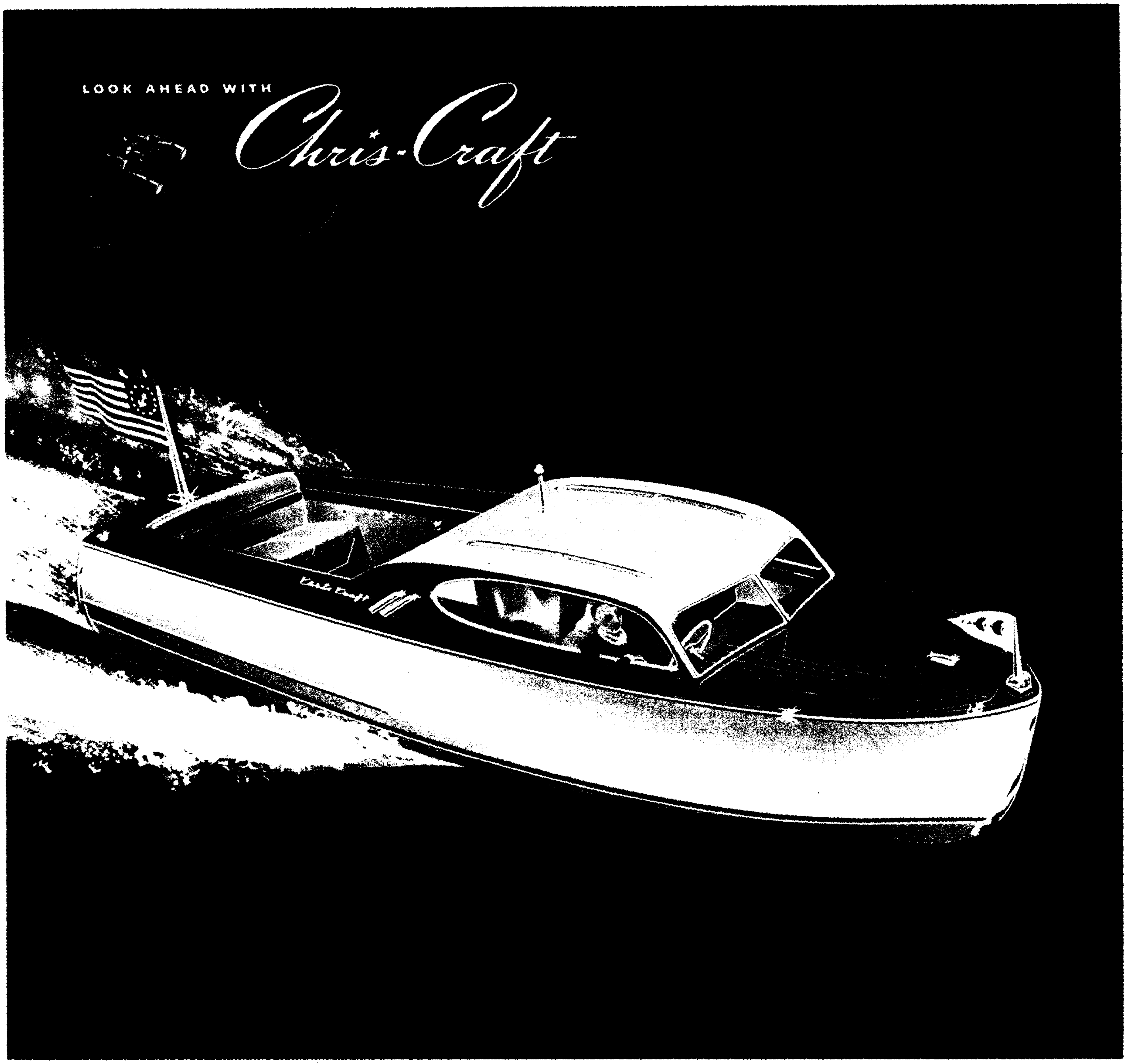

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you had turned on while you stepped across the hall. You knew where the dagger was and you told Zayas you'd get the manuscript, and when he came close, not suspecting you now, you shoved that knife in his chest."

Clarke swore softly. MacKinnon continued speaking to Adrienne:

"You counted on doing it in Norma's room because you thought she'd taken sleeping pills and wouldn't know what had happened. You knew about the knife because you'd searched her things aboard ship. You saw she wasn't in bed then, but it didn't matter any more, with Zayas dead. The point was that by taking a chance—and being bold about it—you had an almost perfect alibi. Zayas would be found in Norma's room with her knife in his heart and very likely Norma without an alibi. With her already under some suspicion of the first murder, it took the pressure off, *didn't it?* It gave you a chance to collect on the manuscript."

MacKINNON stopped and found he was out of breath. His throat was dry, his back a little stiff from his own intensity.

Rodriguez cleared his throat. "What do you say to that, Mrs. Brissard?"

"Nothing," Adrienne said indifferently.

"Is that all you have, Mr. MacKinnon?"

"All?" MacKinnon was furious. "What do you mean, all? Am I supposed to arrest her and then prosecute the case?"

Rodriguez shrugged. His lips twisted in what might have been a smile of apology. "I was only asking," he said. "I think you have done very well." He folded the wrapping paper and put it in his pocket. "I think first we will go to your room, Mrs. Brissard, and see about the balance of the money."

He opened the door and beckoned. Three plain-clothes men appeared. He gave one Clarke's overnight case containing the money, and then spoke to the big man. "You will go with them," he said. "To my office."

Clarke looked bored. "Is this a pinch?"

Rodriguez took the slang in stride. "An informal one. If you will wait, we will take your statement later and then decide."

"Sure," Clarke said and started through the door. Then he stopped and turned to Adrienne. "Tough luck, baby," he said. "I'll see you later."

He went out, followed by the lieutenant's men, and then Rodriguez turned to Adrienne.

"If you are ready, Mrs. Brissard . . . You will stay with me, Tomas," he said to Garay.

The little man with the round, wrinkled face bobbed his head and stepped into the hall. Adrienne rose and walked out, looking straight ahead. Norma glanced at MacKinnon and went into the hall. Rodriguez came out, closing the door and still holding the manuscript.

Adrienne was moving toward the stairs, back straight, head up, hips swinging. Tomas Garay followed, and Rodriguez stretched his long legs to catch up with his assistant. MacKinnon, bringing up the rear with Norma, saw Rodriguez speak to Garay, leaning over and gesturing with one hand while the little man nodded.

Norma's hand touched MacKinnon's, and he closed his own about it. "How could she, Paul?" she said, her voice hushed. "How *could* she?" She sighed and shook her head, and glancing down at her, MacKinnon saw the weariness in her face and in the sag of her shoulders. He squeezed her hand.

"Come on," he said. "It's about over. I'll call the embassy and we'll get rid of that thing tonight."

They climbed the stairs and went along the hall to Adrienne's room.

When they were inside, Rodriguez said, "Will you get the money for me, Mrs. Brissard? Or shall we search the place?"

"I'll do it." Adrienne led the way into the bedroom, followed by Rodriguez and Tomas Garay.

MacKinnon stopped in the doorway with Norma and saw Adrienne open a black leather bag on the bed.

"I think you will find everything here," she said over her shoulder.

Then it happened.

MacKinnon saw the gun in Adrienne's small hand as she turned. Instinctively he pushed Norma back against the wall and pinned her there, seeing Adrienne straighten and the muzzle swing round and the white pressure of her knuckles.

In that instant it seemed that time stood still, and he could see Rodriguez standing to one side, making no move toward the gun but waiting straight and tall, with the leather-covered manuscript under one arm. Tomas Garay was farther away, a little to one side, his knees bent and one shoulder hunched.

MacKinnon did not know then or later what Adrienne intended to do. He did not know whom she wanted to shoot or if she wanted to shoot at all. It could have been simply a threat to gain time, to make one last desperate attempt to get away.

Whatever the reason, the gun was pointing, and there was that instant when MacKinnon saw her gray, twisted face and the bright, hot points of her eyes. Then the shot sounded, and he stared, shocked and incredulous, seeing the red blotch on Adrienne's hand, watching the gun spin crazily as it fell. Only then did he realize that it was not Adrienne who had fired, but Tomas Garay.

Adrienne stood, wide-eyed and immobile, her jaw slack as she stared at her hand. Rodriguez stepped toward her. Then something happened, and she screamed and turned on him.

The scream helped. It broke the spell, and MacKinnon leaped forward, watching Adrienne claw and kick as Rodriguez tried to hold her. He tossed the manuscript aside and used both hands.

"A towel," he called, and as MacKinnon swerved toward the bathroom, he saw Tomas Garay holstering his gun.

When MacKinnon came back, Rodriguez held one of Adrienne's arms and shoulders, and Garay the other. Adrienne had quit kicking, and as MacKinnon wrapped the towel about her shattered hand, she slumped and let herself be lowered into a chair.

MacKinnon turned to Norma and asked if she wanted to go into the other room. She shook her head and her eyes were sick, but she stood right where she was and watched Rodriguez. The detective was examining Adrienne's gun, and when MacKinnon stepped close, he saw the X carved in the handle.

"Manuel's!" he said in slow astonishment.

Then MacKinnon knew what it meant. He said, a snap in his voice now, "You knew it. You gave her that chance deliberately."

THE voice that answered him was flat, emotionless. "What you told me downstairs was very nice," Rodriguez said. "You did well—better than I could do. That evidence might convict her," he said, eying Adrienne aslant, "but in court, a pretty woman with a little money—well, it makes for difficulties."

He paused, still inspecting the gun. "You took this from Manuel at Sans Souci, and I took it from your room the evening I searched it. The next morning I gave it back to Manuel and told him to be more careful. He would surely have brought it when he came to get what he thought was to be the manuscript last night, and yet no gun was found on him. And it was almost a certainty that the killer had taken it. She left one gun behind after she had used it on Molina.

"And guns are not easy to come by here," Rodriguez continued. "At least for a stranger. And she knew that it might, finally, be necessary to use one again. Yes, it seemed this was what had happened to Manuel's gun."

"You could have searched the room if you thought so," MacKinnon argued.

Rodriguez shook his head and smiled tiredly: "When police search a room, there is always the cry from the accused that a gun was planted. No one *knew* this gun was here but Mrs. Brissard. It was necessary that she go directly to it before witnesses."

MacKinnon looked at him, his feelings a curious mixture of admiration and resentment.

"So you told Garay to shoot the gun out of her hand. Of course, that was a cinch," he added dryly. "You didn't care if he missed and somebody else got plugged by her gun."

"The possibility was remote," Rodriguez said. "With the pistol, Tomas is an expert. In all Cuba, there is none better."

Then MacKinnon thought of something. "Look," he said. "Isn't Tomas the guy that

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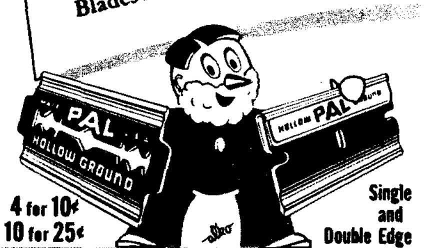

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shot at me last night down at Zayas' place?"

Rodriguez smiled. "He could have shot you neatly through the back of the head, had I not called to him to miss."

MacKinnon blew out his breath, and for a moment his gray eyes were not amused. Finally he walked over to Norma, not knowing why, and squeezed her hand. He looked at Adrienne, and she was leaning back in the chair, her eyes closed. He looked at Rodriguez.

"All right," he said. "I give up. Why?"

"There were things about you in the cablegram I received that I did not explain. They did not make you sound like a playboy."

He tipped his head. "There were other little things that told me you were here for a purpose, and you did not act like an amateur. I could have picked you up almost any time, Mr. MacKinnon. But the pattern was strange, and there were reasons why caution and waiting seemed best. Because of this, I thought it might be good to give you all the rope you needed." His grin broadened. He almost smiled. His teeth gleamed.

"And it was wise that I did," he added. "Between the two of us, we have, as you would say, wrapped this one up. Will you trust me with this"—he indicated the manuscript—"until tomorrow, or would you prefer to settle it tonight?"

MacKinnon looked at Norma and their eyes decided it. "Tonight," they said together.

IT WAS two-thirty before MacKinnon and Norma had their nightcap. He had phoned Lanning at his home while Rodriguez took care of Adrienne, and Lanning had routed out the chargé d'affaires. The manuscript had been duly delivered and examined behind closed doors, and while Lanning did not tell MacKinnon all it contained, he did suggest that what it disclosed was all Dave Adams or anyone in Washington could want.

Afterward, Norma had made a statement for the record, and Leon Vidal had been given as much of a local story as Rodriguez thought wise. Then MacKinnon had come to Norma's room with her, and she said he could have a nightcap.

"Because," she said, "if it hadn't been for you, I would never have found it."

"Is that the only reason?" MacKinnon asked.

She hadn't answered that and now she was curled up on the love seat and he was stretched out in the chair, the empty glass in his hand.

She still wore her servant's outfit, and the brown make-up was on her arms and face and legs. Her tawny hair was pinned high, and there was softness mixed with the fatigue in her green eyes that warmed MacKinnon deeply.

He did not want to go. His own weariness was like a drug that made him comfortable and supremely happy, and he was content merely to sit here and watch the lovely lines of her face and throat. But when he saw her lids begin to droop, he stood up.

"How you going to get that leg stuff off your face?" he said.

"Warm water and soap."

"When you get around to the back, you're going to need help. Maybe," he said, putting down his glass and pulling her to her feet, "I could come around in the morning."

"Maybe," she said.

"If we were married," he said, "I could help now."

"That's right, you could."

She did not look at him when she said it, and he slipped his arm through hers and they walked to the door. There were a lot of things he wanted to say, things he wanted to do, but he sensed the understanding between them now and thought it better to wait, to give her a chance to think things out.

"Tomorrow, darling?" he asked.

She looked up at him, cocking her head a little, and now her eyes were veiled to hide their amusement. She tried to look severe, and her voice had that cadence.

"I'll think about it," she said. "I'm not sure. After all, you did come down here to double-cross me. I trusted you and . . ."

"Now wait a minute," he said, and grinned. "That was a different MacKinnon. That MacKinnon was out to get something from Mrs. Sevigny. I'm a different guy. Norma Travers doesn't really know this MacKinnon. He's pretty nice."

"Is he, Paul?" The amusement went out of her glance, and distance came. "I wonder if this Norma Travers is any better than the old one."

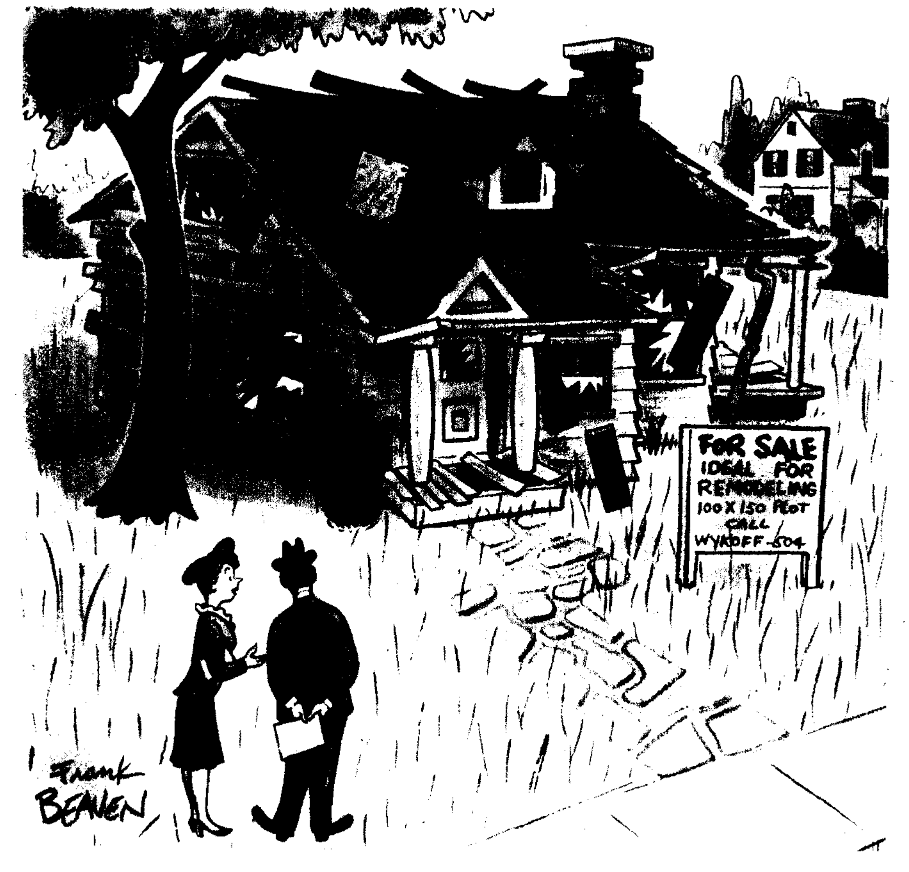
"This one is a woman," MacKinnon said.

She looked up and they were very close. He held his arms open, and without a word she came into them. He held her that way, the thickness spreading in his throat. A bright new gladness, long denied, struck through him and he tipped her chin up.

"You'll get liquid stocking on you," she said.

"Yeah," MacKinnon said. "I think I'm going to like it."

THE END



"—and then after the war we could build a new one and burn this in the fireplace!"

COLLIER'S FRANK BEAVEN

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EXPERIENCED SEAMEN
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Licensed First and Second Mates,
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Sparkling appearance, cheery comfort, smart styling—and needled with the precision and craftsmanship that have won three Army-Navy "E" flags for Reliance. These all add up to explain Ensenada's nation-wide preference.

In fancy weaves and solid color Relon Rayon, poplins and broadcloths. Wear them in or out, long or short sleeves, two-way collars. Ensenadas are featured by better stores everywhere as often as our extensive military production permits civilian shipments.

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# Look Where You're Going

## BY RUTH CARSON

TO a gardener a weed is nothing but a nuisance to be rooted out as speedily as possible, and a forest floor is no more than a possible source of good humus. If he would stop and look he'd find both were a whole lot more.

That's what Samuel Gottscho, who took these pictures, did. His specialty is photographing houses and the gardens of big estates. But along came the war, and gas rationing. Mr. Gottscho started looking around right where he was. What he saw made him clutch his camera and go to work. Have you ever really looked at a weed? he wants to know. At a tree unfurling in the spring? At a cluster of seed pods? Seeing and photographing such plants have become Mr. Gottscho's hobby and he believes countless others would enjoy it, too. Mr. Gottscho will kneel for hours to photograph a windflower when it isn't dancing in the breeze; to get the right light on a patch of woodland moss. It's the form and design that appeal to him.

**Left, a common New England woodland scene, two thirds life-size. The red eft, which is the larval stage of the water newt, held it 16 seconds for his portrait**

Mr. Gottscho uses two cameras. In the woods a camera with an attachment for Kodachrome slide film, 28 by 40 mm. The camera sits on a short-legged tripod that can tilt down over the subject. It requires a long exposure and extra patience. The slightest breeze can spoil everything.

In his studio and sometimes outdoors, Mr. Gottscho uses a 4 by 5 camera with bantam roll film attachment. The camera is on a high tripod; the subject is on a long, sliding board arrangement so that constant adjustments can be made.

Mr. Gottscho identifies the plants he photographs by reference books or by taking his pictures to the botanical gardens. There are countless other sources of reference, including your local botany teacher.

The bookstore people tell him that there's been a run on nature books, the biggest demand in years. "People are getting back to fundamentals," he says.

Mr. Gottscho's only regret is that he didn't get this idea earlier in life. "Give me ten acres and a camera," he says, "and I could be busy and happy the rest of my life." ★★★

**Mr. Gottscho spied barberry growing in profusion around a deserted grange, let a professional job wait while he snapped this close-up in full-size**

**In spring, before leaves are out, the spicebush, growing in damp places, bursts into bloom. Blossoms, about five sixteenths of an inch in diameter, encircle the leaf buds**

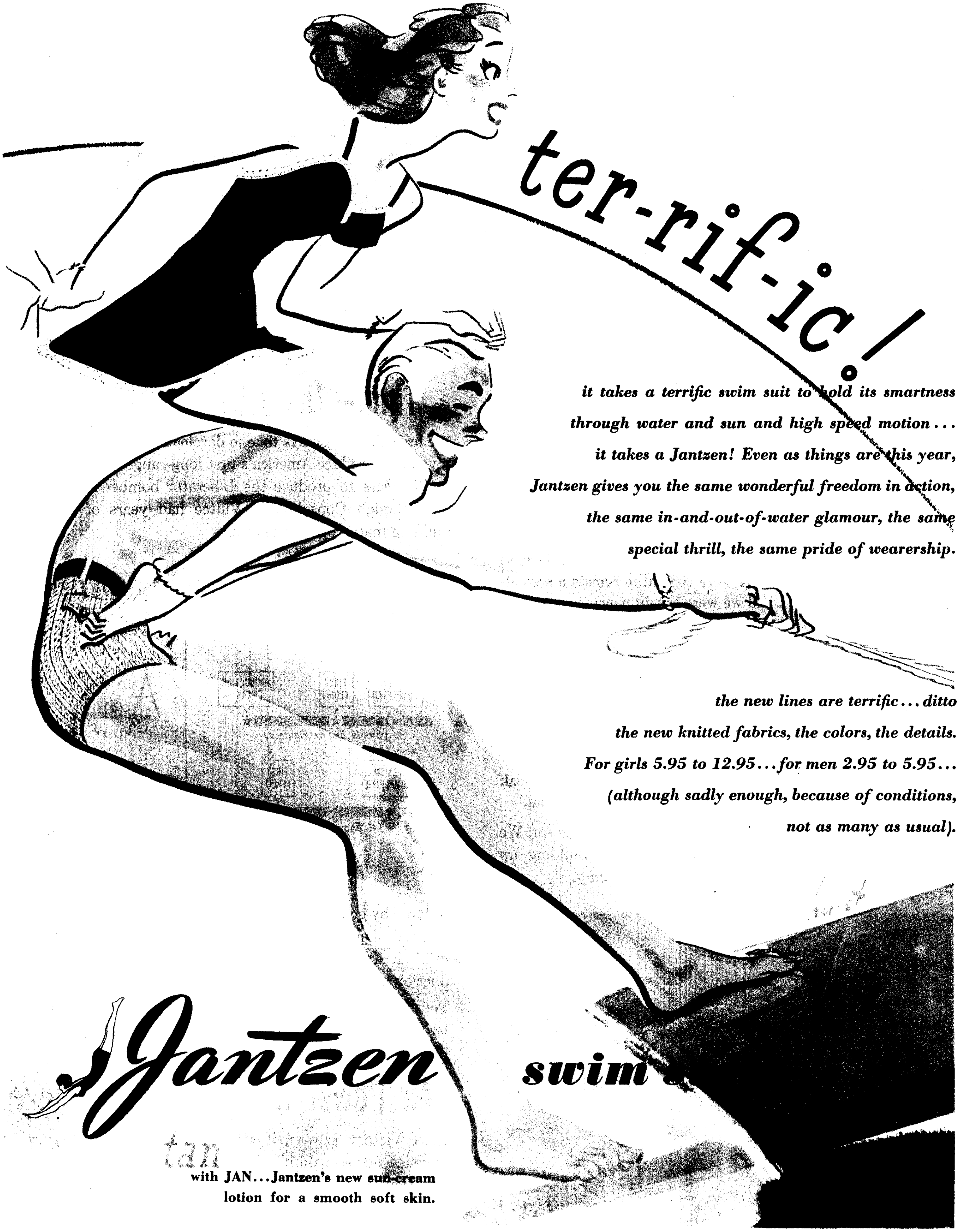
**Photographed in the Adirondacks, a life-size view of partridgeberry and hair cap moss. Partridgeberry plant is evergreen, has waxy white blossoms**

**The dayflower is tiny (five eighths of an inch across the two upper petals), beautiful, but called a common weed. Botanists praise this picture of it**

**Life-size bit of forest floor. Botanists he consulted told Mr. Gottscho the mushrooms are Russula Emetica, agreed they are emetic, didn't agree they are poisonous**

**Mr. Gottscho used twenty slides to get this picture of your garden pest, chickweed, which he magnified eight times. "Pretty as a picture," said a farmer**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GOTTSCHO-SCHLEISNER



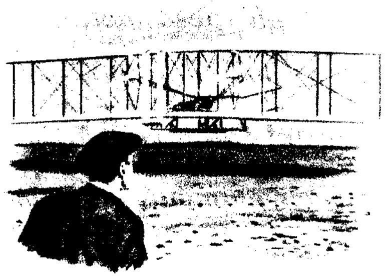
*it takes a terrific swim suit to hold its smartness through water and sun and high speed motion... it takes a Jantzen! Even as things are this year, Jantzen gives you the same wonderful freedom in action, the same in-and-out-of-water glamour, the same special thrill, the same pride of wearership.*

*the new lines are terrific... ditto the new knitted fabrics, the colors, the details. For girls 5.95 to 12.95... for men 2.95 to 5.95... (although sadly enough, because of conditions, not as many as usual).*

**Jantzen swim**

tan
**with JAN... Jantzen's new sun-cream lotion for a smooth soft skin.**

# LET'S KEEP AMERICA STRONG



***America invented the airplane . . .***

. . . and yet the most disastrous defeat we ever suffered in our entire history was when Japan attacked us at Pearl Harbor . . . *with our own invention.*

**The truth of the matter is this: Having invented the plane, we were content to remain a second-rate power in the air . . . and we were caught napping.**

## Who will save us next time?

Germany spent 10 years building up her Luftwaffe — then she struck.

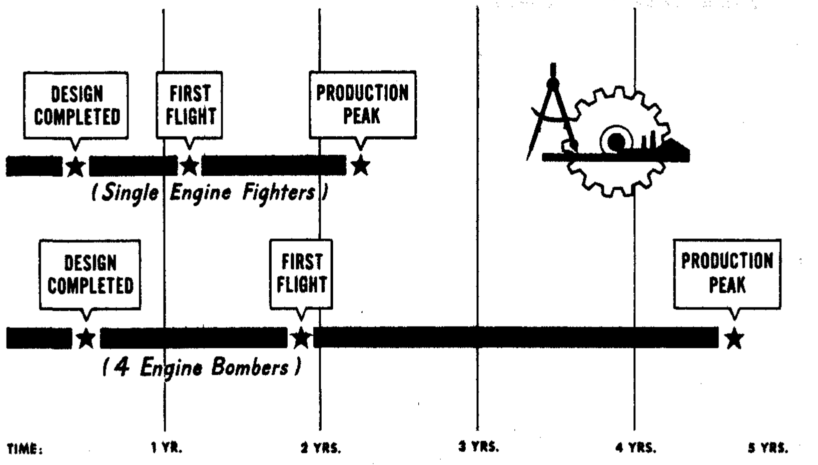
Hitler used 3000 planes in a single campaign—the cowardly conquest of Poland. **Yet, even later, when Japan pulled her sneak attack, America had a total of only 1157 planes fit for combat.**

All this time, America had no well-defined air program. We had to start almost from scratch, frantically building up strength in the air while Britain held off the enemy.

## Time—the Joker in Air Power

**We learned that it takes time to develop a military plane.** It took 7 years to produce America's first long-range heavy bomber—and 3 years to produce the Liberator bomber in quantities, even though Consolidated Vultee had years of experience building mammoth sea planes.

**ELAPSED TIME FROM START OF ENGINEERING TO PRODUCTION OF MILITARY AIRCRAFT**



More by good luck than our people's foresight, a new fighter plane, designed in 1936, started coming off the production lines in 1941. And another fighter was almost ready for mass production at the time of Pearl Harbor.

**Today—only at a terrific and needless cost in money and lives—we are finally strong in the air. Stronger than any other nation on the face of the globe.**

## Air Power for War... and Peace

After Victory is won, if we forget some of the lessons we have learned so painfully in this war, we can easily drift back again to the status of a second-rate power in the air.

***Dare we rely on such a hit-or-miss air program next time?***

# IN THE AIR!

America cannot hope to remain strong among the nations of the earth unless Air Power is maintained during peace years as well as when at war.

No one denies that to maintain American air supremacy, our military planes must excel those of any other nation.

**But military air strength is only one important phase of Air Power . . .**

The necessity for waging war on a global scale has opened our eyes to the role which air transport has played in supplying our fighting fronts, from China to the Rhine.

Tomorrow, huge transport planes—***an American Merchant Fleet of the Air***—will open up new areas of natural resources, and help bring about a mutual appreciation of peoples in once-remote lands. **The plane will be an important factor in promoting a relationship under which nations can live together peacefully.**

## A Nation on Wings

Since the turn of the century, America has been a "nation on wheels." Even more important, the automobile made us a mechanically minded nation. And this was a good thing, when war came.

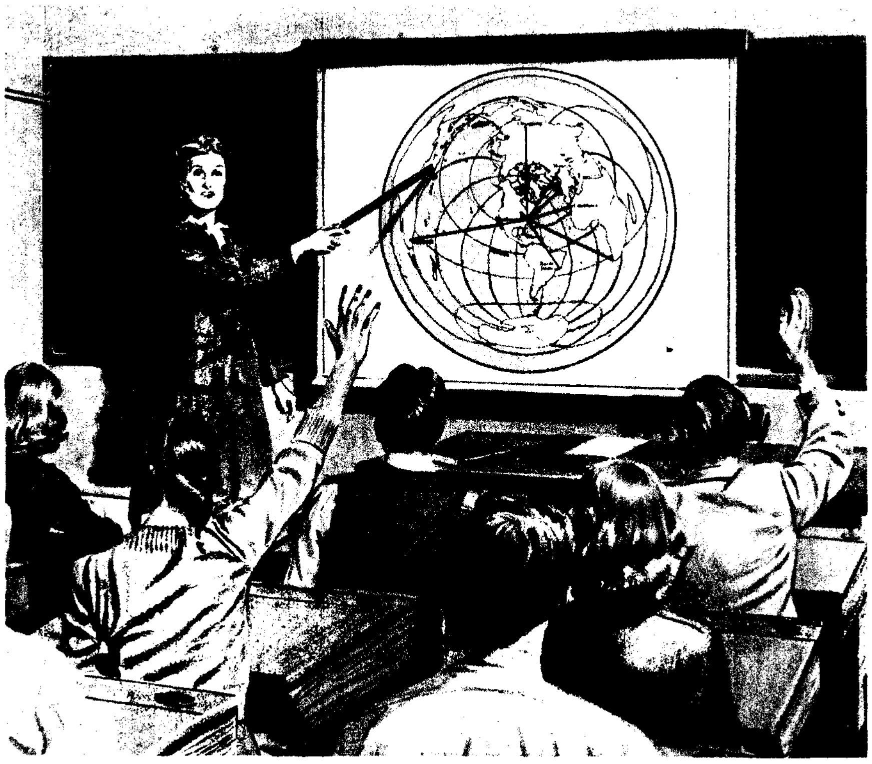
**For, the mechanical knowledge gained from tinkering with a $10 jalopy has made untold thousands of American boys the world's finest airplane pilots and mechanics.**

Now, overnight, we have become a "nation on wings." The Air Age is here. When the war is finally over, many thousands of people in this country will take to the air—in their own small personal planes.

## Today, a 60-Hour-Wide World

**A nation which thinks and works in terms of Air Power has taken a long first step toward insuring a lasting peace—for air strength is a force which aggressor nations fear and respect.**

Today, under the impetus of war, the aircraft industry has become five times bigger than America's vast prewar automobile industry. It is turning out planes at the rate of over 6000 a month.



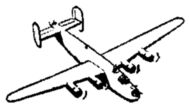
**Our aircraft industry must remain strong, and competitive. And it must constantly work in research and technological advance, even after Victory.**

And finally, we must teach our children—and we ourselves must never forget—that the world is now one global community in which *no spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from our local airport.*

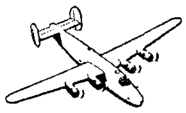
**Millions of air-minded young Americans, who will soon be returning from overseas, know that this is why we must keep America strong in the air!**

# CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

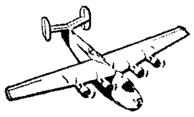
San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Fairfield, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
New Orleans, La.
Nashville, Tenn.
Louisville, Ky.
Wayne, Mich.
Dearborn, Mich.
Allentown, Pa.
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.
*Member, Aircraft War Production Council*



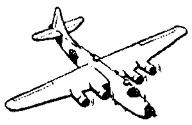
**LIBERATOR**
*4-engine bomber*



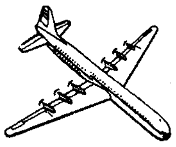
**LIBERATOR EXPRESS**
*transport*



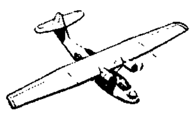
**CORONADO**
*patrol bomber*



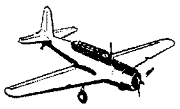
**PRIVATEER**
*search plane*



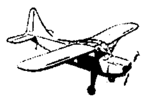
**CONVAIR MODEL 37**
*Pan American Clipper*



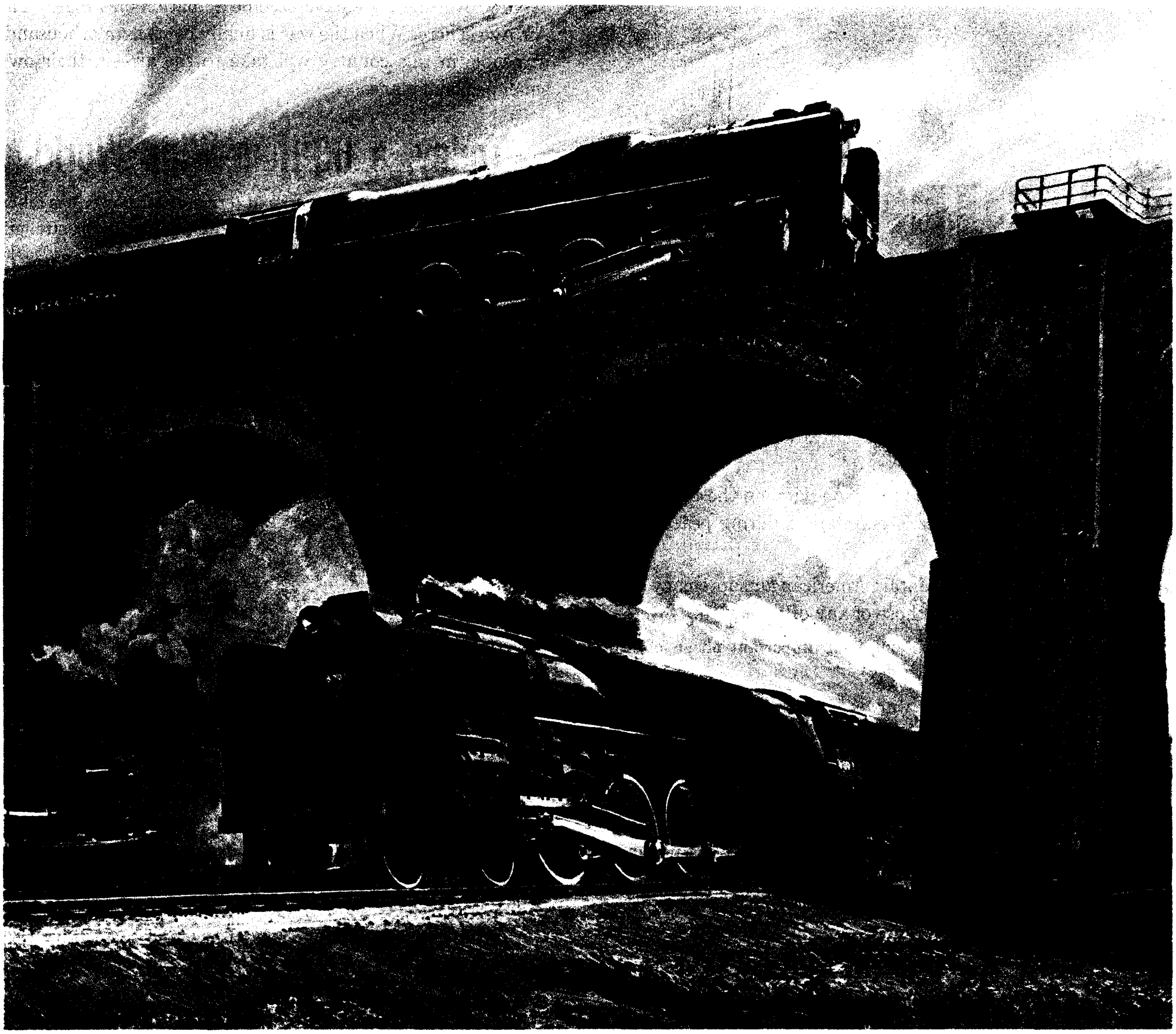
**CATALINA**
*patrol bomber*



**VALIANT**
*basic trainer*



**SENTINEL**
*"Flying Jeep"*



# Which one is the freight locomotive?

BOTH ARE! And you may be surprised to learn that both are passenger locomotives, too. They're actually *interchangeable.*

This is important to the railroads because, until recently, freight and passenger locomotives were built differently—one primarily for *hauling power,* the other mainly for *speed.*

Today, however, out of American Locomotive's hundred years' experience have come locomotives that are truly multipurpose. Like the "Niagara" locomotives shown above, latest result of close co-operation between The New York Central and American Locomotive designers, these locomotives can haul fast freights one day and crack passenger trains the next. Moreover, they may be steam or diesel-electric or any modification of either type. It doesn't matter whether they are powered by coal or oil—the important thing is economy of performance.

This development helps reduce the number of locomotives a railroad must buy and maintain in order to do its job. And that's important to you. For it is out of *savings* that a railroad gets the money to make improvements in service.

This is just one of many developments that will contribute to finer postwar railroad service. And it is significant that it comes from the Company that built the world's largest steam locomotive, gave America its first diesel-electric locomotive, and has supplied an important share of the locomotives now being used for war purposes by the United Nations.

**American Locomotive**

THE MARK OF MODERN LOCOMOTION

# God's Angry Woman

Continued from page 22

Miss Thompson retorted that she was never an appeaser, is not one now, and wrote: "I cannot enter the puerile, paratheological discussion of whether there are good or bad Germans. No political intelligence is possible on that level."

Millions of Germans, she believes, were blackjacked into war against their will by Hitler's strong-arm squads, and she points to all the Germans killed in Nazi concentration camps. She goes into a rage at the argument that Germans, as a people, possess a mad craving for militarism—a sort of emotional alcoholism that drives them periodically into binges of war. She campaigned against the Allied "unconditional surrender" policy as nonsensical, and she was chillingly frigid over the political aspects of what took place at Yalta. She appeared hurt because her own recommendations had been ignored, and soon she was writing of the "dissatisfaction of Europe with the Crimea Conference." She was annoyed with General de Gaulle also for demanding French control of the Rhine as protection against future German bayonets.

This kind of talk, when tens of thousands were dying from German bullets, victims of pink-cheeked killers from Leipzig and Munich, obviously left Miss Thompson vulnerable to angry brickbats. A great many Americans—parents, wives and sweethearts of dead G.I.s—are inclined to agree with Lord Vansittart, Rex Stout, Louis Nizer and other leading exponents of the treat-Germany-tough-for-fifty-years school, who maintain that Miss Thompson is talking sentimental twaddle.

To them the Germans are dangerously perverted fanatics, and they say the world will have no peace unless Germans as a nation are locked behind bars until they show some decency. Last year, Stout was involved with the columnist in a Town Hall debate which became so explosive the police had to be summoned.

Correspondents in Europe were often even more incensed at the trigger-tempered columnist. They have been and still are pointing out that German civilians—even in defeat—seldom feel guilt for their nation's crimes, and instead, as a rule, think that the Poles, Dutch, et al., should not have resisted. Germany, the story goes, was merely acting in self-defense. Yet these civilians invariably proclaim anti-Nazi sentiments.

2nd HAND HOUSEHOLD STUFF
WAR BOND
WASHING MACHINE A-1 SHAPE $150.00
L. Cutter

"Bonds are a Better Buy!"

Attacks from the Vansittart-Stout-Nizer school, or any other, bounce off Miss Thompson's armor like raindrops as a result of her crusading fervor. Mere unpopularity will never keep her from protesting that the Big Three and the Allied world are crazy if they think the German people must be punished for the sins of Hitler. For her, most questions boil down to a black-and-white issue of moral principle. She is convinced that peace cannot be built on hate; thus she campaigns violently against hatred of the German nation.

The virtues of a soft or a hard peace are pointless, when the inescapable fact to her is that Germany is a ruined bombed-out shambles. Miss Thompson believes that those who talk of destroying Germany ignore the fact that it is already destroyed.

What the cause of world peace needs, she believes, is an end to the old Balkanization of the Continent; out of the wreckage of Europe the opportunity is at hand to create a new all-European order. It seems to her preposterous that at Teheran and Yalta, the U.S., Britain and the USSR presumed to settle the fate of Europe, when none of them is basically or primarily a European power.

"What Europe needs desperately is a confederative system, with relegation to a federative organ of defense, currency, communications—and gradually the creation of an All-European customs union. In such a federative European system, no Fourth Reich would ever develop. There would never again be a German army—or a French—but only an All-European army. The various states of Germany could be reintegrated; and in a generation a new Europe could arise, to be integrated with a world organization."

But at this point there comes into the picture another of Miss Thompson's abominations—Stalin. She has little more use for the Soviet leader than she has for Hitler. She goes on: "What stands in the way of this confederation is the apparent opposition of the Soviet Union to any European solution in which it is not the dominant factor."

The Yalta decision to carve Germany up into four zones of authority for occupying armies will result, she thinks, in boundless confusion, further Balkanization of Europe, more nationalistic hatreds and more wars. It would be of little purpose to cite the counterarguments used against the columnist's views on the coming peace. The decisions have already been taken, and Miss Thompson's pleas generally strike deaf ears.

It is easy to see, though, why her gloomy forebodings earned her the sobriquet of Cassandra. Other nicknames have also come her way. The late General Hugh Johnson described her as a "breast-beating Boadicea." Extremists among her critics have charged her with thinking of herself as a messiah in skirts. This she considers ridiculous. At one time, however, she meditated going into politics and even took seriously suggestions that she was Presidential timber.

## The Triumph of Showmanship

For a person to achieve her type of success, superb showmanship and a dramatic social personality are required. Miss Thompson has both. When she sweeps into any gathering, she is generally the immediate center of attention. This sometimes draws bitter glances from other women present, few of whom could compete with Miss Thompson's brilliant oratory. Miss Thompson is accustomed to taking the floor, and holding it.

Once she appeared at a party with a bandaged finger, and someone observed, "Bitten by a Nazi, no doubt." Actually the finger had been bitten by an unidentified woman outside a café, after the columnist had upbraided her for uttering an alcoholic diatribe against the Jews which ended with "Heil Hitler." The woman fled before the surprised columnist could get in a wallop.

However, Miss Thompson is angriest when people say her columns are purpled with woman's emotionalism; she prefers to think them based on pure logic. But the erudite Washington correspondent of the London Times, Sir Willmott Lewis, observed that a good part of her success came from the fact that she had "discovered the secret of perpetual emotion." Another long-time friend and foreign correspondent described her thus: "Dorothy doesn't think here—or here," he said, pointing first to his heart, then his head. Cradling his stomach with both hands he bellowed, "She thinks with her viscera!"

Dorothy's parents, the Reverend and Mrs. Peter Thompson, were English, and happened to settle in America only because another minister wanted a holiday in England. Reverend Thompson, here on a trip, agreed to take over his pastorate. Dorothy was born July 9, 1894, in Lancaster, N. Y., the eldest of three children, and the family lived in a succession of small New York towns to which the father's pastorate took them.

Dorothy, by all accounts, was a blue-eyed tornado from infancy. Her gentle father would punish her after tomboy escapades only by sitting her down and teaching her passages of the Bible; it left her with the ability to quote Scripture to clinch almost any argument. Even when barely past the toddling stage, she had a vast curiosity about the world and tried to run away from home. Once her collarbone was fractured when she leaped from a window hanging to an umbrella.

After her mother died, however (she was seven at the time), her high spirits were dimmed. Two or three years later, the church organist, Eliza Abbot, became the

## LONG-HAIR HEPCAT

**A young woman leaped up and started dancing in the aisles at the Philharmonic during Toscanini's rendition of Weber's Invitation to the Waltz, protesting that the music carried her away. She was carried away by the police.—News Item**

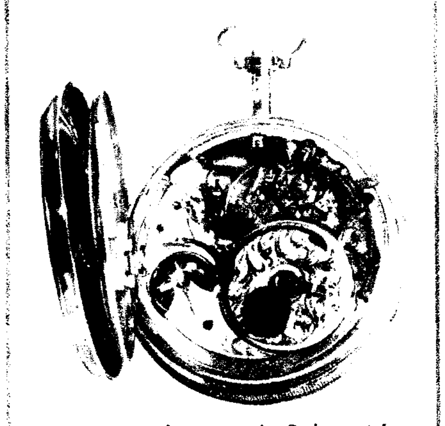
**It started with Goodman, who brought down the house,**
**And they tore it apart for Grable's spouse,**
**And the Andrews gals going, "Veni, Veni."**
**But what really sends 'em is Toscanini!**

**When he swings out wide on an Invitation**
**A cat responds with a wild gyration,**
**Leaps in the aisles when he gets real groovy,**
**Squealing as at a Sinatra movie.**

**Percussion sections go rub-a-dub-a**
**And it's "Beat me, Arturo! Hubba, hubba!"**
**From jivey joint to the Philharmonic**
**What heights we scale with the diatonic!**

**—Ethel Jacobson**

COLLECTORS' CORNER



Eloquent testimony to the Swiss watchmaker's ingenuity is this 175-year-old timepiece in its handsome 18-karat gold case. For one thing, the intricate movement plays a tune every hour—on the hour. Press the watch stem and the hour . . . and the minutes of the hour . . . are chimed out. This gem is from the private collection of Mr. Thomas A. Dillon.

*There's always a best of everything....*

Fine Arts is *all* whiskey. 5-year-old whiskies are carefully selected for outstanding characteristics . . . aroma . . . deep body . . . full-rounded flavor. These are then superbly blended into one—a whiskey of matchless perfection.

FINE ARTS
FINE ARTS
A Blend of Straight Whiskies
Blended and Bottled by Fine Arts Distilling Co. Baltimore Maryland
Distributed by Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc. New York, N.Y.

90 PROOF

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Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc., New York, N. Y.

*BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS*

Today,,, in the Numbing Cold of the "Wild Blue Yonder"

... Rides New Heating Magic for Your Car

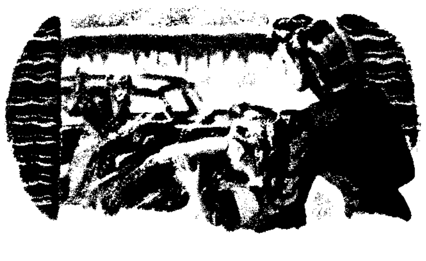
BLUE SKIES may spell happiness to you. To the men who are making history in the wild blue yonder, those pleasant skies are filled with the deadly menace of numbing cold.

But these men are well armed to battle cold. Tucked away in the plane is heating magic—a midget "furnace" that pours out life-saving heat. Billows of warmth that keep vital parts of the plane at battle heat and keep young fighting men alert and sure-handed.

This heating miracle is made possible by the "sealed flame" principle developed by Stewart-Warner . . . and pioneered in the South Wind car heaters now serving millions of motorists.

But, because of lessons learned in frigid battleskies, the coming South Wind will bring America's motorists "*hot heat in 45 seconds*"—double the speed of prewar South Winds. Your car will be cozy and warm even on shortest trips downtown. No shivering for miles . . . the coming South Wind will deliver billows of hot heat in a block or so!

So, expect new car heating magic from South Wind. It's coming to you—tested and proved on land, at sea as well as in the air—wherever fighting men battle cold as well as the enemy.



*Tomorrow*.. This Heating Miracle Can Add New Enjoyment to Your Life

A more compact South Wind will heat your car. A unit, probably no larger than a clothes hamper, can heat an 8-room home.

These will be the South Winds that are "on duty" all over the world . . . making heating magic you'll enjoy in *your* South Wind of tomorrow.

*To Manufacturers:* Available now for use in essential products are compact, lightweight South Winds in sizes ranging from 10,000 to 200,000 Btu/hr. output. If you can use big heat from such small sources—now or postwar—write us outlining your requirements.

**Heater Division**
**Stewart-Warner Corporation**
**Chicago 14, Illinois**

South Wind Heaters

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Another Product of
STEWART WARNER

children's stepmother, and she did not take kindly to Dorothy's girlish exuberances, so Dorothy was packed off to Chicago.

Methodist ministers' daughters could get free tuition at Syracuse University, so Dorothy went there and graduated in 1914 with high honors. Failing to pass a grammar test for a teaching job, she soapboxed for female suffrage. In Friendship, N. Y., she was introduced for a stump speech, only to have her words drowned out by the blaring of the town band, which started playing at the same instant.

Leaping from the platform, she dashed into a near-by store and bought a blackboard and some chalk. Returning, with the music still blaring, she put down in huge letters: "Noise is not an answer to truth."

This appeal won the crowd's heart. Miss Thompson concluded her oratory with a burst of eloquence, and proudly recalls that Friendship put its vote of approval on women's suffrage.

Then she worked for a New York advertising agency, wrote publicity in Cincinnati, and helped her brother and sister through college. She had always wished to see Europe, and finally, in 1920, she had managed to get together enough money. On the ship she met a delegation of Jewish leaders going to London for a Zionist conference. She persuaded a news service to let her report it. She was a newspaperwoman.

### A Free Lance in Europe

The tales of the Thompson skyrocketing to fame soon became legendary among correspondents. She interviewed a Sinn Fein leader in Ireland just before he went to jail and started a two-and-a-half-month hunger strike, from which he died. She turned up by some magic in other places where news was happening, did a part-time publicity job for the Red Cross to keep from starving, and finally persuaded a correspondent to let her send news from Vienna and central Europe, to be paid for if usable. She still had no regular job. Then came her big break.

Former Emperor Karl, of the shattered Austro-Hungarian empire, had attempted a Putsch. When it failed, Karl and Empress Zita took refuge in a castle near Budapest, surrounded by hostile forces. The girl correspondent, pressing an unwilling Red Cross man into duty as her foil, tricked her way into the place and got an interview with the last monarch of the Hapsburgs. The Philadelphia Public Ledger rewarded this feat. It put her on the regular pay roll at $50 a week, with Vienna as her headquarters.

If the aggressive Miss Thompson did not know what was going on, or why, she usually found someone to tell her. Sometimes a call in the middle of a soirée would send her charging off to chase riots or revolutions. Then in 1925, she was transferred to Berlin.

There Sinclair Lewis, the novelist, met her two years later and was at once swept off his feet. It was her thirty-third birthday. On the same day, the divorce papers had come ending her first marriage, with Josef Bard, a romantic Hungarian novelist whom she had married in Vienna and with whom she had been deeply in love. Lewis' earlier marriage had also just broken up.

Lewis was so entranced that he doodled with a pencil on a piece of paper for a while and finally held it up for Miss Thompson's inspection. "There," he announced, "is the house that you and I are going to build in Vermont."

He followed her around Europe, pursued her to Moscow, proposed at every plane stop and between courses at banquets. Miss Thompson married the novelist in 1928, and they built the Vermont farm home, where she spends her summers today; but their differing temperaments, or perhaps the inevitable clash of interests between two mates with separate pinnacles of fame, finally brought a divorce in 1942.

For one thing, after his wife threw herself into the arduous task of worrying in print three days a week about the state of the world, Lewis got fed up with what he called "It" discussed around the house. "It" was his name for The International Situation, which occupied his wife and her friends until all hours.

Lewis wise-cracked that Dorothy had disappeared into the microphone maze of Radio City and had not been seen since. One son, Michael, now a six-footer although he is not yet fifteen, was born of the marriage.

Two years ago the columnist was married to an amiable, big-boned artist, Maxim Kopf, a Czech painter who spent months in wartime concentration camps in Europe and North Africa before he managed in 1941 to reach safety in America.

Kopf, despite the fact that his mother was Viennese and that he served in the last war in the Austrian army, often disagrees with his wife's vehement view on the proper treatment for Germany. He says: "I can't get sentimental about Germans." Once he broke up a discussion of the subject by snorting, "Those German women! So ugly! They wear heavy long-legged underwear!"

Kopf arrived in New York with but three dollars in his pocket. Local Czechs helped him to open a studio in Brooklyn. He took to reading the New York papers, and admired the force which Miss Thompson put into her columns. He resolved to paint her portrait, and a mutual friend, another anti-Hitler refugee who does research for the columnist, invited him for a few days to Vermont to meet her. Kopf brought up the portrait suggestion, but she scoffed and refused.

Miss Thompson likes to sit around until 2 or 3 A.M. arguing about the fate of the world, however, and no one but Kopf, who is equally gregarious, would sit up and keep her company.

After three or four days of this, Kopf

```
Coming Next Week ✓
A new serial by the author of LITTLE CAESAR,
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he tells the dramatic story of Lonnie Drew, who
would bet on anything, and Mary O'Donnell who
gambled her heart on the chance that they could
make a life together. For excitement, for romance,
for suspense -- read ODDS AGAINST THE GIRL
by W. R. Burnett
```

"Madeline, I've asked you not to do that"

COLLIER'S KIRK STILES

calmly went ahead and started the portrait. Miss Thompson admits that she was so taken aback that for once she could not think of a thing to say.

Frequently she sighs nostalgically for the good old days. The rosiest time she ever had, she thinks, was as a free lance in Europe, when the next meal was a gamble. She sniffs occasionally at the new foreign correspondents, who, to her mind, do not possess enough adventurous spirit.

When the Nazis barred reporters from Poland in 1939 after its conquest, for instance, she observed with vigor, "In the old days, the reporters would have stolen passports and disguised themselves as Polish peasants."

Miss Thompson could be called a radical only by a wide stretch of imagination, and she terms herself "probably the last living conservative." In the past two national elections, however, she added sharply to the sum of her enemies, and they were all on the conservative side.

She campaigned so fervently for Roosevelt and internationalism, against those whom she branded as ignorant of realities in the modern world, that some Republicans started calling her a harebrained girl wonder, a fishwife intoxicated with her own voice, or worse. Indignant publishers canceled her column right and left. Most of them later took it back.

### Politics versus Friendship

Wendell Willkie was a tireless friend of hers, who loved to sit and argue whither-are-we-going as much as she did, but in 1940 she opposed him anyway, saying she could put no trust in the men around him. This led H. I. Phillips in the New York Sun to say:

*Willkie's good*
*And plenty hotty*
*To all the Reids*
*But not to Dotty.*

Ogden Reid, editor of the Republican New York Herald Tribune, was then Miss Thompson's employer. It was Mrs. Ogden Reid's idea, in fact, that Miss Thompson should write a column.

The Reids ceased to be her employers soon after the election, in March, 1941. There are different versions of exactly what happened, but the fact remains that her contract expired and the newspaper no longer had anything to do with the writer, who had campaigned for That Man in the White House. In 1944 the paper saw another of its columnist stars, Walter Lippmann, come out for Roosevelt against the Republican nominee, Dewey. This time the editors took it philosophically.

Miss Thompson co-starred in one sidelight of the two Presidential campaigns which had the customers shouting for more. This was her caustic radio exchange with Clare Boothe Luce, a Willkie-Dewey backer and congresswoman from Connecticut.

Early in the duel, the Junoesque Miss Thompson said acidly that Mrs. Luce had "torn herself loose from the Stork Club to serve her country." Mrs. Luce retorted that Miss Thompson was "hysterical." Last year, when Mrs. Luce was in the middle of her speech to the Republican convention about "G.I. Jim," witnesses say that the wrathful Miss Thompson almost had to be held in her press gallery seat.

New Dealers and labor leaders have felt the force of her sharp tongue as well. She crusaded against the late President Roosevelt's "court packing" plan and she saw his Reorganization bill as evidence of a dangerous trend toward dictatorial power. When asked why she could not be consistent, she said coolly that when the President was right, she was for him; when wrong, against him.

### A Crusader Against Sin

She railed against labor bosses who, to quote her words, "became racketeers instead of democratic leaders of strong and prideful guilds." Capitalists gleefully seized upon Miss Thompson's words castigating labor racketeers, whereupon she turned around and lambasted profiteers and capitalist offenders in equally strong language.

From all this, some might think Dorothy Thompson a changeable-minded lady who has no idea just where she stands. Nothing could be further from the truth, although at times her targets seem to be miles apart. The truth is that she hates sin and belabors sinners wherever she finds them. When pressed for self-analysis she admits that she is a puritan at heart. Her father, she regards as a saint. His influence upon her has doubtless been greater than any other person's.

Dorothy Thompson perhaps reached her top influence in those black days when Britain fought alone. She did more probably than any other American outside official circles to arouse her country to the Nazi menace. She lashed with such fury at the Wheelers, Nyes and other heroes of America First isolationism that her opponents demanded a Congressional investigation of her column, branding her as a British propagandist. She would have welcomed the chance to denounce her enemies to their faces, but the investigation never came off.

Now, at fifty, strikingly handsome and gray-haired, Miss Thompson no longer gives the impression of writing every day at the top of her voice. Some editors feel that her public no longer hangs on her words with quite the bated breath of the epoch before Pearl Harbor, when her voice might set off a riot or a jubilee with equal ease. It could hardly be otherwise, since the issues of the peace are obviously not so dramatically clear-cut as those of jumping into war. She trails, in number of subscriber newspapers, considerably behind such masculine seers as Lippmann and Drew Pearson, but among feminine political writers she is far and away the most widely read.

Miss Thompson wakes at 10 A.M., eats breakfast in bed while wading through five newspapers, and makes up her mind what to write about. She flings orders to her secretary to get various friends on the telephone—authorities in their fields—and confers with them at length. At 11 A.M. she strides into her office on the second floor of her four-story home on East 48th Street, New York City, and sits at a typewriter. She is a rapid, lucid writer, and has been known to finish a column in forty-five minutes. At one P.M. a messenger from the Bell Syndicate picks up the completed script. Due to uncertainty in the mails, Miss Thompson must write her column two days ahead of time. In summer, when she is in Vermont, it is done three days ahead. These last weeks she has been filing her column from Europe.

Dorothy Thompson herself makes this comment on the job of writing a column: "It's wonderful," she says, "to get paid for just telling people one's opinions. I do that all the time anyway."

THE END

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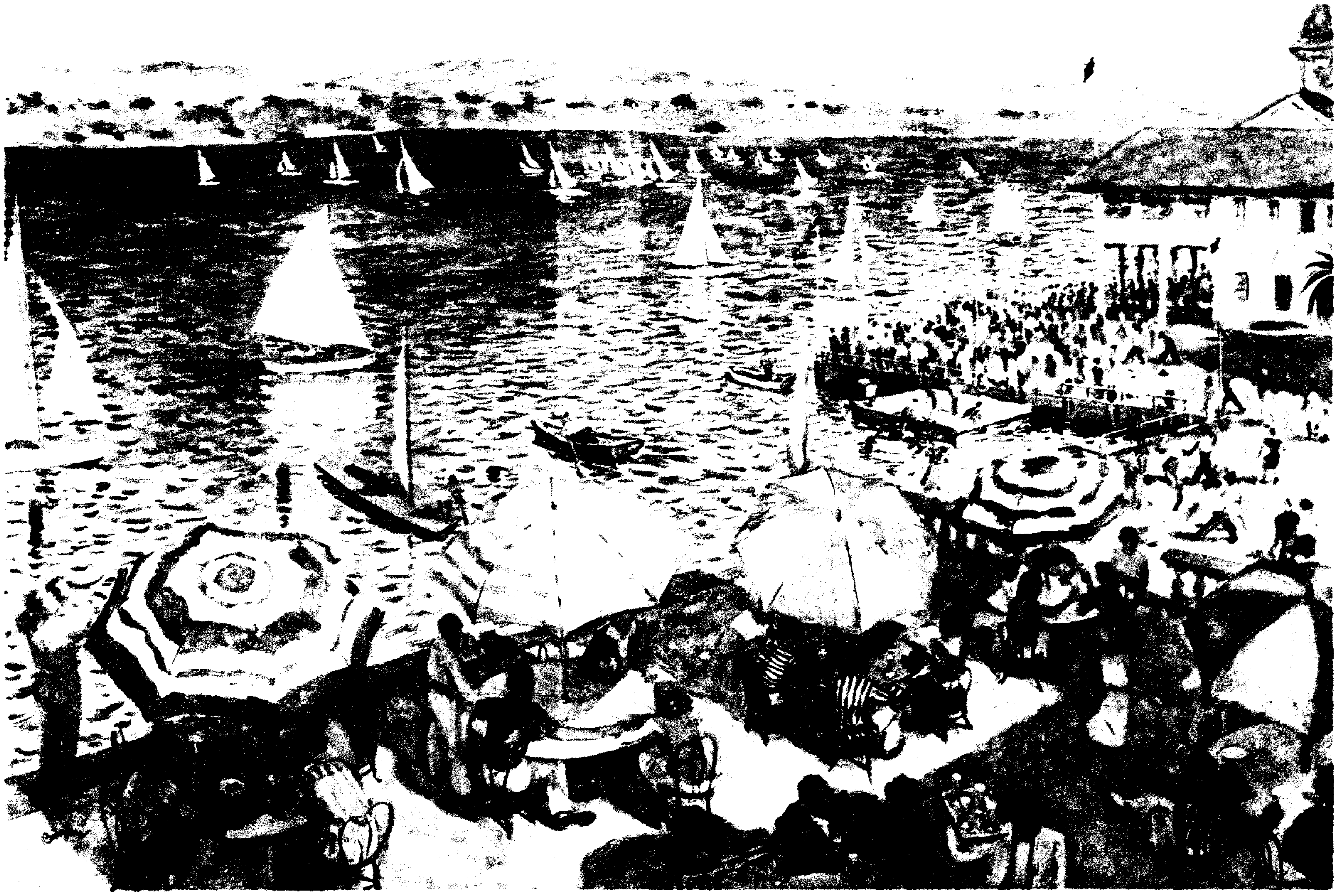

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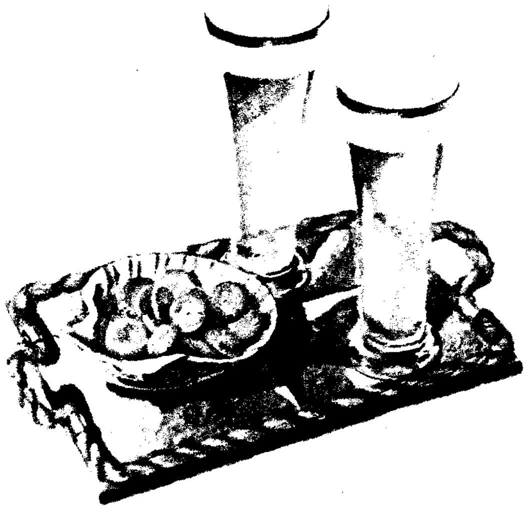

A Victory garden bursting through rich Alabama soil, snowy sails slipping over bright California waters, a camping trip in the piney woods of Maine or along the mountain trails of Colorado . . . all these are America, the land we love, the land that today we fight for.

In this America of tolerance and good humor, of neighborliness and pleasant living, perhaps no beverage more fittingly belongs than wholesome beer. And the right to enjoy this beverage of moderation . . . this, too, is part of our own American heritage of personal freedom.

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*Beer belongs... enjoy it*

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

"MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS"
•••V MAIL
MAIL THAT LETTER TODAY

# Chaplain Courageous

**Continued from page 13**

valves which controlled that operation in working order? Gehres couldn't tell from the bridge and he had practically no communication with the men below except through the trapped men in steering aft.

There, Seaman Davis and his trapped companions watched drops of water hang for a moment to the hatchway above their heads, then drop to their feet. They watched it with their flashlights and they wondered if the skipper remembered his promise.

When a carrier is on fire and there seems little hope of saving her, there are a great many things that are done automatically. This is Navy routine, and the officers and men on board had been trained for such emergencies and they knew what to do. There is one order that must be obeyed as quickly as possible: "Get all unnecessary personnel off the ship."

There were two air admirals on board, Ralph Davison and Jerry Bogan. They and their staffs had to leave; they had no discretion in the matter. The pilots, the whole air group and radar experts had to leave. They must live to fight from another ship. The wounded, too, must be taken off.

The explosions kept coming. The huge rockets went off with weird swooshes, and then if their heads hit anything, the explosion would shake the big ship. Some rockets exploded and flew through holes in the flight deck and zoomed high in the sky like giant Roman candles and then fell back to explode in the water, sending huge geysers skyward.

The destroyer U.S.S. Miller came aft and began to play four streams of hose on the flames. Gehres asked her to come up on the port side so the two admirals and their staffs could leave. As Admiral Davison left the bridge he said to Gehres, "You'd better prepare to abandon ship."

"If you'll give me an air patrol and surface support, I think I can save her, sir," Gehres said. Admiral Davison shook hands and nodded. In the Navy, the captain of the ship is its boss. The admirals left. They had to.

Up on the bridge soft-spoken Commander Stephen Jurika, survivor of the carrier Hornet, was methodically keeping the log. As navigator, that was part of his job. Steve is a quiet man who hates the Japanese very much. He had lived among them as naval attaché in Tokyo. He speaks their language. A very quiet and a very dangerous man. He hates Japs more than any man on the ship —more than any man in the whole Pacific fleet. The Japs killed his mother in Manila.

### The Worst Explosion of All

"At 0952 (he wrote) the most terrific blast of the morning occurred resulting from a five-inch ready service magazine being set afire. The ship felt as though it were a rat being shaken by an angry cat. Whole aircraft engines with propellers attached, debris of all description, including pieces of human bodies were flung high into the air and descended in the general area like hail upon a roof. . . ."

Now the *Franklin* was dead in the water and drifting—toward Japan. She had a 14-degree list to starboard. She had drifted away from the Santa Fe, but the cruiser turned about and roared up at 22 knots to crunch hard and fast against the sagging side of the Franklin. "Greatest bit of seamanship I ever saw," Gehres said.

Jurika wrote: "She came alongside as though she were a well-handled gig making a liberty float at Long Beach."

The explosions continued, but Fitz, on the bridge of the Santa Fe, ignored them and ignored the debris that sprinkled his ship. Men from the Franklin jumped down to her decks. The pilots and technical personnel were sent aboard her. The wounded were transferred. There were fires all over the Big Ben now. Only one Diesel was working and that gave just enough power to send water through the hoses.

Father O'Callahan had given the last rites to dozens of men; he'd prayed with the wounded and now, for the moment, he was finished. A strong breeze came from starboard to pierce the heavy smoke, and from the bridge Gehres saw the padre manning a hose. Exhausted men numb from shock lay on the deck but when they saw the padre, with the white cross painted on his helmet, they climbed to their feet and followed him.

Hot bombs still rolled about the deck. They were all "armed;" that is, sharp contact would explode them. O'Callahan pointed his hose and led the men to them. He knew that if the heavy stream of the hose ever hit the sensitive noses of the bombs they would explode. Cleverly he directed the stream to the deck a foot from the bombs and literally sprinkled and sprayed them, keeping them cool even though fires raged within feet of them and smoke occasionally hid them from view. A man could stand only a few minutes of that choking smoke. They would fall back gasping, and O'Callahan would cry for more men. He seemed made of iron.

Jurika wrote: "Fires on the flight deck were being fought with great courage and determination. O'Callahan was everywhere, leading men, officiating at last rites, manning hoses and doing the work of ten men."

### "Play Cards and Pray!"

Gehres asked the priest to phone the men in steering aft. He did. "Play cards and pray," he yelled. "The captain promised to get you out and he will!"

Gehres said afterward that "O'Callahan is the bravest man I've ever seen in my life."

Fire threatened a five-inch magazine below, loaded with shells. O'Callahan saw the danger and rushed into the magazine, calling for men to follow. Heat had blistered the paint off ammo lockers, and heavy greenish smoke poured out. The padre wet down the lockers and the shells, and then helped carry the stuff out and dump it overboard.

"The padre's praising the Lord and he's passing the ammunition," somebody yelled.

One man repeated it to another. It traveled all over the ship. The men grinned. The padre was all right. He didn't know it, but up on the bridge Gehres was saying to himself, "If we ever get out of this, I'll recommend that Irishman for the Congressional Medal."

The padre went from one part of the ship to another. He was always where things were hottest and he was smiling, and his good humor and his courage acted as a tonic to men who had almost reached the breaking point. Now flaming gasoline had broken out all over. It sluiced down the sloping deck, floating flames that licked everywhere. O'Callahan turned his hose on it and swept it overboard. The fight to survive went on.

One of many who waged the battle was Don Gary. Remember the name—Lieutenant (jg) Donald Gary of Oakland, California. A thin-faced man with a voice that could be soft on occasions but that could crack like a whip on others. Gary, an assistant engineering officer who had served thirty years at sea, somehow found his way down to the third deck aft. He knew that 300 men were trapped there in the messroom below on the third deck. He walked through fire and water and blast to reach it. How Gary got from the flight deck to the hangar deck and below that to the third deck, no one knows.

In the messroom were Lieutenant Commander James Fuelling of Woodburn, Indiana, and 300 men. There were four entrances to the room. Three of the steel doors had been sprung by the heat and blast. The other exit was blocked by fire.

"We'll get you out of here," Gary shouted, and the men recognized the whip in his voice. This was their kind of man, an old petty officer who knew the ropes. They quieted down and Gary said, "I'll be back in a few minutes." He went back through the smoke and flames to see if there was a safe way of getting topside.

Doctor Fuelling called through the smoke, "Oxygen's giving out, men. Lie on the floor. Don't talk. Say a prayer to yourselves and don't worry. Mr. Gary will get us out."

Gary came back. The smoke he'd swallowed didn't soften the whip in his voice. "Form a chain," he said crisply. "Each man grab another man and follow me. Come in groups of twenty."

*(To be concluded next week)*

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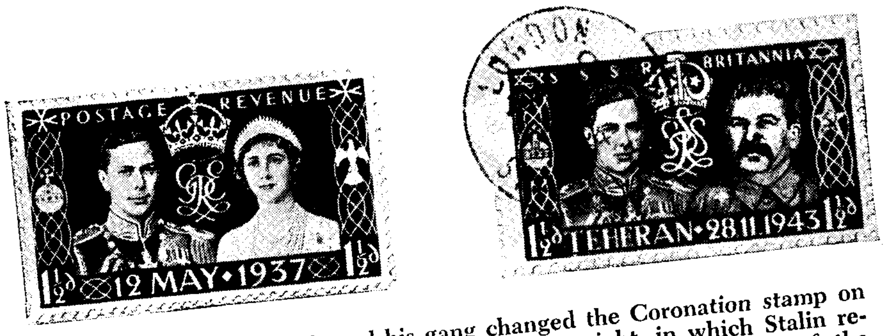
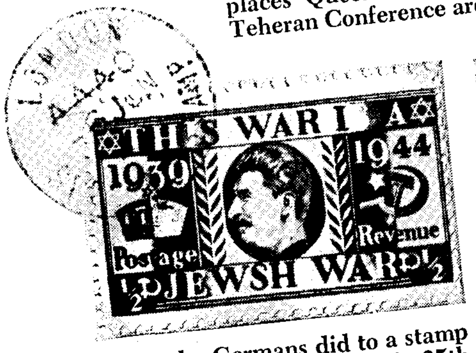
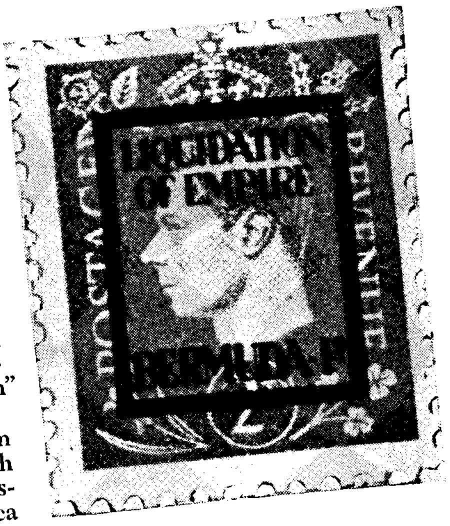
# PHONY PHILATELICS



Goebbels and his gang changed the Coronation stamp on the left to the lampoon on the right, in which Stalin replaces Queen Elizabeth and the name and date of the Teheran Conference are substituted for the Coronation date



What the Germans did to a stamp commemorating George V's 25th year as king. Note Russian and Jewish symbols and the word "Jewsh"



One of the enemy's "Liquidation of Empire" series, each of which bears the name of a British possession lend-leased to America

THE humble postage stamp, which sooner or later finds its way into every nook and cranny of the civilized world, was recognized as an advertising medium by private enterprises as early as 1857. Only in more recent days have governments become aware of the propaganda value of the labels which they so casually print and distribute in billion quantities.

The wily Joe Goebbels, while not the first to realize the propaganda value of postage stamps, certainly exploited this value to its fullest extent. A study of the many German stamps issued between 1933 and the outbreak of the war shows an orderly progression from the glorification of the arts of peace to the arts of war. Efforts to bolster sagging morale and even to prepare for defeat through the quiet propaganda of the postage stamp are evident on many recent German stamps, especially one which shows a tired, emaciated German youth. The legend reads *Und ihr habt doch gesiegt* (And yet you were victorious).

The stamp-collecting world had long been awaiting some philatelic souvenir of the hate-and-smear tactics which won Goebbels fame. It was finally rewarded. Shortly after D-Day, a firm in Stockholm, doing business under the innocuous, British-sounding name, Special Stamp Distributing Center, put on sale several different sets of British stamps.

But what British stamps! Calculated to make the British lion rise and roar in anger, they made him roar all right —but with laughter.

The first forged set was of the current English George VI design, but with the Sickle and Hammer replacing the "d" value sign, and the Star of David occupying the top position in the British crown.

A second set was a parody of the Coronation issue of 1937, with Joseph Stalin beaming from the spot formerly graced by Queen Elizabeth. The name and date of the Teheran Conference replace the Coronation date, and there are Soviet symbols worked in throughout the design.

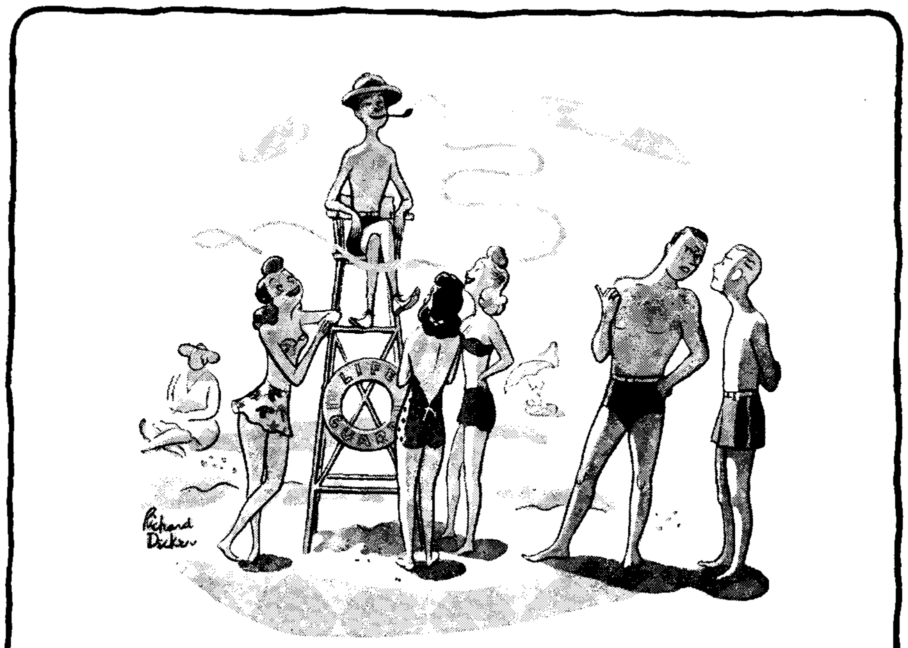
In the third imitation, Stalin takes over the feature spot entirely, where once George V reigned on the stamps especially designed to commemorate his twenty-fifth year as king. Supplanting the dates "1910-1935" are "1939-1944" and the caption reads, "This war is a Jewsh war." The spelling is original, if not English. Once again the design is ornamented with Russian and Jewish symbols.

The final set is a supposed overprint on the first set hailing the "Liquidation of Empire." Each value bears the name of a different British possession, and all but one (Singapore) are bases lend-leased to the U.S.

The sets could be purchased canceled or uncanceled, but the canceled are made more interesting by a forged postmark reading, "London—AAAO 6 Jun Special Stamp." All, used or uncanceled, were sold on a prepared sheet with a heading which read in both English and Russian, "Special Stamp in Memory of the First Day of Invasion."

It's easy to see why the English laughed, but the joke—if it was intended as a joke—can hardly seem so humorous to the Germans now. . . .

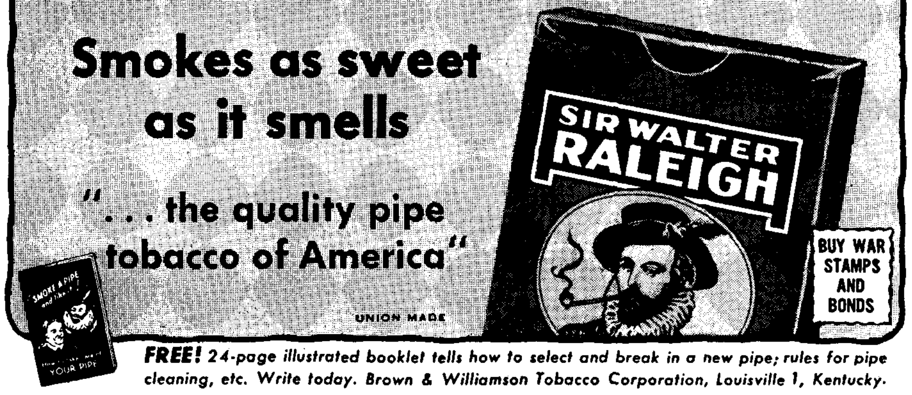
CHARLESS HAHN



*"He can't swim, but the girls don't care—'cause he smokes Sir Walter Raleigh."*

Smokes as sweet as it smells

"... the quality pipe tobacco of America"



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White Rock

SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

White Rock
White Rock
SPARKLING MINERAL WATER

The QUALITY Mixer for All Tall Drinks

# In the Neighborhood

Continued from page 24

face, and then he saw his father standing there with his hat pulled down low over his face. There was another man with him.

"Son, I want to talk to you," his father said. "Sorry to break up the game, boys."

Billy leaned his cue against the wall. The man with his father had a sallow face and thick eyebrows and huge pink hands that stuck a long way out of his sleeves.

"Gee, Pop, why ain't you at work?" Fear tightened Billy's throat. "Is anything wrong?"

"I don't know, son," his father said. "Is there?" He looked steadily into Billy's eyes. "Your mother ain't home. Do you know where she is?"

"She went to the movies," Billy said. "With Mrs. McGrady."

The eyes were not sad or tired as they met Billy's. There was a hard shine in them under the table lights. "Where do you get the dough to play Kelly pool, son?"

"I earn it, Pop," Billy said.

His father's voice was low. "How?"

Billy sucked in his breath and said: "Pinboy."

"Here for Mr. Schwartz?"

"Yes, Pop."

"Is that how you got them bruises on your legs, from bowling pins?"

"Yes, sir."

"You lied to me, didn't you, Billy?"

"Yes, sir," Billy said. "I'm sorry, Pop."

Even then, feeling guilty and ashamed, Billy resented the way the other man stood and listened to all that was said.

"How often do you work, Billy?" his father asked.

"Four—five nights a week."

"Your mother know you got the job?"

"Sure, she does," Billy said eagerly. "She got Mr. Schwartz to give it to me."

"Oh, she did," his father said.

The other man asked, "Where is he tonight, this Mr. Schwartz?"

Billy shrugged his shoulders. "He ain't here."

His father put his hand on Billy's shoulder. "Where does he live, Billy, do you know?"

"I don't know," the boy said. "In the neighborhood somewhere."

"It will be in the phone book," the other man said, and went to the telephone booth against the wall.

Billy saw his father's hand grope in a pocket and pull out a roll of bills. "You won't set up no more pins, son," he said.

"No, sir," Billy said.

"If you need dough, you ask me for it. I can always let you have a little." He took a dollar bill from the roll. "Here, take this."

"Aw, I don't want it, Pop," Billy said. "I don't need it."

"You take it," his father said. "You get on out of here now. Go to a movie."

"Yes, sir," Billy said, and he took the bill.

The other man returned and said, "I got the address. Let's go."

Billy felt his father's hand on his shoulder, the affectionate squeeze of his fingers. "I want to have a good talk with you tomorrow, Billy," he said. "We got to stick together, you and me."

"Yes, Pop," Billy said, and watched them walk out of the poolroom together. His father's shoulders sloped and he walked heavily.

When they had gone from sight, Tim McGrady whistled softly and said, "Okay, Billy. Still your shot."

"I ain't playing," Billy said. He stood very still, looking at the floor, staring at a folded piece of paper that had fallen from his father's pocket when he took out the roll of bills.

"You got to finish the game, Bill," Tim said.

Slowly Billy stooped and picked up the piece of paper. He held it crumpled in his hand. Somehow he knew what it would say, and he delayed unfolding it.

"My old man said to quit," he said. "I'm quitting."

He carried his cue to the rack and put it away, then he unfolded the paper. In the dim light he could make out the scrawl: "You ought to quit early some night and find out what's going on. Ask your wife about Mr. Schwartz." The note was unsigned.

"Bill, that's your dough on the table," Tim McGrady said. "Pick it up."

BILLY snatched his two nickels from the pool table and turned blindly away, so that the other boys could not see his face. He moved toward the telephone booth. The directory was still open at the page the man had turned, and Billy looked down and saw the row of Schwartzes and picked out the name and the number. Then he ducked into the booth.

His heart pounded as he dialed the number, and he closed his eyes. He felt the squirming of his stomach and he was almost sick, there in the telephone booth. The distant ringing came and then the click and he heard a thick voice saying, "Hello."

"Mr. Schwartz?" Billy said.

"Yes, who's that?"

"This is Billy Williams. I quit."

"Who? You what?"

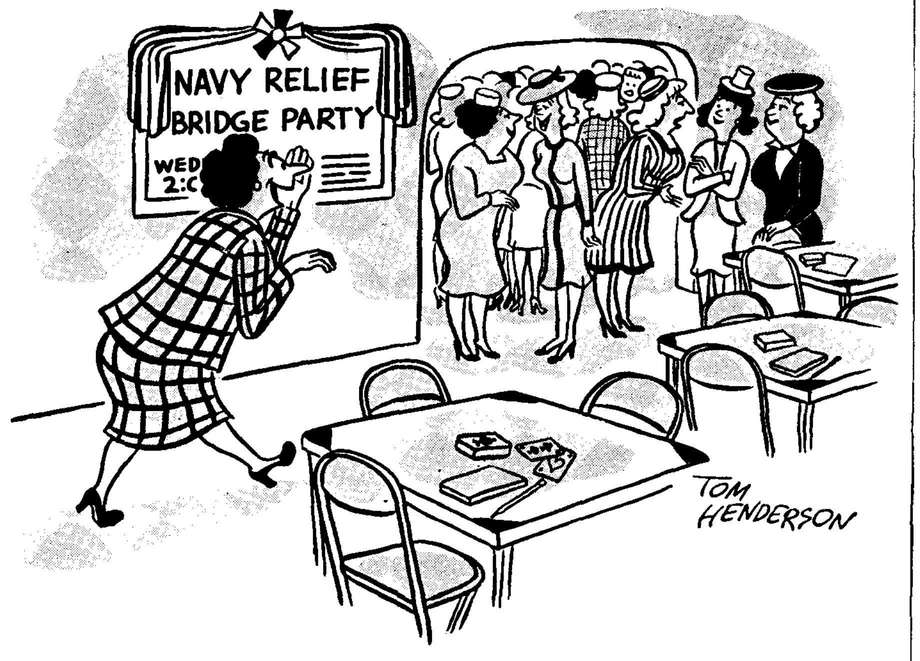
"I ain't working for you any more" Billy said. "My father came here tonight and found out I was a pinboy."

"Your father was there?" said Mr. Schwartz. "To the bowling alley?"

"Yes, sir," Billy said. "I got to quit." His voice stuck in his throat for a moment. Then he got the words out: "I think he's on his way to your house to talk to you."

Billy hung up. He felt small and sick and lost. He could hardly bear the hurt inside him, and there was the gnawing fear that he, too, had been unfaithful to his father.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Battle stations!" TOM HENDERSON

# The Week's Work

Ethel Jacobson

OUR longest, most glamorous biography goes to the contributor of the shortest item in this issue: Ethel Jacobson, who wrote Long-Hair Hepcat, p. 75. Under the title Memoirs, Chapter XVIII, she writes: "I am the daughter of the Spanish Infanta (from whom I get my good looks), but at the age of two I was kidnaped by my uncle, who didn't want me brought up amid the artificialities and intrigues of court life. We went to an island in the Pacific, which he bought for a dozen old tiaras, and there I was raised as a simple native girl, building boats, shinnying up palm trees, diving for pearls, rassling octopuses, etc.

"My formal education was not neglected, my uncle instructing me in Greek, bridge construction and design, and the ocarina. There were colorful interludes—three years on a whaler; an expedition to the Mato Grosso in search of rare butterflies; a season in Washington where, disguised as a water cooler in the Pentagon Building, I gathered the material for my book Bureaucracy Berserk—which the Administration is postponing along with the Kimmel-Short courts-martial until after the war—considerably after.

"I am married to three handsome Marine sergeants and a Mr. Laszlo Wimplemore, or Walsmuir, who was washed up on a coral reef during a bad squall one summer, but who was carried out again by the next tide before I had time to haul him up a tree.

"I'm sure that's better than having to admit that I live in a small, sedate California town surrounded by tree toads, tame ducks and two daughters; that I grow geraniums and cats; that I have only one husband; that two years ago I bought a beautiful evening gown in case I should be asked to a glittering function some time, and that it is still hanging in the closet, or, rather, lying in a heap on the floor where I see it every time I rummage through for my old blue slacks. (Those other contributors aren't going to make a bum out of me—not when I can do it.)

"I have a limpid (or do I mean limp?), pithy (which is what radishes are when you don't pull them for six months and why anyone would want to write that way I can't imagine) literary style, crawling with social significance, which I have been perpetrating for some ten years on a variety of publications. How I work? I don't. Things like Long-Hair Hepcat just come out of the nowhere into the here, like Baby dear, with considerably less preparation and trouble."

Carey Longmire

CAREY LONGMIRE, who describes the energetic Miss Dorothy Thompson in this issue (God's Angry Woman, p. 22), returned from overseas last fall after a stretch as a war correspondent in which he saw the capture of Rome, went along on a Commando raid or two in the then Nazi-held Balkans, and accompanied the Seventh Army on its invasion of Southern France. One day in France a soldier handed him a cablegram. His wife was critically ill in a hospital in Portland, Oregon. Longmire set out hitchhiking by jeep and plane, and was in Oregon eighty hours later. His wife recovered.

Longmire is living a comparatively quiet life now, as Washington correspondent and commentator for WHAS, broadcasting nightly from the capital's CBS studios. Because there are no houses to be had in Washington, his wife and daughter stay in New York, and Longmire is a week-end commuter.

THE first person to arrive at Collier's editorial office one morning recently was Captain Leslie Gehres, skipper of the U.S.S. Franklin. He had come at the request of Quentin Reynolds, to pose for a picture to be used with Reynolds' article, Chaplain Courageous, p. 11. He was a little surprised at landlubbers' working hours. "Does no one start working here until after nine?" he asked.

Captain Gehres, of course, is accustomed to being on the bridge of his ship an hour before dawn. Later, other members of the famous ship's personnel came in: Commander Joseph Taylor, executive officer; Lieutenant Commander David Berger, who as public relations officer was helpful in the preparation of the article; and Lieutenant Commander Joseph Timothy O'Callahan, the chaplain who is the hero of the piece. Before the war, Father O'Callahan, who holds a Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins, was a professor of mathematics, physics and philosophy at Holy Cross and Georgetown.

CORRECTION: The article, King of Sing, which appeared in the May 5th issue of Collier's, erroneously stated that Robert Shaw was at one time director of the choir of the Marble Collegiate Church in New York. Actually he directed a nonprofessional group of singers in a church recreation room. The choir is made up of professional singers, and is directed by Organist Charles R. Cronham.

In regard to the statement in the article that Shaw's singing group was asked to find another place for rehearsals because less than half of its members were affiliated with the church, Doctor Norman Vincent Peale, the pastor, informs us: "The fact is that the facilities of the church were not adequate for this group in relation to other and older activities."... A. P.

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*Excerpts of letter dated Feb. 22, 1945, from*— Ivar E. Ropp

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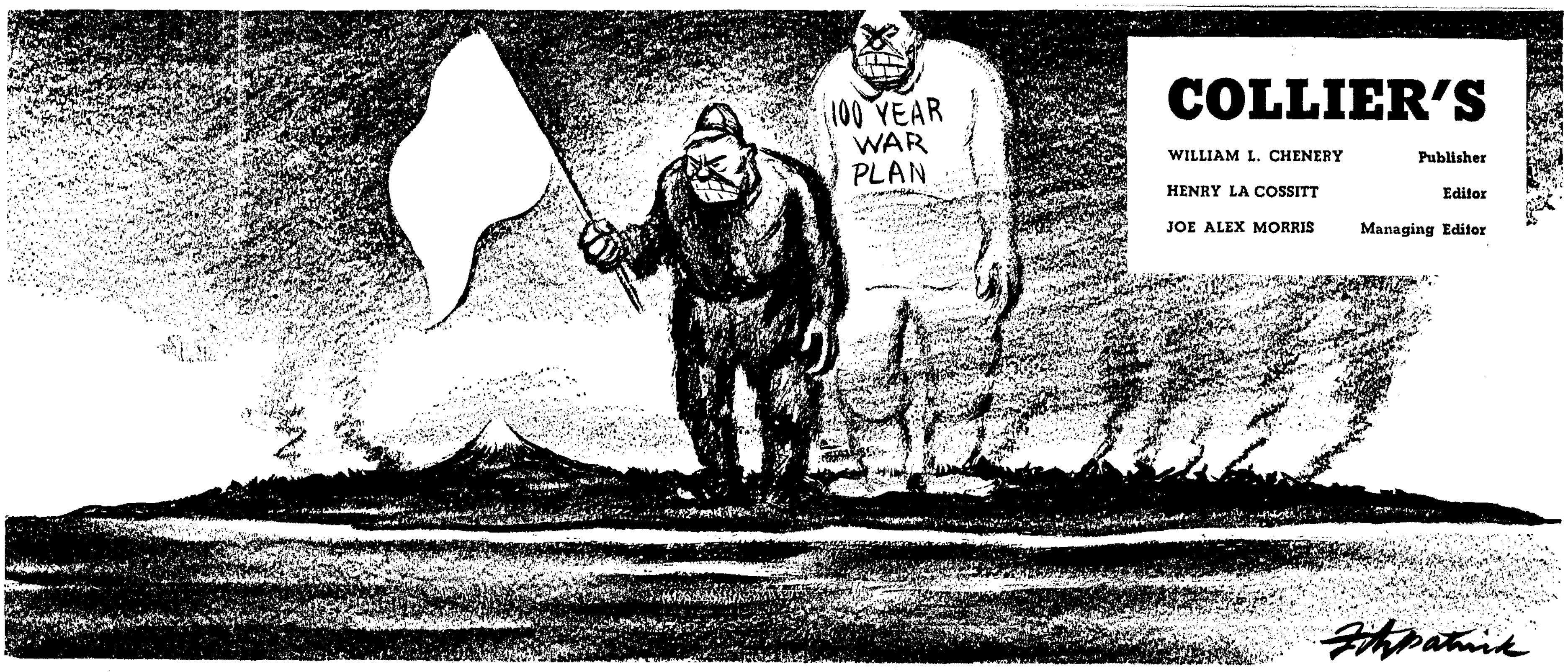

**COLLIER'S**

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# JAPAN'S 100-YEAR-WAR PLANS

THE enormous labor of shifting the Allied war effort entirely into the Pacific war began even before Germany surrendered last May 7th, and is now in full swing.

We have been pretty thoroughly apprised of the magnitude of this job, so far as the United States' share in it goes, by such authorities as War Mobilizer Fred M. Vinson, General Brehon B. Somervell of the Army Service Forces, Major General Charles P. Gross of the Transportation Corps, and others. The job is so huge that we would be foolish to underestimate it, and worse than foolish to kid ourselves that Japan is going to be a pushover.

Our supply lines to the German war were some 4,000 miles long. To the Japanese war, they average around 14,000 miles. We have no such big and friendly advance base close to Japan as England furnished us for the German war. Okinawa is a big island, and its big civilian population (whom the home-island Japs consider an inferior breed of Japs) has given our forces little trouble to this writing; but Okinawa is a long way from the home islands, and has no first-rank harbors.

Until and unless we can hack out a big base or bases on the China coast, our main striking power against Japan will have to be centered in the Philippines, about 1,700 miles from Tokyo, with our Guam, Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima installations helping importantly as submarine bases, supply stations and staging points.

We have to move several million troops into the Pacific theater, taking many of them from Europe either through the United States or through the Suez Canal. Japan has an army of 4,000,000 men, and "So far," says Judge Vinson, "we have not come up against the main strength of the Japanese army."

Our plans are made without the slightest gambling on the chance that Russia may come into the Pacific war.

When these giant preparations are completed, we can look for a fierce and sustained heave which, unless all calculations go awry, will topple the Japanese Empire into wreckage and rubble.

What then? Do we bring our boys home and forget about Japan? Or at most leave a scattering of sentries on duty in such island outposts as those named above?

We pass along to Collier's readers a part of a transcript of a Tokyo broadcast recently picked up by the Federal Communications Commission and relayed to us from the OWI:

> Naturally (said the Tokyo commentator, identified as Kusuo Oya), the sooner the war ends, the better. But this is a world war, and it is bound to be a lengthy one. We who are advocates of the 20-year war base our contention upon the fact that the enemy leaders of twenty years hence will by that time appreciate our views.
>
> The 100-year-war advocates are, however, of the opinion that twenty years are not sufficient, and that it will take a minimum of 100 years before the enemy leaders will be able to appreciate our views. Hence you can see a slight divergence of opinion, although along the same lines.

Commentator Oya also remarked that this 20-year-war and 100-year-war talk "does not mean that an exchange of shellfire must be continued for 20 or 100 years." Peaceful interludes are looked for by the Jap schemers—interludes in which Japan can rebuild shattered war plants, make more planes and ships and guns, train more soldiers, more suicide pilots, and hop up the civilians' appetites for more glorious sacrifices for Dai Nippon.

That this is the line of thought of Japan's leaders is averred by numerous persons who know Japan well. The Japs have a 2,500-year history, more or less, though their reliable records go back only to about 230 A.D. They can therefore take the long view of wars and truces.

We had better get the long view of Japan's intentions firmly implanted in our minds. If we don't deal Japan fully as decisive a defeat as the Allies finally managed to deal Nazi Germany, and if we don't then cripple Japan's war-making power as thoroughly as is humanly possible, the betting looks ghastly good that the Japs will be at our throats again in 20 years, 50 years, or 100 years.

# VACATION IN RIO—OH, YEAH?

WE'VE all heard and read a lot of exhilarating talk about postwar vacations in far places being made easy by the fine big passenger planes that are coming. Breakfast-to-lunch hops to Bermuda—week-end jaunts all over the West Indies—maybe twelve days of a two-week vacation spent in Rio or Honolulu—and so on.

It's all true as far as the airplane's ability to deliver these results goes. But there is a gimmick. It consists in passport regulations of the different countries—21 sets of them in North and South America alone. The United States has its list of passport requirements, too, of course.

Suggestions are being made that the Western Hemisphere nations, at least, get together and agree on a standardized, simple visa, and throw out all the complex passport restrictions which have multiplied in the war years.

This standardized visa on a passport would be the only red tape required for letting a tourist or commercial traveler into any of these countries for a specified time. Whereas such a traveler now all too often feels like a spy suspect or a supposed embezzling bank cashier fleeing to some non-extradition haven, he would, under this proposed plan, feel like the normally decent human being in quest of pleasure or profit that he actually is.

The net gain in hemispheric good will and neighborliness should be considerable. So should the saving in travelers' time, patience and money. How about some campaigning for the standard visa, by all persons and groups interested in easy, pleasant international travel after the war?

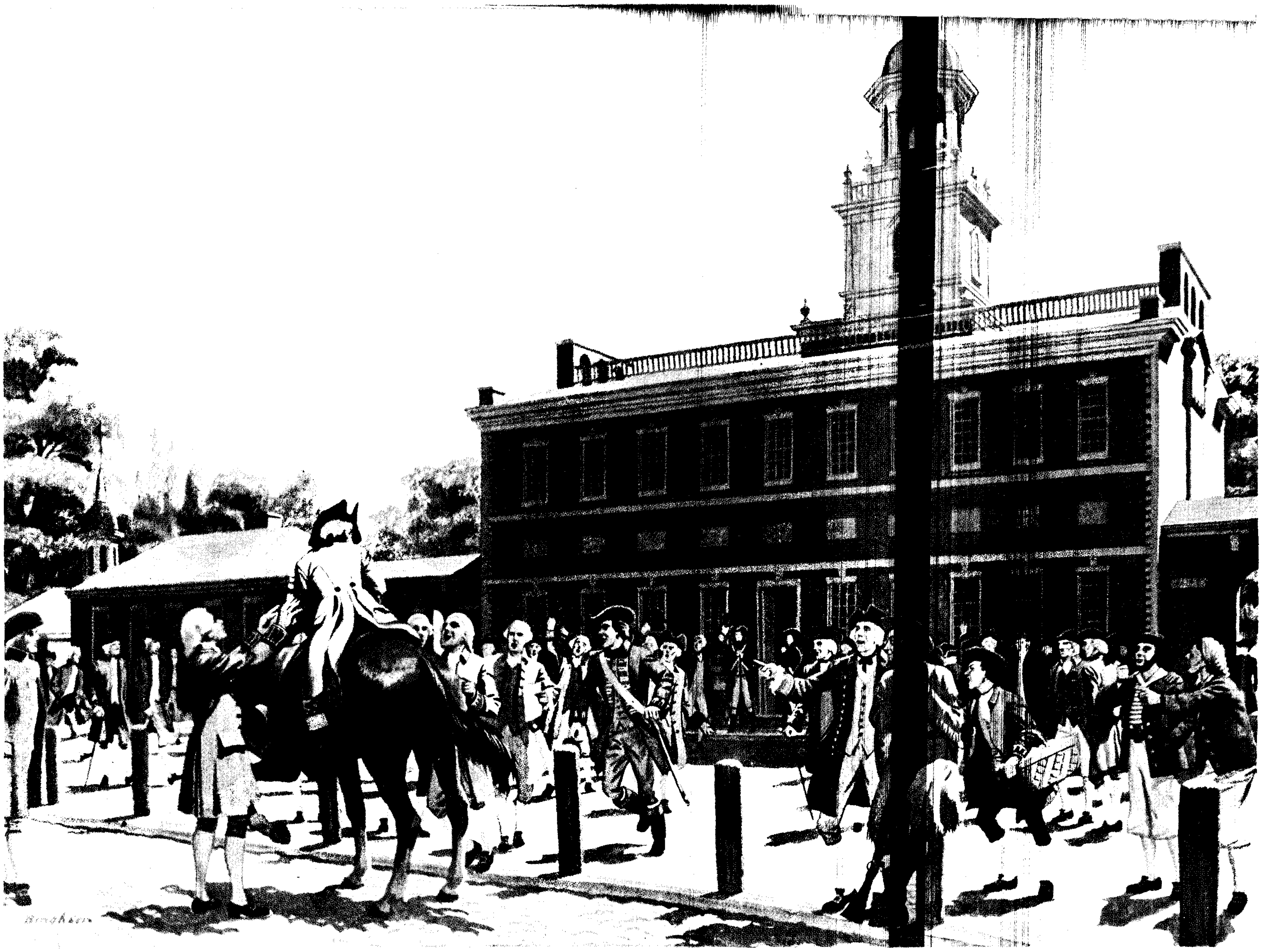
# OUR PACIFIC RESPONSIBILITY

FROM Pearl Harbor to the defeat of Germany, we did some 95 per cent of the work of stopping Japan and then hammering the Japs back toward their home islands. We are the logical future guardians of the peace in the Pacific. If we muff that assignment, it is hard to see who can pick it up. The northern, central and a good part of the southern Pacific are our responsibility so far as keeping the peace is concerned.

The responsibility is not a pleasant one, and there is no present prospect of our profiting by it, no matter how many of these islands we might eventually control. They would be economic liabilities to any nation.

But as our Army and Navy leaders see the matter, these places are strategic necessities to us. Without virtually complete postwar control over them, there can be no certainty that we can meet and continue meeting our Pacific peace-keeping responsibilities. With such control, we can discharge those responsibilities, within the framework of the world security organization, so long as we keep those bases amply manned and gunned, and our sea and air power at high efficiency.

That looks like the common sense of the matter to us—and like the position we'd better take and hold when it comes to parceling out the trusteeships.



Caesar Rodney arriving at State House to cast deciding vote for Declaration of Independence — July 4, 1776.*

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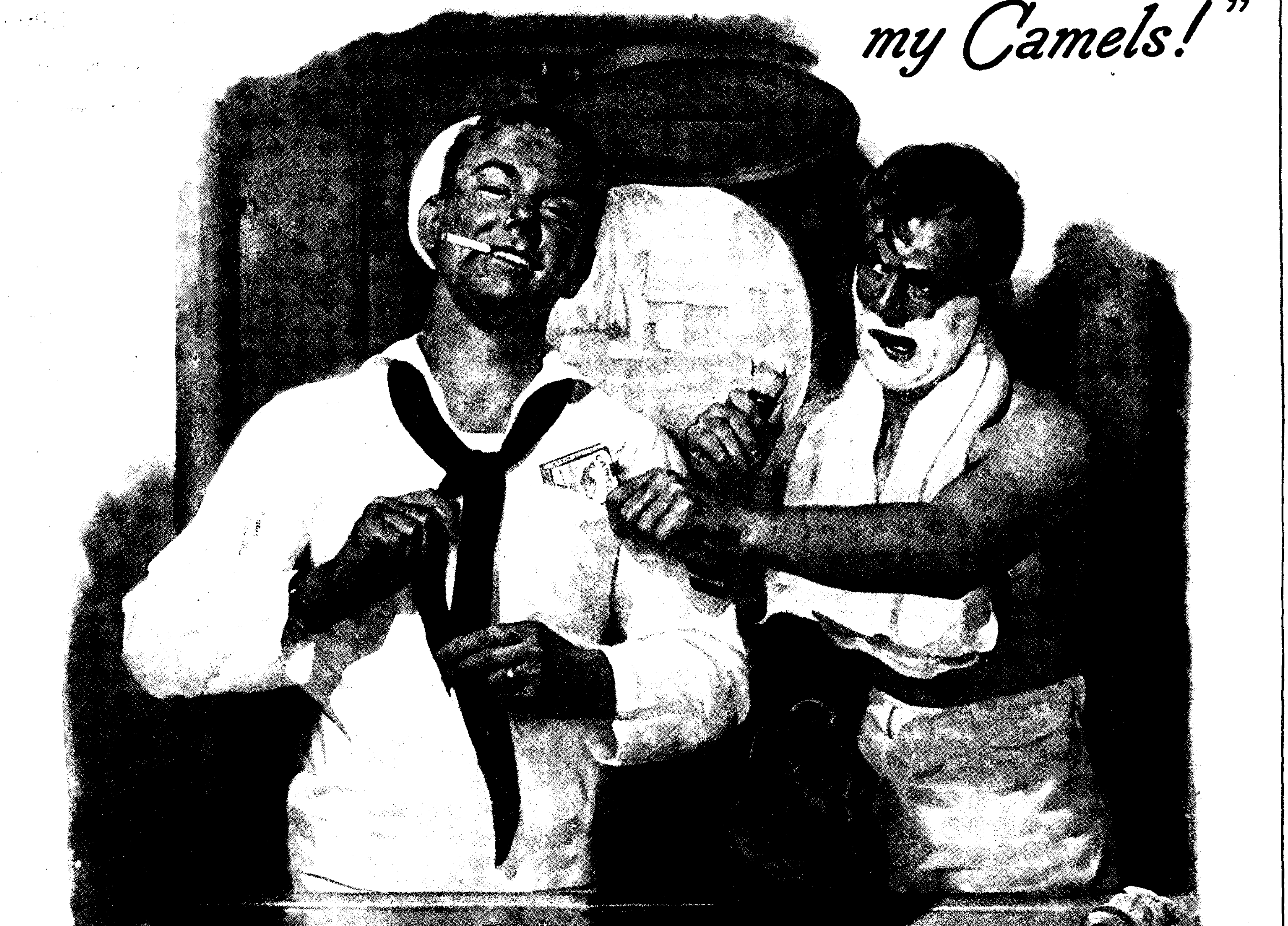

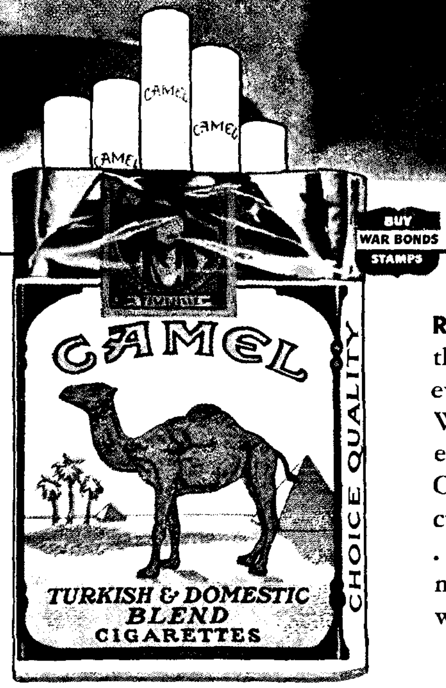

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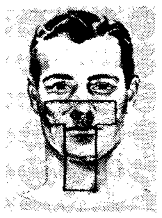

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